Liberty

JULY 5, 1947

10 CENTS

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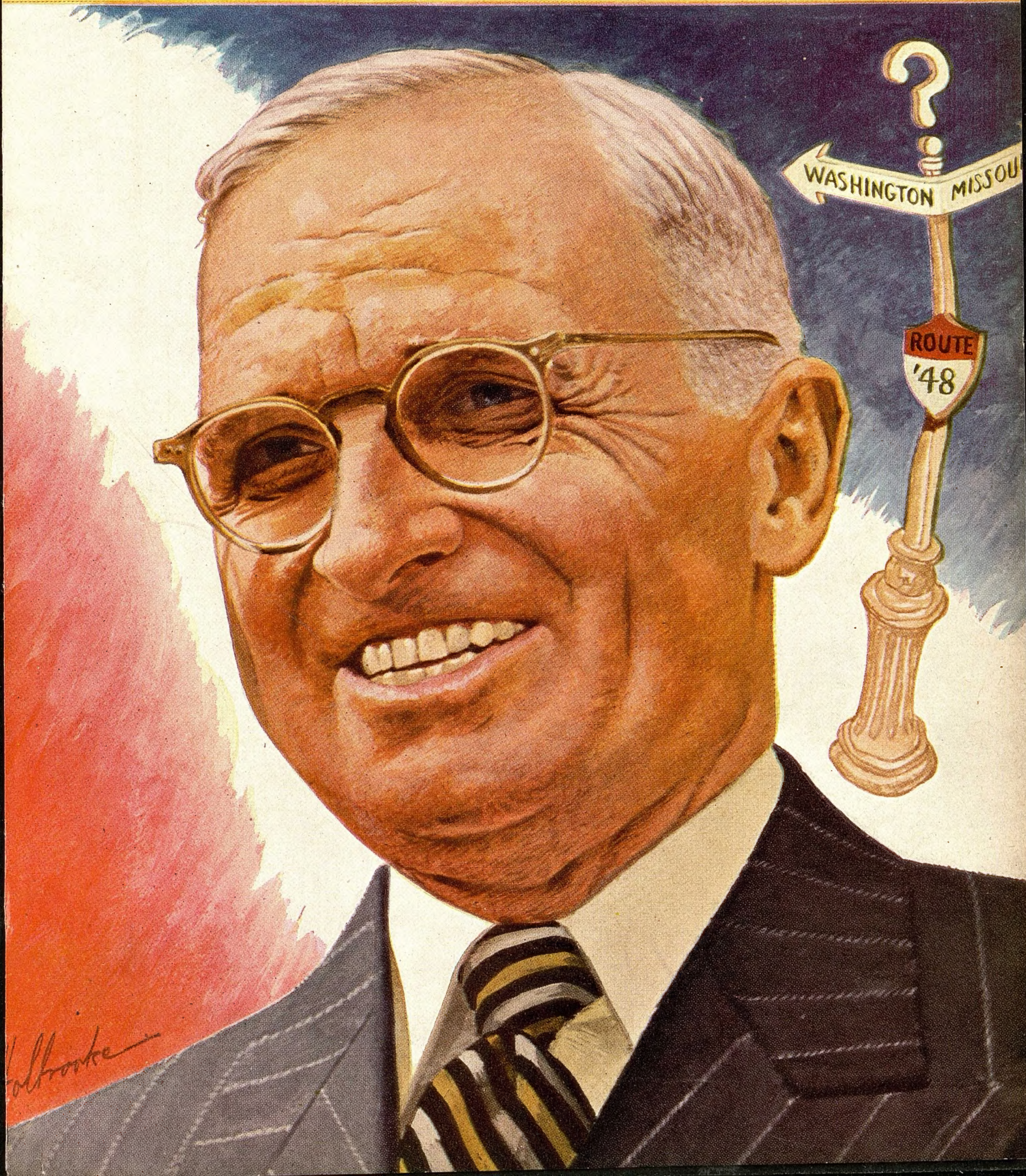
the great best seller

THE NEW TRUMAN by Alden Hatch

COME UNTO ME a short short story
you will never forget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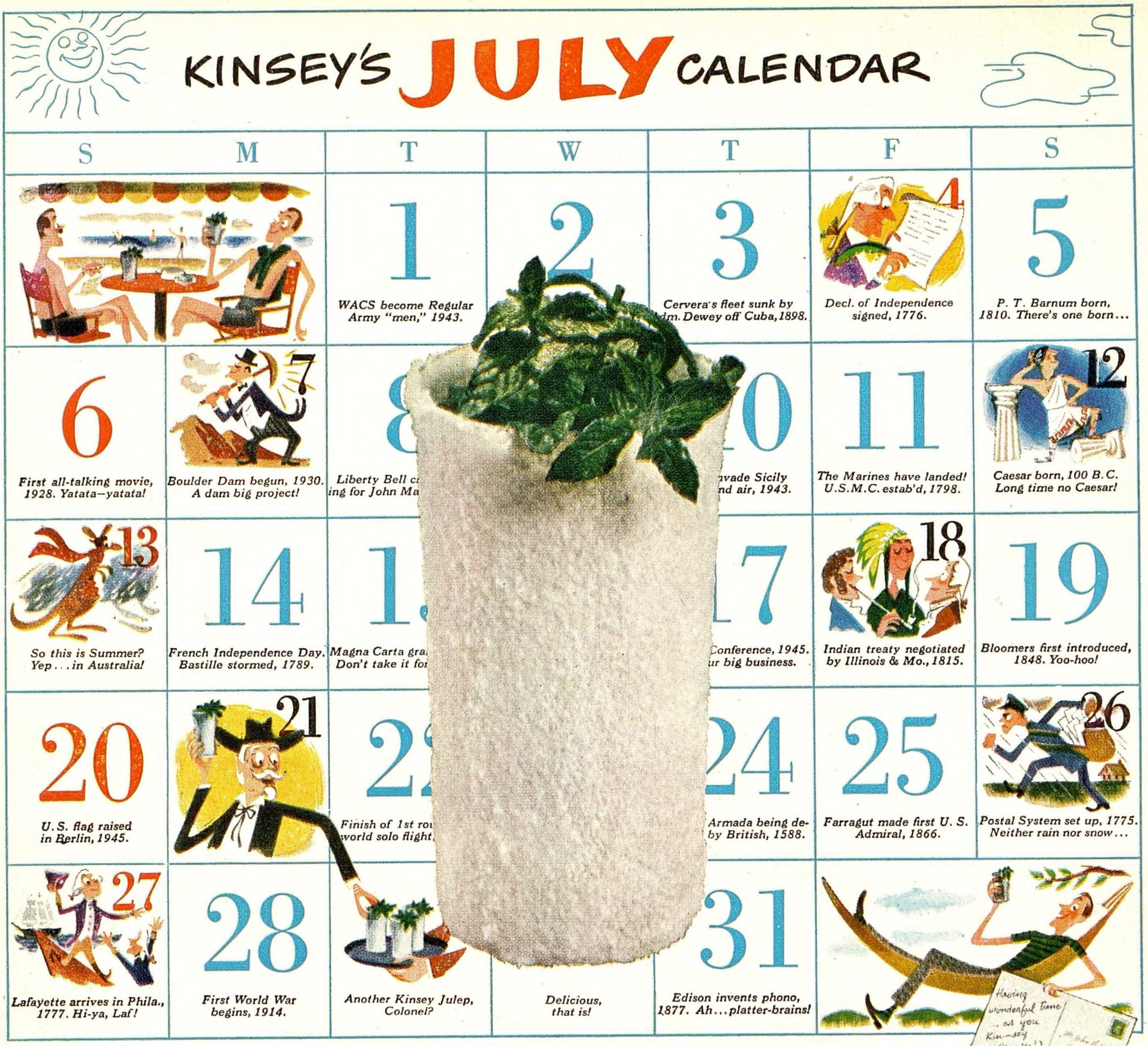

KINSEY'S JULY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 WACS become Regular Army "men," 1943.	2	3 Cervera's fleet sunk by ...m. Dewey off Cuba, 1898.	4 Decl. of Independence signed, 1776.	5 P. T. Barnum born, 1810. There's one born...
6 First all-talking movie, 1928. Yatata—yatata!	7 Boulder Dam begun, 1930. A dam big project!	8 Liberty Bell c... ...ing for John Ma...		0 ...vade Sicily ...nd air, 1943.	11 The Marines have landed! U.S.M.C. estab'd, 1798.	12 Caesar born, 100 B.C. Long time no Caesar!
13 So this is Summer? Yep... in Australia!	14 French Independence Day. Bastille stormed, 1789.	1 Magna Carta gra... Don't take it fo...		17 ...Conference, 1945. ...ur big business.	18 Indian treaty negotiated by Illinois & Mo., 1815.	19 Bloomers first introduced, 1848. Yoo-hoo!
20 U.S. flag raised in Berlin, 1945.	21	22 Finish of 1st ro... ...world solo flight...		24 ...Armada being de... ...by British, 1588.	25 Farragut made first U. S. Admiral, 1866.	26 Postal System set up, 1775. Neither rain nor snow...
27 Lafayette arrives in Phila., 1777. Hi-ya, Laf!	28 First World War begins, 1914.	Another Kinsey Julep, Colonel?	Delicious, that is!	31 Edison invents phono, 1877. Ah...platter-brains!		

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For cool refreshmint in July... Kinsey juleps you should try!

July's just the month to enjoy these delightful Mint Juleps made with superbly smooth, flavor-full Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Bruise mint in bottom of tall glass. Add teaspoon of powdered sugar, two ounces of rich, full-bodied Kinsey. Fill glass with shaved ice, stir until frosted. Decorate with mint.

Man, that's really refreshing! But *whatever* your favorite summer drink, try it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You'll enjoy its fine flavor immensely . . . *most* folks do!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments

Since 1892
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KINSEY Blended Whiskey

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86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

This Model Mother tries not to be glamorous

But that's not easy when you're a Powers Girl with a dazzling smile like Frances Nalle

MRS. FRANCES NALLE CRIDER is one model who doesn't try to look glamorous.

Because New York's modeling circles know her as the ideal "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. And she has the brilliant smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job.

"Model" Mother that she is, Mrs. Crider has already taught 5-year-old Amanda and 3-year-old "Bobo" to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Smile-conscious as Frances (and *every* successful model) is, she naturally knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Table for two. Amanda and "Bobo," like most children, are fondest of the soft, creamy foods that rob gums of exercise. That's why Mrs. Crider sees to it that her family uses Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Two sparkling smiles coming up! Knowing the importance of a dazzling smile, Frances teaches her children the importance of gum massage, recommended by 7 out of 10 dentists, according to a national survey. (Also, dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

The chimney goes here. Amanda and "Bobo" may be rushing things slightly. But not Mrs. Crider when she teaches them proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink tooth brush," are signs to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Ipana Tooth Paste for your Smile of Beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

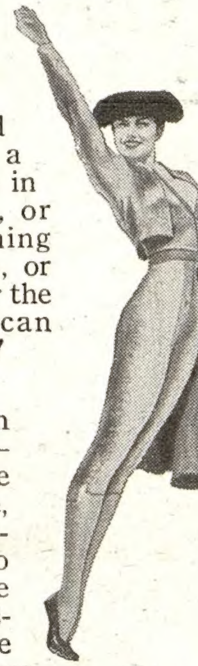
The greatest star of the screen!

We love "Fiesta". We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

★ ★ ★ ★

We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M's big Technicolor spectacle, "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★



Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador's cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—*ai-ai-ai!*

★ ★ ★

You'll revel in gay "Fiesta"—and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar . . . equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!

★ ★ ★

The beauty of Esther Williams ...the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico . . . the magic of Technicolor...the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

★ ★ ★

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".

—Leo

Liberty

PAUL HUNTER
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Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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"Baby, this is a matter of love and death!"
RKO PRESENTS
"RIFF-RAFF"

Starring

PAT O'BRIEN
WALTER SLEZAK
ANNE JEFFREYS

with PERCY KILBRIDE · JEROME COWAN · GEORGE GIVOT

Produced by NAT HOLT · Directed by TED TETZLAFF · Original screen play by MARTIN RACKIN

A Private Eye and a pair of beautiful eyes mix pleasure with a deadly business . . . in a part of Panama never seen from the Canal!

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

DOUBLE CROSSBY

ZION, ILL.—Accompanying Bob Hope's Baseball Forecast for 1947 (May 10) was a picture of Mr. Hope and Bing Crosby settling a dispute as to which will bat first by alternately grabbing the bat until the nub on the handle is reached—a trick which every small boy knows. However, in the picture Mr. Crosby has both of his hands on the bat together. Thus Mr. Hope is unfairly losing a decision which is rightfully his. How's come?—*D. L. Ower.*

Just ask anyone who has seen those two on the screen in The Road to Utopia—and see them yourself, next fall, in The Road to Rio.—VOX POP EDITOR.

"NAVY VS. AIR FORCE"

[EDITOR'S NOTE: To get, without delay, the reactions of members of important Congressional committees, top War Department and Navy Department officials, and outstanding military and naval authorities to Navy vs. Air Force on How to Fight the Next War (May 10), copies of that issue of Liberty were sent to them in advance, as well as to the authors of the articles, H. Struve Hensel (Don't Sink the Navy!) and Robert S. Allen (The Future Belongs to Air Power). Here are some of the mailed responses. Others express interest but reserve comment.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Thank you very kindly for inviting my attention to these timely articles.

Since his return from the war, Colonel Robert S. Allen has taken his place with the leading journalists of our nation.

The new Liberty Magazine is rapidly achieving a top-ranking position in the magazine field.

My congratulations to you and Colonel Allen, and best wishes for your continued successes.—*H. M. Kilgore, U. S. Senate, Committee on Armed Services.*

FORT MONROE, VA.—It is my conviction that future warfare will require an even higher degree of balance and teamwork in components than has been obtained in wars of the past. That balance and teamwork must extend not only to the combatant forces, but also to the use of our manpower, resources, and scientific and industrial capacities.—*Jacob L. Devers, General, U. S. A., Commanding.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There is no controversy between the Navy and air power. The Navy believes in air power—one of the latest additions to sea power. It is just as essential as the guns and engines of ships, the torpedoes from destroyers and submarines, the maze of radar sets, the scientific fire-control systems, and the influence fuse. . . .

The revolution brought on by air power is not a new type of experience to the Navy, neither will be atomic energy and guided missiles. In the past century the Navy has experienced many revolutions. It has met them, not by blindly turning away from them nor by foolishly throwing overboard the hard-won experience of the past, but by intelligently integrating the revolutionary developments into its framework to provide an even more powerful and effective Navy.

In the last half century we have seen the mine, the torpedo, the submarine, and the aircraft come into prominence and each in its turn be touted as a destroyer of navies. Instead of destroying our Navy, we have seen them providing it greater offensive power to strike . . . the long-range punch which, added to our other strength, made it the most formidable navy in the world.

These revolutionary developments were likewise integrated into our Navy for defense. . . . Together, they have caused a progressive growth in the comparative importance of the Navy among the several organizations and influences that work for national security. . . .

The Navy's purpose is to do its part in maintaining the security of the United States; to protect this nation from oversea enemies, in part by providing a barrier to invasion, in larger part by carrying the attack to the enemy. . . .

The enemy may seek to reach us by coming under the sea, on the sea, or above the sea. This will not alter the function of sea power. In defense, the Navy will develop counters through changed ship design, changed emphasis upon type (perhaps submarines and other guided-missile-launching vessels). In the offensive, missiles and atomic energy should eventually increase the Navy's power immeasurably. . . .—*W. S. Parsons, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The tenor of the article by Colonel Allen has little to do with the realities, as I meet them daily. The Navy and the Army Air Forces work very closely together, and I assure you that to depict them as being in conflict is not accurate.—*John Nicholas Brown, Ass't Secretary of the Navy for Air.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In general, I am hopeful that the difference of opinion can be presented as an intellectual difference rather than a "feud," which seems to involve personalities. I do not believe that personal bitterness should creep into differences of opinion and judgment, and I am afraid that some of the existing emotional bitterness in Washington may be attributed to the earlier newspaper reports on the merger problem which were directed solely toward a portrayal of a fight between personalities. — *H. Struve Hensel.*

A high military authority who doesn't wish to be quoted found both arguments "very impressive," affirms that there will always be "need for team work, and a mission for Navy, Marines, Army, and air forces," and adds that in his opinion "air power will be the predominant factor in any future war."—VOX POP EDITOR.

PIGEONHOLED

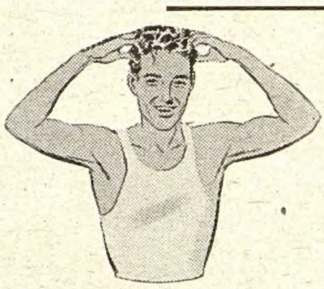
OTTUMWA, IOWA—One night on my way to bed I picked up the April National Geographic and read an article by Joseph F. Spears, Lieutenant Colonel, Signal Corps Reserve, U. S. Army, on homing pigeons. Enjoyed it and *believed* it. Next night I picked up the May 10 Liberty, read the book condensation, The Natural History of Nonsense, by Bergen Evans. Enjoyed that also; but his paragraphs on pigeons conflicted so with Spears' article that my brain has whirled ever since. I have never seen a homing pigeon. I hope I am never in a position where they will mean life or death to me. I am not belittling their ability. But I have to

KANSAS CITY
157 MI.

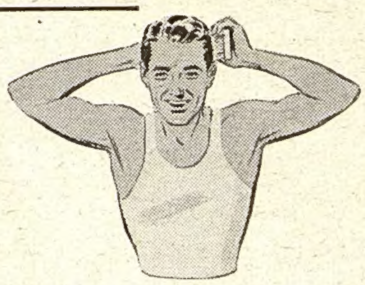
Blazing sun and soaking water leave hair parched and brittle

18 holes on a summer day can be rough on a man's hair. Sun bakes scalp oils. Wind dries them. Your shower completes the damage. And you fall heir to hair that's dull, brittle, unmanageable. Unless you . . .

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



1. 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that stimulating tingle! Vitalis' pure vegetable oils go to work preventing dryness, helping natural scalp oils. You get hair that's *summerproofed* . . . safeguarded against summer sun, wind, water.



2. 10 seconds to comb . . . and look at you! You've routed loose dandruff, helped check excessive falling hair. Now see that fresh, natural lustre your hair has taken on! No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Get handsome. Get sunworthy. Get Vitalis!

Keep hair handsome with the **Vitalis** "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

What do you want-

Mr. Employee? | Mr. Employer?

Basically employees want steady jobs, good wages and working conditions, recognition of the value of their work.

The employer wants peaceful relations and efficient production so he can operate his company successfully.

There is no conflict between these two objectives. Employees can get what they want only when the company is operating successfully. The company can operate successfully only when it has the cooperation of its employees in maintaining peaceful relations and efficient production.

This country can have the greatest individual and national prosperity ever known, but not until employers and employees pull together as a smooth running production team.

The best interests of both are wrapped up in the same package.

Write for a free copy of our pamphlet 20-B which discusses the interdependence of employer and employee at greater length.

SMALL BUSINESS
ECONOMIC FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
DeWitt Emery, President

122 West Monroe St., Chicago 3, Illinois

believe one of those authors. Result of reading both: insomnia.—*Wanda G. Sheets.*

HOW TO WIN THE ARMY

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—The May 10 Liberty was the first I had read in a long time, and it was wonderful. I enjoyed every article I read, especially The Natural History of Nonsense and Navy vs. Air Force on How to Fight the Next War. The latter was very good and held my interest mainly because I am in the army and that subject is a very important one to all military personnel. From now on Liberty will head my list of favorite magazines.—*Pfc. Anthony F. Del Tufo.*

PINKS WHA HAE WI'...

Elkridge, Md.—Democratic hopes for success in the next Presidential election will be shattered unless the leaders of the Democratic Party put forth a strong, cohesive policy of unity—chopping off such dead branches as Wallace and his parlor pinks, and as outright Communists. It is not too late for a unified party to rebuild a strong, honest platform of true democratic principles.

Wallace should have been thrown out of the Democratic Party long ago. However, we can thank God he was not Vice-President when Franklin D. Roosevelt died.—*R. M. Kureth.*

RUN-AROUND

Norfolk, Va.—There is a draft of nurses! They're begging for nurses: Won't nurses help? . . . and so on and so forth. Well, I am a practical nurse of two years' standing and have worked at private cases in homes and in nursing homes and hospitals. And yet I am out of work. Why? Because I have bad teeth. But I don't work with my teeth! And if I don't get work so I can get money to get them fixed, how *can* I get work?

I had neuritis, which came from bad teeth; but I couldn't get them fixed *because I had neuritis.*

Got you going in circles? Well, so am I!—*An Ex-Bed-Maker.*

GOOD, TRUE—AND *REAL*

Lynchburg, Va.—I never thought I'd live to see the day when women like Mrs. Clyde Burdette of Sumter, S. C. (Vox Pop, May 24), would start complaining about their men being on *good behavior* while policing the wilds, the desert islands, tropical atolls, etc., etc.

I have not one but *three* men who have been subjected to the "irresistible" charms of native girl charmers, and all three behaved in a manner similar to Captain Bill Willoby. My husband and sons have given me the impression that only *real men* stick to their moral training and keep their faith, since any ignoramus can go wrong!—*Mrs. Charles E. Turner.*

Mrs. Burdette didn't think Captain Bill, hero of Paradise with Serpent (February 1 to May 19, was a "real *man,*" and she wanted to know what others thought. Every one of a lot of feminine readers heard from thinks of him—and of her opinion of him—as this one does.—Vox Pop Editor.

TWISTED READING?

Eureka, Calif.—The two Vox Poppers (April 26) who favor Eisenhower and Stassen reflect no credit upon these eminent gentlemen by the twisted reasoning they give for their views. One says we need such men to offset "the political bungling in the White House for the past decade or so." The other insists he is a Southerner who wants them to run on the Republican ticket. Both are evidently dumb reactionaries who have no idea of what these splendid progressive men stand for. —*J. M. Tadlock.*

What one of those two actually said was, of course, that if 1947 should bring "political bungling in the White House, as the past decade or so has," we should need such men as Eisenhower and Stassen. And what the other said was that if they were to run in '48 on the Republican ticket, he—from the solid South and "with a Democratic background"—would vote for them.—Vox Pop Editor.

STARBRIGHT!

Portland, N. Y.—"Lizzie" Wilson certainly does a swell job of writing about Hollywood stars. Her articles on Susan Hayward, Joan Crawford, and others were super. Keep them coming, especially the full-page photos. I'd like to see Elizabeth write about June Allyson, Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman, Van Johnson, and Guy Madison.—*Anthony Riforgiat.*

WORDS AND MUSIC

Nokomis, Ill.—I haven't missed reading an issue of Liberty in over fifteen years, but this is my first attempt at Vox Popping. I just can't keep from calling your attention to the fact that State Senator Jack B. Tenney of California, mentioned (Washington Undercurrent, May 10) as "author" of Mexicali Rose, did not write that song. He only composed the music; Helen Stone wrote the words.

It happens to be one of my favorite songs.—*Mrs. J. D. Wilson.*

'Twas the night before Christmas . . .
And *Everything* was stirring
All Over the house!

Benedict Bogeaus presents

GEORGE
RAFT

has his hands full
of trouble . . . his
arms full of girl!

GEORGE
BRENT

is ducking his own
cold checks . . . and
a very torrid chick!

RANDOLPH
SCOTT

is home off the range . .
and very much at home
with a frilly filly!

JOAN BLONDELL

VIRGINIA FIELD · DOLORES MORAN

and **ANN HARDING**

in

Merry "CHRISTMAS EVE"

'Twas the night they all came to Aunt Matilda's rescue!

with Reginald Denny · Clarence Kolb · John Litel · Joe Sawyer · Douglas Dumbrille
Dennis Hoey · Walter Sande · Konstantin Shayne

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings · Adapted from original stories by Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS · Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

FATEFUL MONTH • Keep your eye on France the next few weeks. Historically, July long has been a fateful month there. One of the principal French holidays is Bastille Day, July 14.

DE GAULLE

According to the reports, France faces a critical wheat shortage in July. Violent food riots are a strong possibility. In this inflamed situation, De Gaulle may attempt to seize power by force.

That would almost inevitably lead to conflict, particularly with the Communists. With both sides armed, sanguine fighting can be looked for.

A revolutionary upheaval in France could have far-reaching consequences on the explosive world situation. That is why Washington, London, and Moscow are watching French developments with strained intentness.

Doctor Shortage • Behind the War Department's bill to pay Army doctors a $100-a-month bonus is a desperate medical situation.

Currently the Army has 7,000 doctors. But of this number 5,900 are temporaries, eligible for release next year. So far, less than 200 have signified willingness to remain in the Army.

On the basis of strength estimates, the Army will need a minimum of 6,000 doctors July 1, 1948, when the last of the temporaries has departed. Unless some way can be found to persuade a greater portion of them to remain, or to induce other doctors to go into the Army, it will find itself in a desperate plight.

Political-Go-Round • Governor Tom Dewey, New York, will make a tour of the West this summer. It will be labeled "nonpolitical," but he will visit all the G.O.P. strongholds. . . . Hulking Under Secretary of War Kenneth Royall, known in the Pentagon as the "Thundering Herd," is planning to run for Governor of North Carolina next year. . . . The Louisiana governorship is beckoning strongly to Senator Allen Ellender, one-time henchman of the late Huey Long. Ellender's present intention is to run for the state office next January. . . . Former Secretary of War Harry Woodring, who staged a hot race for Governor of Kansas in 1946, is being urged by White Houseites to make another try in '48. . . . To date, leading anti-Talmadge candidate in Georgia's forthcoming fierce gubernatorial melee is Assistant Attorney General Dan Duke, who prosecuted the K.K.K. . . . If Democratic strategists have their way, New York City's popular Mayor O'Dwyer will be the party's next state standard bearer.

Family Trouble • President Juan Perón rules Argentine with an iron hand. But he is, apparently, not so successful with his own henchmen. Uncensored diplomatic dispatches report two very significant developments: a sharp cleavage within the Perón Cabinet and growing disaffection among young Army officers of that South America Republic.

Principal causes of the inner dissension, according to the confidential reports, are the dictator's beauteous blonde wife and one Miguel Miranda, his economic chief.

Daring and ambitious, Señora Perón is charged with extensive meddling in the powerful Labor Department, which she is reported to dominate. Also, she is darkly suspected of planning to run for the Argentine Senate.

Argentine politicos are seething over the señora's unprecedented aspiration.

Miranda is causing a lot of muttering because of the huge fortune he has amassed since tying up with Perón. Since 1945 Miranda has not only become a power behind the throne but one of the wealthiest men in Argentina.

C.I.O. Battle • The long-standing inner C.I.O. battle over Communism is hotly a-boil again. Early this year, with a number of major wage contract renewals in the offing, Phil Murray imposed an uneasy quietus on the contending factions. Now they are again violently at one another's throats.

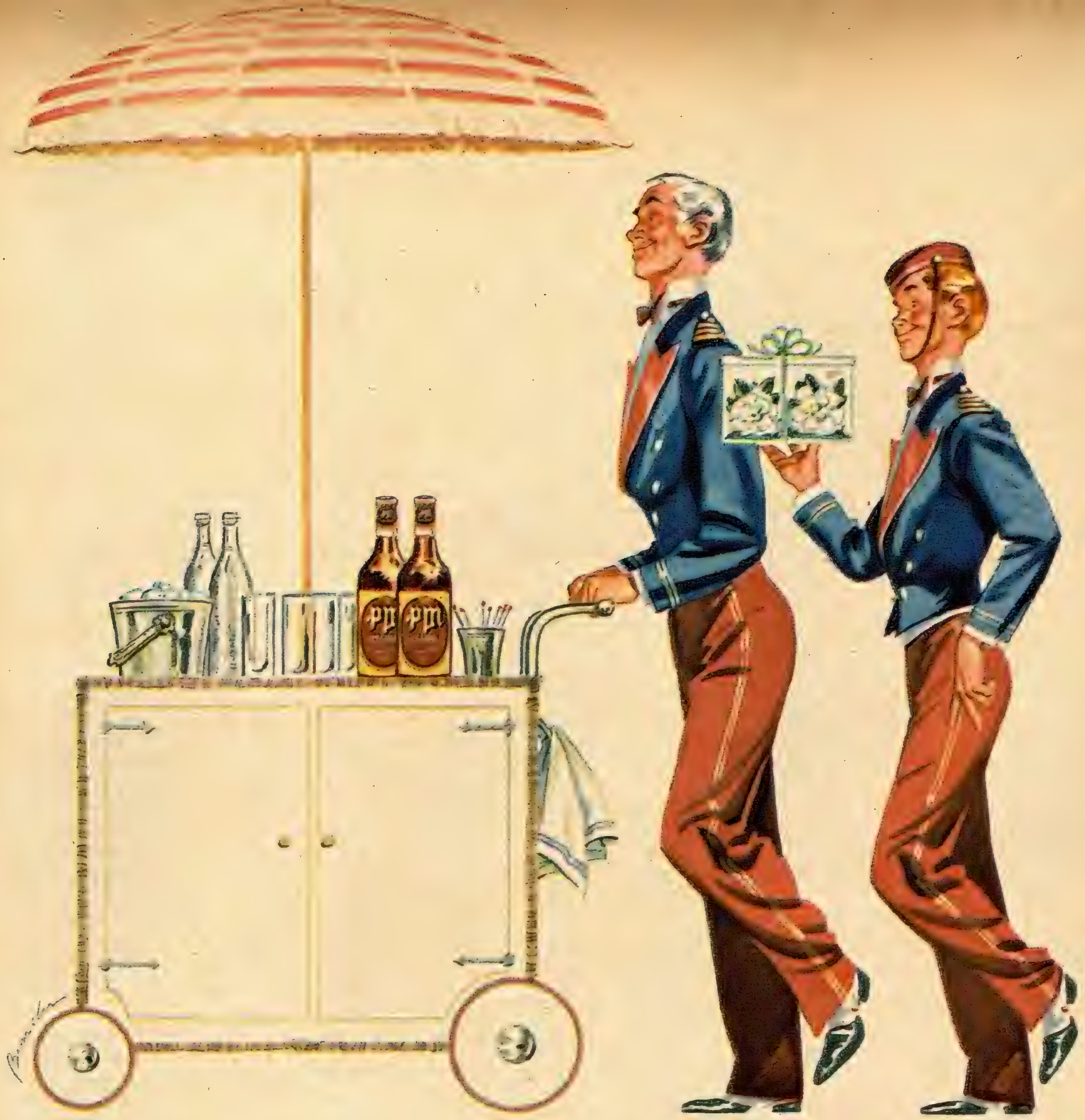
MURRAY

Line-up of the clashing leaders is—*Anti-Red:* James B. Carey, C.I.O. secretary; Walter Reuther, head of United Automobile Workers; John Green, head of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers; Joseph Curran, boss of the Maritime Union; Allan S. Heywood, director of C.I.O. organization; John Brophy, director of Industrial Union Councils. *Leftists:* Harry Bridges, boss of the Longshoremen; Grant Oakes, head of the Farm Equipment Workers; Reid Robinson and Maurice Travis, Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; Michael Quill, Transport Workers; Julius Emspak, secretary of United Electrical Workers; Ben Gold, Fur Workers; R. J. Thomas and George Addes, Auto Workers; and Lee Pressman, brainy C.I.O. general counsel.

Murray is against a wholesale purge demanded by some of the Antis. He fears it would split the C.I.O. wide open and wreck it. His policy is to keep a tight rein on Leftists while weeding them out by attrition. But the strongly entrenched Leftists are fighting back tooth and nail. Whether Murray can again work out a truce remains to be seen.

C.I.O. leaders say frankly Murray is the only one capable of holding the C.I.O. together.

Out on a Limb • Eastern railroads will get an increase in passenger rates, but not before August 1. . . . There will be no U. S. loan to Spain, either directly or indirectly, as long as Franco retains any control. . . . There will be no major farm legislation at this session of Congress; but there will be plenty next year. . . . Also dead for this session are the bills to increase postal rates, revise the patent laws, and boost minimum wages. . . . Profit totals for the second quarter of this year will exceed those for the same period in 1946.



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Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts delight in "De Luxe"—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts magic into a highball—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that fits right into a smile—
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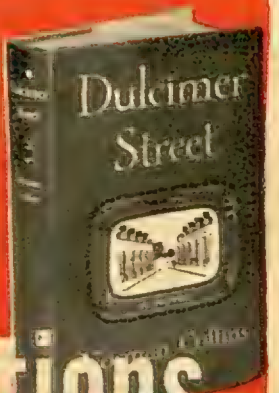

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A WHOLE YEAR OF Liberty

Just Between Ourselves

A SECRET RUSSIAN MISSION THAT ALMOST CHANGED HISTORY (page 26) is one of the most important articles Liberty has ever published. Accusing our Soviet ally of having been ready to quit the fight and leave us high and dry is not a pretty charge. Nor is it lightly made.

Two reporters worked 5½ months on this story. The story was first uncovered by Dr. Paul Schwarz, a member of the German Foreign Service for twenty years before the Nazis came to power. In a three months' visit on the Continent, Dr. Schwarz drew heavily on his acquaintance in the foreign Diplomatic Corps to obtain the facts.

DR. SCHWARZ

He was so astonished by them that he asked to have a check made in Washington.

Guy Richards, a former Marine major and an experienced reporter, got to work on Schwarz's leads.

Their collaboration on this article was the logical outcome of this expert sleuthing on two continents.

Some people may feel that because Schwarz was once a German official he might be disposed to promote a story reflecting discredit on the Soviet Union. The fact is that Schwarz has a long record of anti-Nazism. He resigned his post as German Consul General in New York as soon as Hitler came to power.

Sometime later he became an American citizen and worked in the OSS against Hitler.

All this notwithstanding, Liberty did not accept this story without exhaustive investigation on its own part. It may be said that the story has been confirmed in all important details by high officials of the U. S. government.

Naturally they cannot be named in view of the apparent agreement by the Big Three to suppress this story.

We are not publishing this in an effort to embarrass our valiant wartime ally. We believe, simply, that until the truth about the war's secret negotiations is made public, further agreements will have little integrity.

No friendship can long endure when facts are concealed because they may prove embarrassing. It is better to have the truth out—as it will anyway.

It is fascinating and a bit frightening to speculate about what might have happened if the Germans and Russians *had* succeeded in making a separate peace in February, 1943.

We asked Brigadier General Merritt A. Edson, expert on amphibious warfare now on the staff of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, to give us the probable answer.

"In my opinion," says General Edson, "it is probable that, given a separate peace between Germany and Russia in February, 1943, the Germans could have and would have defeated the Allied African campaign. Although the Germans could not have wi
drawn all of their divisions from the easte
front, more than 50 per cent of their grou
forces could have been diverted. Most i
portant of all would have been the relea
of the bulk of their air power, togeth
with their fuel, etc., to the support
Rommel.

"From the politico-military point of vie
I believe that such a peace would ha
resulted in the complete capitulation
Vichy to the use of southern France a
the Mediterranean ports by the German
the alignment of Franco's Spain with t
Axis; and the ultimate downfall of Gibr
tar.

"This, together with the widely d
persed air power which would have
come available from the eastern fro
would so outflank the Mediterranean rou
that Allied control of that seaway, a
even of the western ports in northwest
rica, would have been particularly se
ously jeopardized if not entirely lost.

"Air support, armor, gasoline, and mu
tions were the p
mary factors
Rommel's defe
These would ha
become available
ever-increasi
numbers and ha
permitted him
hold what he ha
and the Germ
ability to then se
him ground re
forcements far in
cess of those available to the Allies wou
have meant the eventual complete def
of the Allied North African campaign."

GUY RICHARDS

PREVIEW OF THE NEXT ISSUE

COMING, COMING!

LIBERTY
LIBE

THE JULY 19 Liberty bristles with p
vocative articles, absorbing fiction, a
exciting pictures. . . . There's Gordon M
herbe Hillman's tender story of lov
young dream, INFATUATION . . . a
PRAIRIE TREE, a great short story of lo
and faith, by Will Hagen. . . . Amo
articles you'll find NO WAR—NO I
PRESSION, an inspiring message of ho
by Eric Johnston. . . . Waverley Root te
you about LOVE AMONG THE ANIMA
—proving animals are not so dumb .
and Congressman J. Parnell Thomas
poses REDS IN OUR GOVERNMENT. .
There's also a profile of baseball's
Veeck by Stanley Frank, and one of Hol
wood's Carole Landis by Elizabeth Wils
. . . EYE-WITNESS, the new picture s
tion, brings entertainment and enlight
ment galore—in color! Don't miss it.

—D. B

IKE MAGIC

THIS PREMIUM OIL GIVES YOUR CAR MORE POWER!

Unlike the magic of walking on hot coals, the performance of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is readily explained. This improved 1947 Opaline gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair. These chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from cylinders, piston rings and pistons. Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

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A Warner Bros. Production,
Does a little magical fire walking

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PHILCO FREEZER
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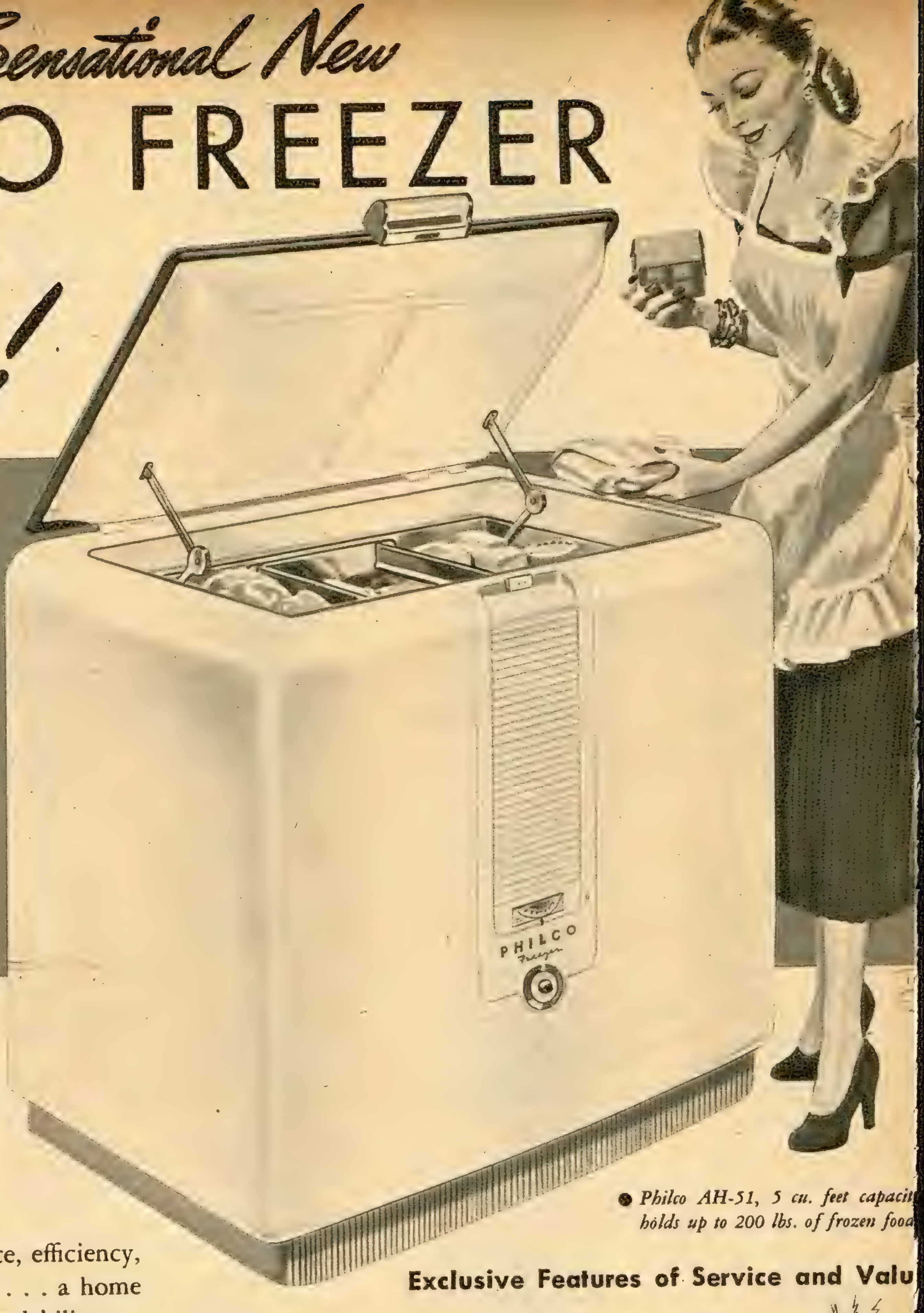

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Food Freezing and Storage at 10° to 20° Below Zero

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Yes, the Philco Freezer saves hours of tedious kitchen work, helps you prepare better, more delicious meals, save money on food. You enjoy new freedom from daily cooking chores, you're ready for unexpected guests, have more leisure for recreation. *It's a new way of life . . . see the Philco Freezer today at your Philco dealer.*

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holds up to 200 lbs. of frozen food

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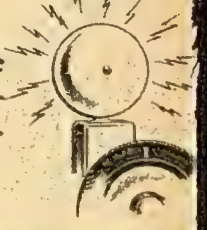

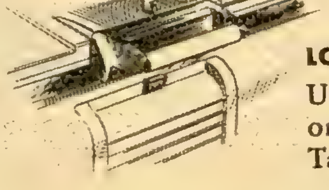

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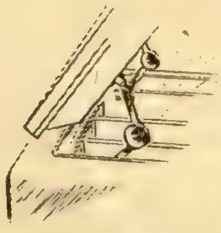

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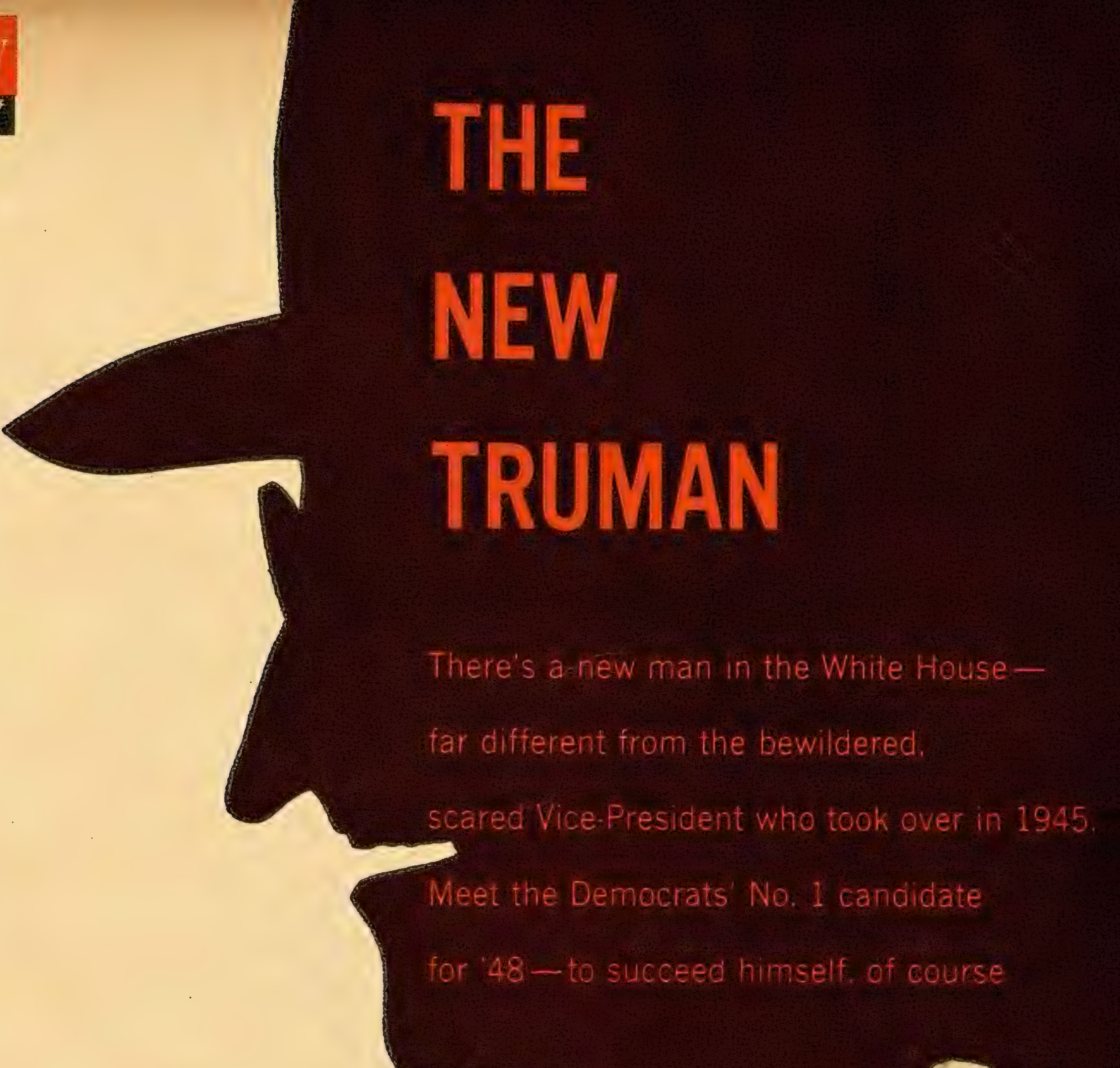


THE NEW TRUMAN

There's a new man in the White House—far different from the bewildered, scared Vice-President who took over in 1945. Meet the Democrats' No. 1 candidate for '48—to succeed himself, of course

By ALDEN HATCH

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

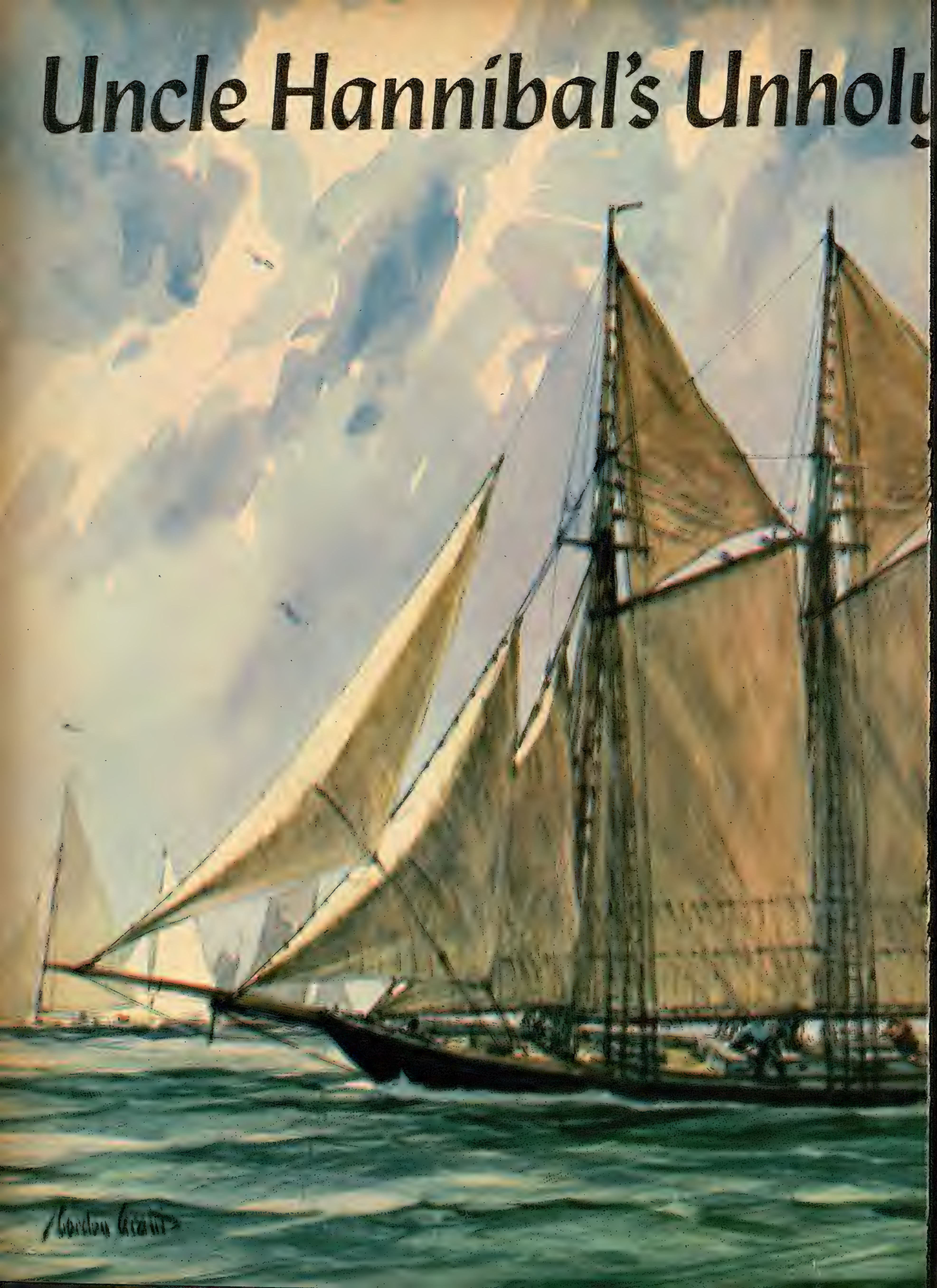
IN November, 1946, President Harry S. Truman finally put aside the engulfing cloak of his predecessor and stepped out briskly in his own well-cut business suit. The appreciation of the people is evidenced by his rise in the Gallup polls from a low of 32 per cent in October, 1946, to 60 per cent in April, 1947.

Not that the President pays any heed to polls—or labels—as far as his actions are concerned. Once I reminded him that Franklin Roosevelt had said of himself that he was "a little left of center," and asked, "Where do you consider that you stand?" The President replied that he did not bother about right or left, but only about what was right for the people—not of America alone, but of all the world. He added that, whatever the columnists might say, he did not act from political motives. That, I am certain, is the literal truth.

This opinion is backed by a notable authority. General Eisenhower said of his commander in chief:

"Of this I am sure—the President has put personal ambition out of his heart." (*Continued on page 81*)

Uncle Hannibal's Unholy


Gordon Grant

Jibboom

The race is not always to the swift. This one—which wasn't—will live forever in the memory of fresh-water sailors

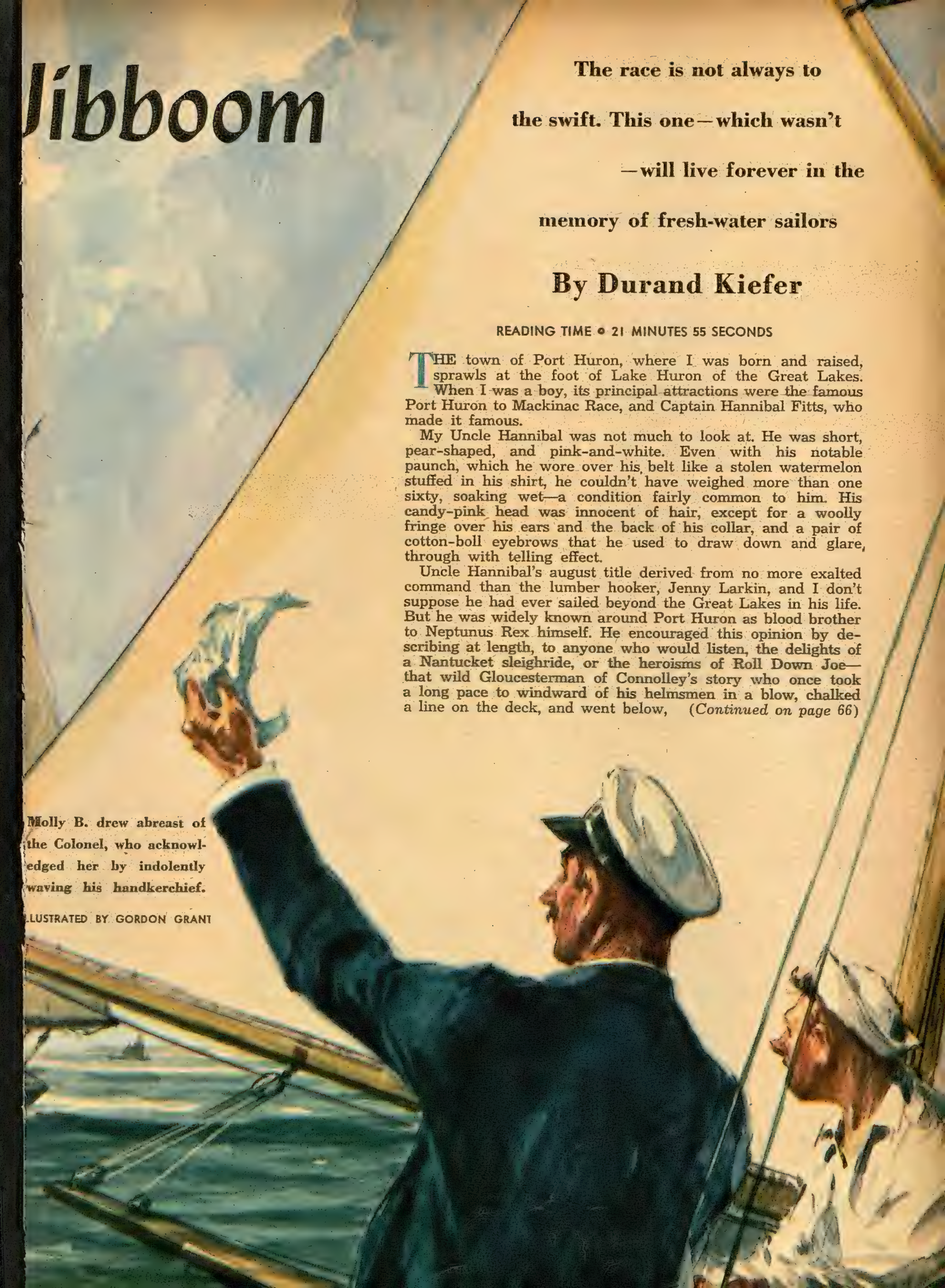
By Durand Kiefer

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE town of Port Huron, where I was born and raised, sprawls at the foot of Lake Huron of the Great Lakes. When I was a boy, its principal attractions were the famous Port Huron to Mackinac Race, and Captain Hannibal Fitts, who made it famous.

My Uncle Hannibal was not much to look at. He was short, pear-shaped, and pink-and-white. Even with his notable paunch, which he wore over his belt like a stolen watermelon stuffed in his shirt, he couldn't have weighed more than one sixty, soaking wet—a condition fairly common to him. His candy-pink head was innocent of hair, except for a woolly fringe over his ears and the back of his collar, and a pair of cotton-boll eyebrows that he used to draw down and glare through with telling effect.

Uncle Hannibal's august title derived from no more exalted command than the lumber hooker, Jenny Larkin, and I don't suppose he had ever sailed beyond the Great Lakes in his life. But he was widely known around Port Huron as blood brother to Neptunus Rex himself. He encouraged this opinion by describing at length, to anyone who would listen, the delights of a Nantucket sleighride, or the heroisms of Roll Down Joe—that wild Gloucesterman of Connolley's story who once took a long pace to windward of his helmsmen in a blow, chalked a line on the deck, and went below, *(Continued on page 66)*

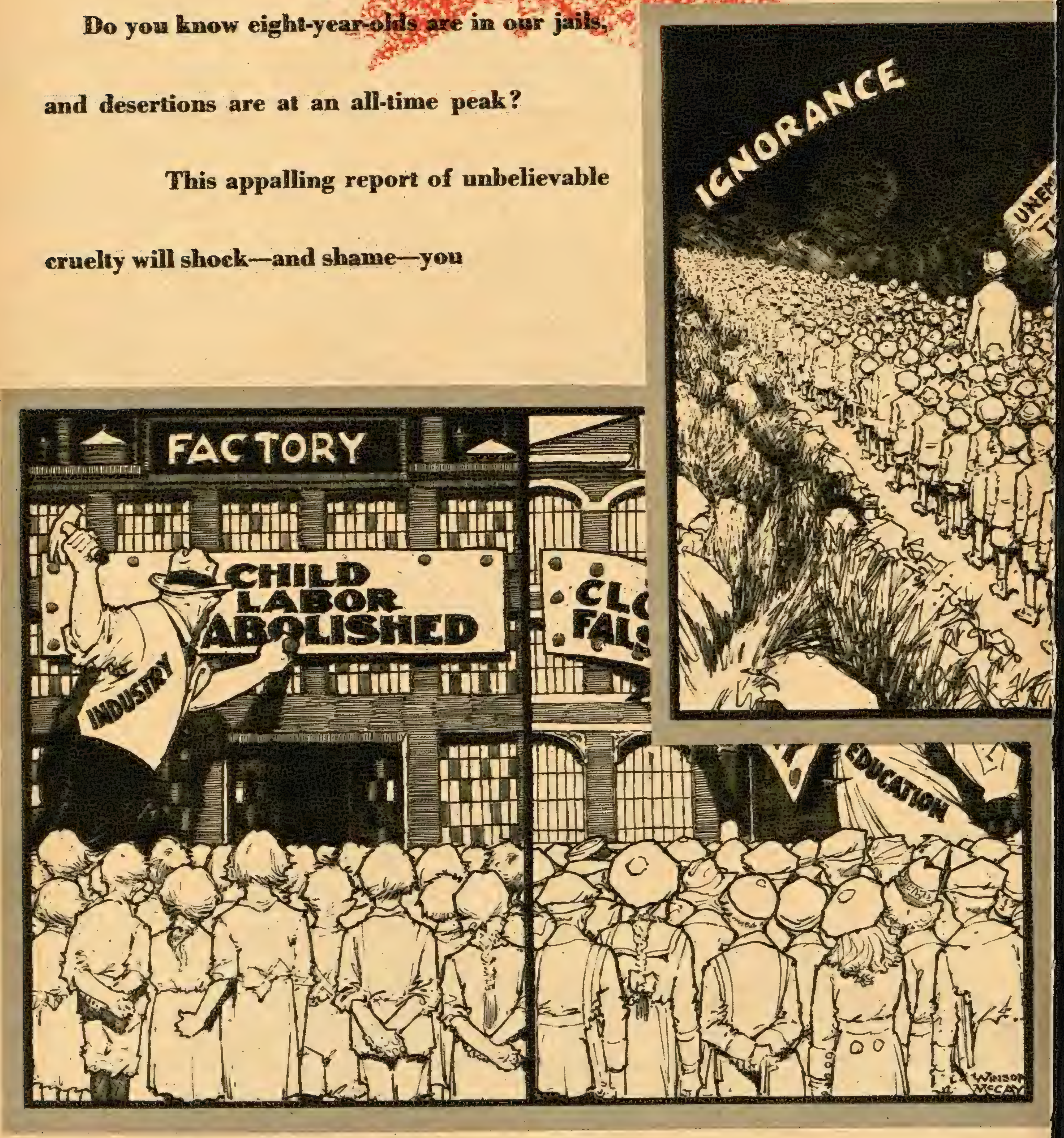


Molly B. drew abreast of the Colonel, who acknowledged her by indolently waving his handkerchief.

LUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

America's bruised and beaten childrer

Do you know eight-year-olds are in our jails, and desertions are at an all-time peak? This appalling report of unbelievable cruelty will shock—and shame—you


IGNORANCE
UNEN
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CHILD LABOR ABOLISHED
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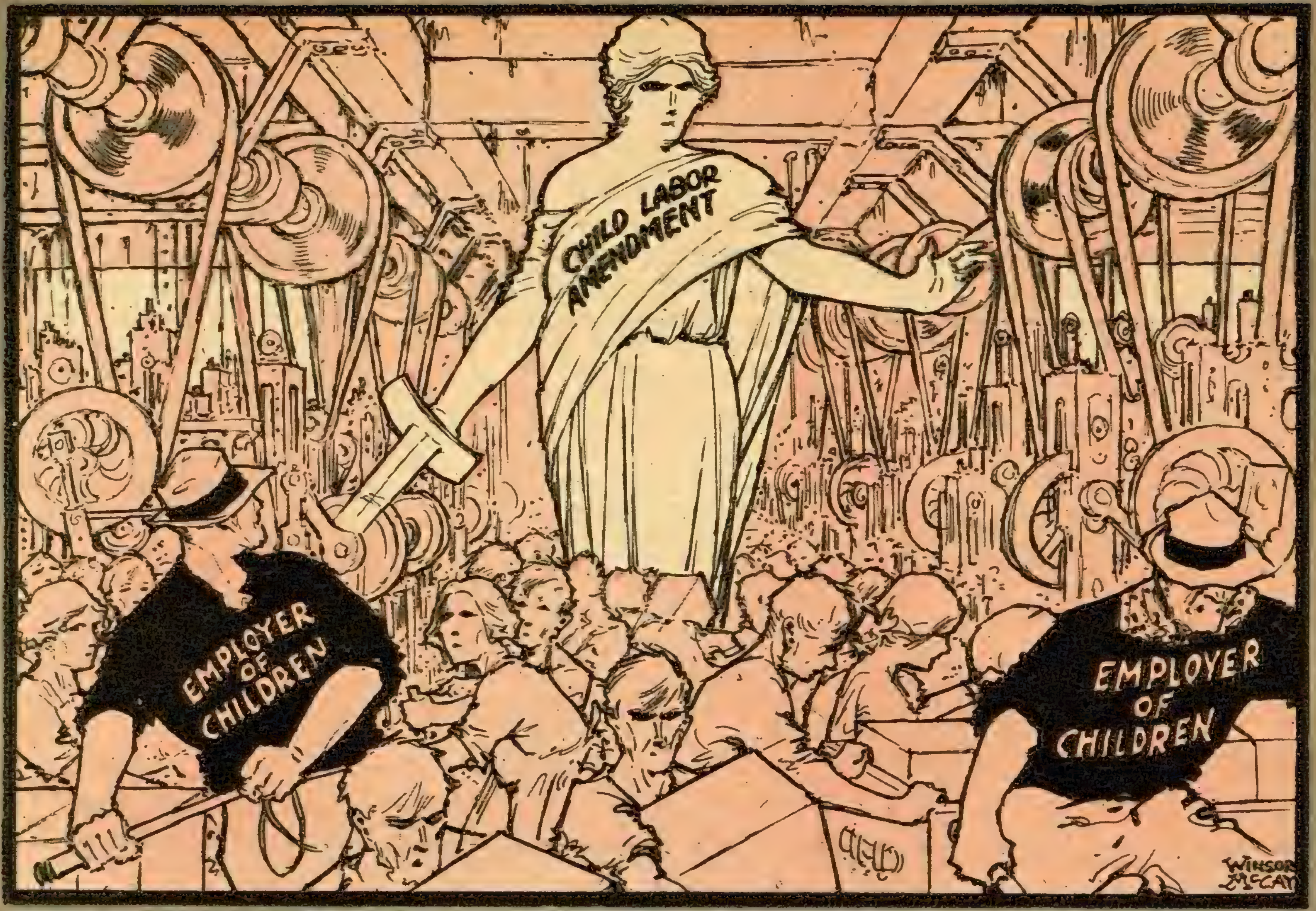
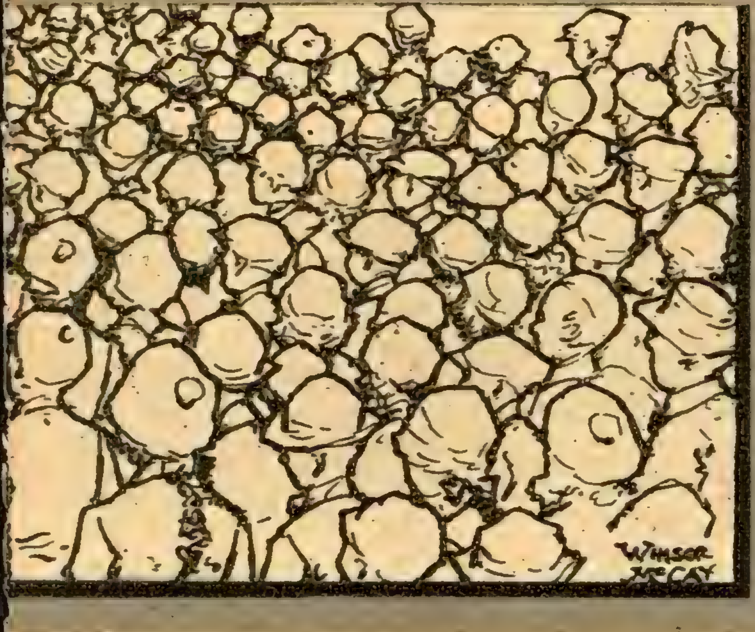
FALS
EDUCATION
WINSOR MCCAY



COURTESY HEARST PUBLICATIONS PERMISSION OF MCCAY FEATURE SYNDICATE



These famous Winsor McCay cartoons were published in the Hearst newspapers a quarter of a century ago. Is history repeating itself?

By DICKSON HARTWELL

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN Salt Lake City on a Sunday morning a few weeks ago, a young husband suddenly snatched his crying eleven-months-old daughter from his wife's arms. "I'll make you shut up!" he shouted, and beat her until she could only gasp and whimper. The next day he again flew into a rage when the bruised infant cried, and beat her. In desperation his wife called the police. News stories mentioned that he was a war veteran.

In Los Angeles, when her three little children shook pennies and dimes from a piggy bank and bought bubble gum, a mother burned their hands with a sizzling electric iron —"to teach them a lesson." She had been employed in a war plant.

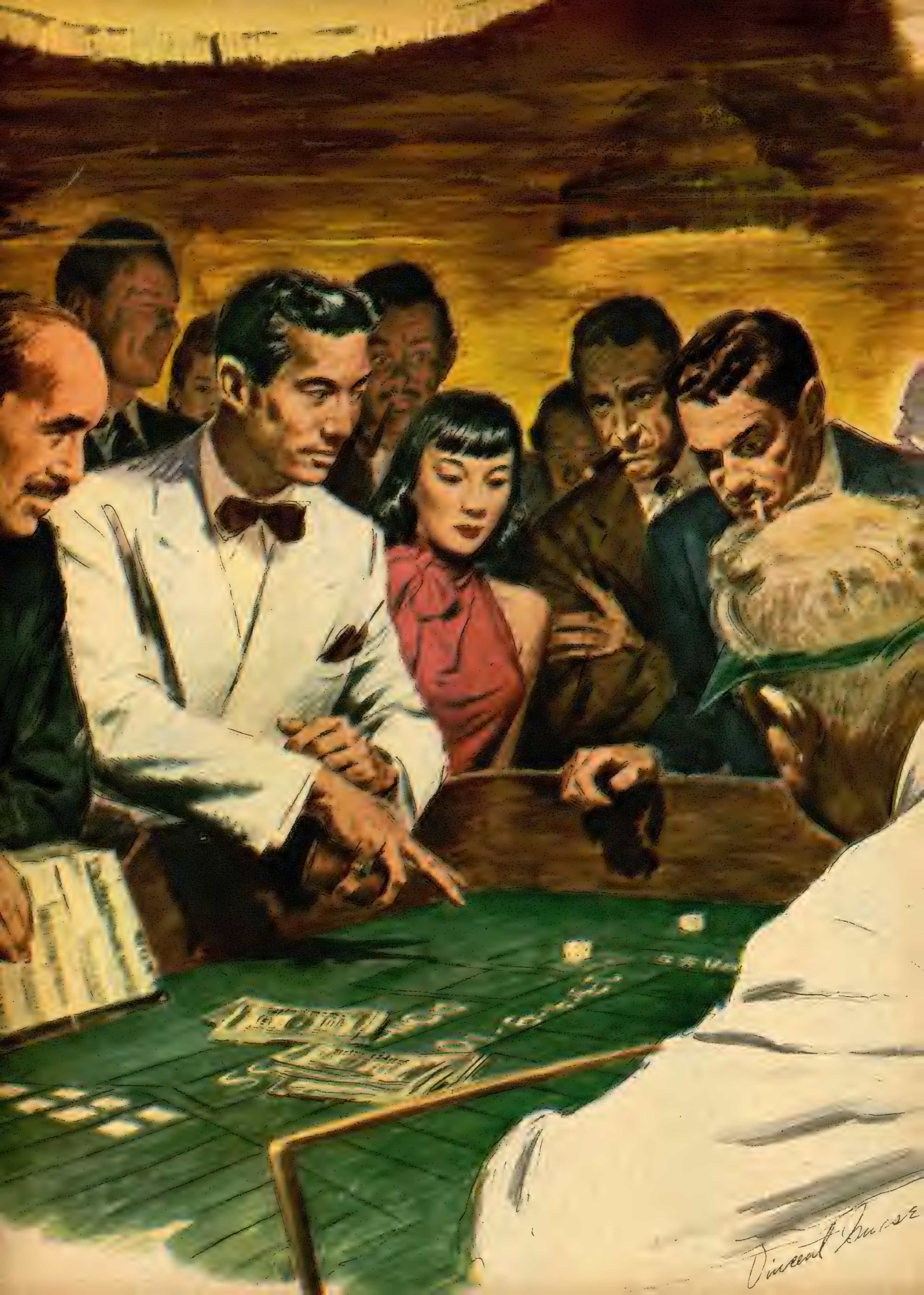
In New York, a father savagely beat his six-year-old daughter last New Year's Day, fracturing her hip. Chief Magistrate Edgar Bromberger ordered the honorable discharge button ripped from the man's lapel.

Any newspaper clipping service could supply, from its files of the past year, similar horror stories of parental cruelty from every city in the United States.

As Dr. Edwin F. Gildea, professor of psychiatry at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, says sadly: "The nervous tension of a postwar civilization, plus the future's economic uncertainty, has contributed to the noticeable increase of children being injured by overwrought parents."

And cruel treatment is only a part of the story. Everywhere in the country it is reported that fathers are deserting their children at the highest rate in history. Neglect, a common practice of working or carousing parents, happens even among well-to-do people. Acting on an anonymous tip, police raided the twelve-room house of a successful Chicago physician and found his five

(*Continued on page 71*)



THE *Luck* OF AH SIN

Confucius,

he say:

"Never give

a sucker

an even break"

Sin shook the cup and bouncing the dice off the far cushion rolled a seven. The stickman stared at it.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

By DAY KEENE

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SLIM, elfin, not yet twenty but possessed of a level head as well as a pretty one, Mike (christened Fragrant Lotus) slipped her hand in Ah Sin's and cautioned, "Don't lose your temper, Gorgeous."

"I'm not going to lose my temper," he told her.

As big as Ah Sin, ugly when—as now—he had been drinking, Initials Shannon ignored the patrons waiting to pay their dinner checks. "Now get me, and get me straight, Chinky Toodles. I am only going to tell you this once, see? It's to your own advantage to pay the ten dollars a week."

"And if I don't?" Sin asked.

Blake, Shannon's bodyguard, took the toothpick from his mouth. "Ha. Go ahead. You'll find out. There'll be a collector around tomorrow." The two men swaggered out of the Coveport Chop Suey Palace.

"Shannon is plenty tough, Sin," a waiting college youth informed the young proprietor, "and he just about runs this town."

Sin thanked him for the information. Then, for the next few minutes, he made change, hoped his patrons had enjoyed their meal, and hoped they would return. But from time to time his eyes lifted to the brightly lighted plate-glass window as if momentarily expecting a brick to come crashing through it.

He had never gone to college, but he knew a gimmick when he saw one. Shannon's "Merchant Patrol" was the old "protection" racket.

"What are you going to do?" Mike asked him.

"I don't know," Sin told her.

According to his latest calculation, only two thousand three hundred and some odd dollars separated him and Mike. His common sense told him it was foolish to endanger future happiness for the sake of ten dollars a week. On the other hand, there was the principle of the thing. Why should he pay Initials Shannon ten dollars a week for the privilege of conducting his own business unmolested?

He surveyed his restaurant with pride. The new venture had flourished from the start. There were two reasons for that. One was the fact that prior to his Grand Opening, there had been no Chop Suey Palace in Coveport. The other, and main reason, was Sin himself.

A tall good-looking youth with a ready smile, he was also a good business man. He hired a good cook and good waiters. He bought the best of raw food, and sold it, tastily prepared, at a substantial increase. His restaurant was immaculately clean. He was willing to work long hours and did so, seven days a week. Consequently he made money.

TRUE, Sin knew little about the restaurant business. Immediately prior to his enlistment he had owned and operated a hand laundry in New York which he had won in a fan-tan game in Newark from a Chinese boy from Scranton, who, in turn, had accepted it as part payment of a poker debt.

However, neither had he known anything about the army, and in that highly competitive field he had emerged as a full-fledged technical sergeant of paratroopers. If he was one of an underprivileged or minority group, Sin had never realized the fact. The only race trouble he had ever had was with the daily double at Hialeah. He owned his restaurant outright. He had opened it with the thirty dollars he had saved during his four-year army career, plus six thousand four hundren and twenty dollars a lucky run of the dice stuffed into his G. I. pockets during the last week at the Separation Center.

He had entered the army with enthusiasm. He left it without regret. He now was twenty-eight. It was time for him to perpetuate the

(*Continued on page 74*)

Little Audrey

Miss Totter, who has catapulted to full stardom on the strength of one movie kiss, can act too

Audrey's low, husky voice is not the only reason she "oozes sex appeal."

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHEN soap-opera queen Audrey Totter, twentyish and talented, came to Hollywood from New York two years ago, she had one definite purpose in mind: She intended becoming the best actress on the screen. Suddenly, to her confusion, she is being acclaimed the sexiest actress on the screen. It's a detour. But a pleasant one.

It started with that kiss in The Lady in the Lake. Remember? Under Robert Montgomery's skilled direction, the camera played the male lead in that strikingly different picture. And Audrey planted the hottest kiss of the year right smack on the lens. Which, apparently, gave every ex-G. I. in America the idea that luscious Audrey was kissing him, personally. As soon as the film was released the letters started pouring in.

Most of them started with "You kissed me last night, dear Audrey." Audrey is a little startled by all this hubba-hubba. She feels cheated, too.

"After all, I only kissed a piece of glass," she sighs. "Other actresses have all the breaks. Ava Gardner goes right from the arms of Gable to the arms of Fred MacMurray."

Audrey is determined that she will not be typed. "I don't think you're an actress," she says, "unless you can play many different kinds of roles."

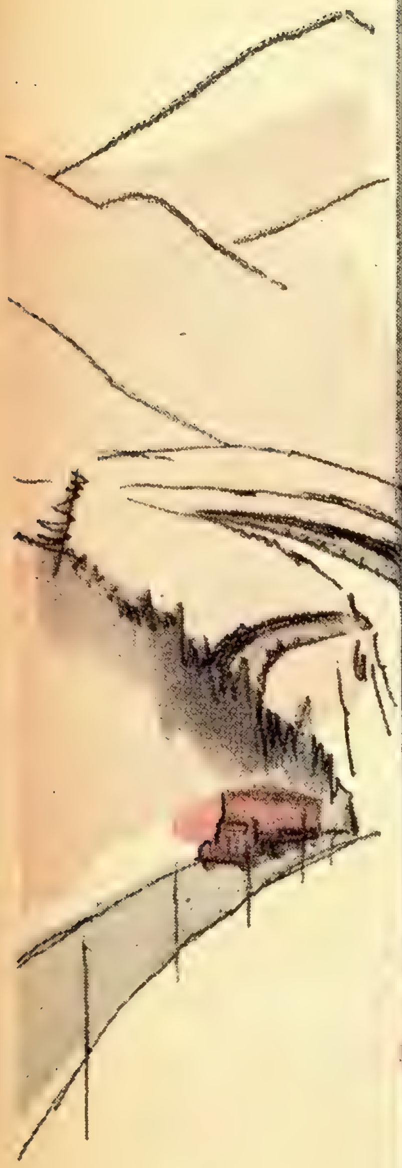
She will do anything, even to making herself unattractive. When Michael Curtiz picked her for an important part in The Unsuspected, he told her that she would have to dye her reddish-blonde hair a couple of shades darker. "Is that O.K. with you, Miss Totter?" he asked. Audrey replied fervently, "Mr. Curtiz, I'd shave the hair right off my head to work for you!"

It was when she was 12 years old that Audrey Totter decided to go into show business. A circus was playing near the outskirts of Joliet, Illinois, her home town, and Audrey felt that she looked exactly like the girl on the posters. Even at that early age she had read everything about the theater she could lay her hands on in the public library. She knew how things were done. You went directly to the company manager, lied about your age, asked for a job, and went to work immediately. The manager, however, asked her her father's name, called him on the phone, and said, "Come get your daughter." It was most humiliating.

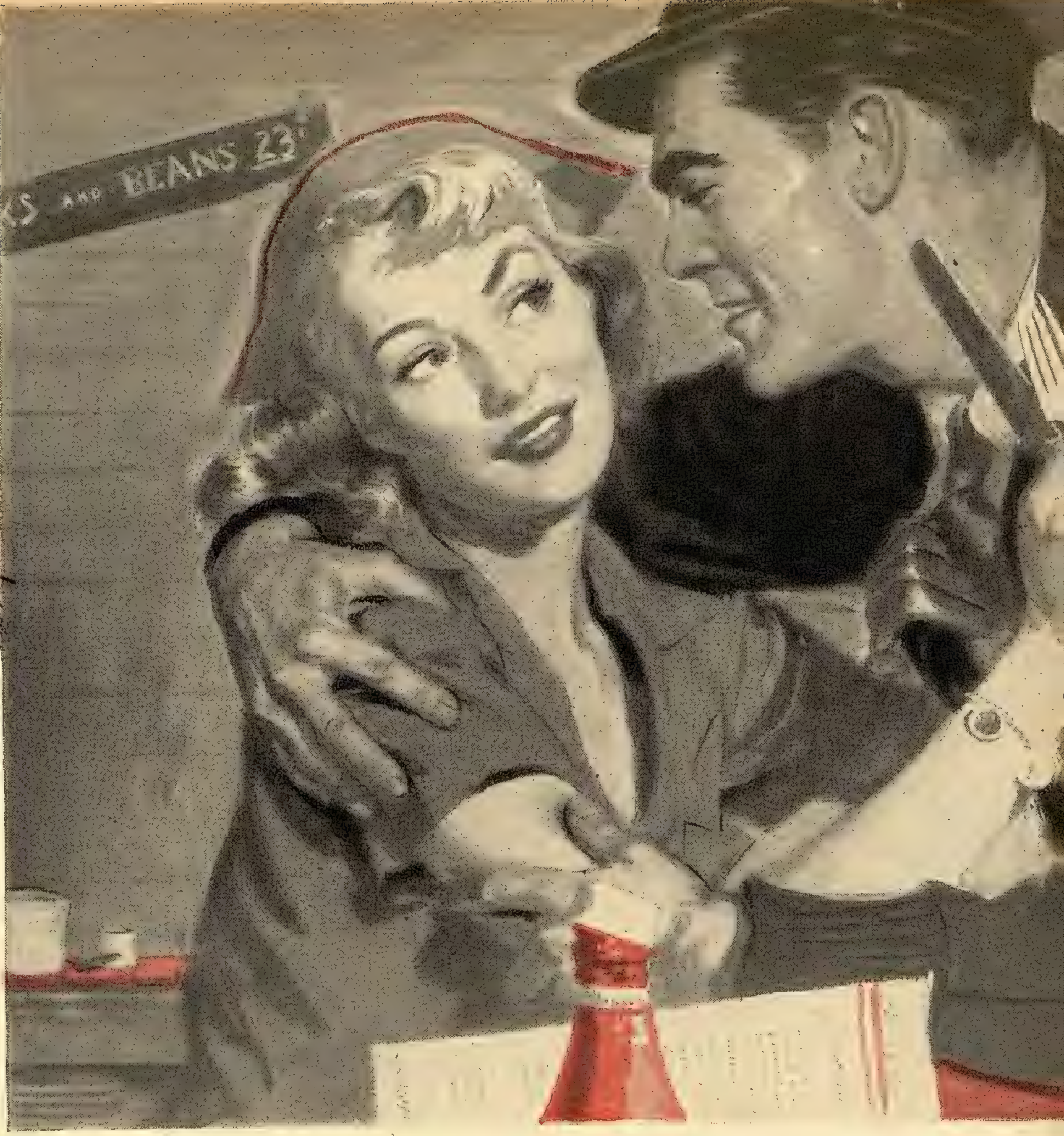
This convinced the Totters that the eldest of their five children was going to be a problem. They had suspected something when she started acting out her prayers "for the angels" at the age of five; and later, when she'd sit, fascinated, staring at friends and neighbors who had dropped by. "What a bright, attentive little thing," they'd say, flattered by her rapt attention. But they weren't so flattered when Audrey did an

(*Continued on page 94*)

A girl with a goal, Audrey reached Hollywood by way of stage and radio.



ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN



"Seneca, you and me are making tracks. When?" demanded Jim. His paw went out and bit her shoulder under the glossily ironed frock.

The girl in the lonely lunchroom was waiting, listening for a sound that would mean happiness or heartbreak

By

NEILL C. WILSON

READING TIME•21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SENECA, drying some knives and forks, could hear the truck bore and grind as it came up the long grade. That would be Russ Yount's oil-and-gasoline tanker. It didn't bruise and pound the mountain air the way Jim Garrison's twenty-two-wheel long-haul express would do. Seneca wondered nervously what she'd do, what she'd say when he bunted open the door to My Place. As if enough problems hadn't pushed themselves under her nose in the last twenty-four hours.

She fed the knives and forks rapidly and noisily into their box. She faced about and busied herself with the coffee flasks on the shelf in back of the counter. She heard the oil truck stop. Heels hit gravel. The door to the lunchroom thumped open behind her, letting in a woodsy March gust. She didn't toss her usual light "Hi, skinner!" She didn't want to say anything until he set the pattern. Until he spoke first.

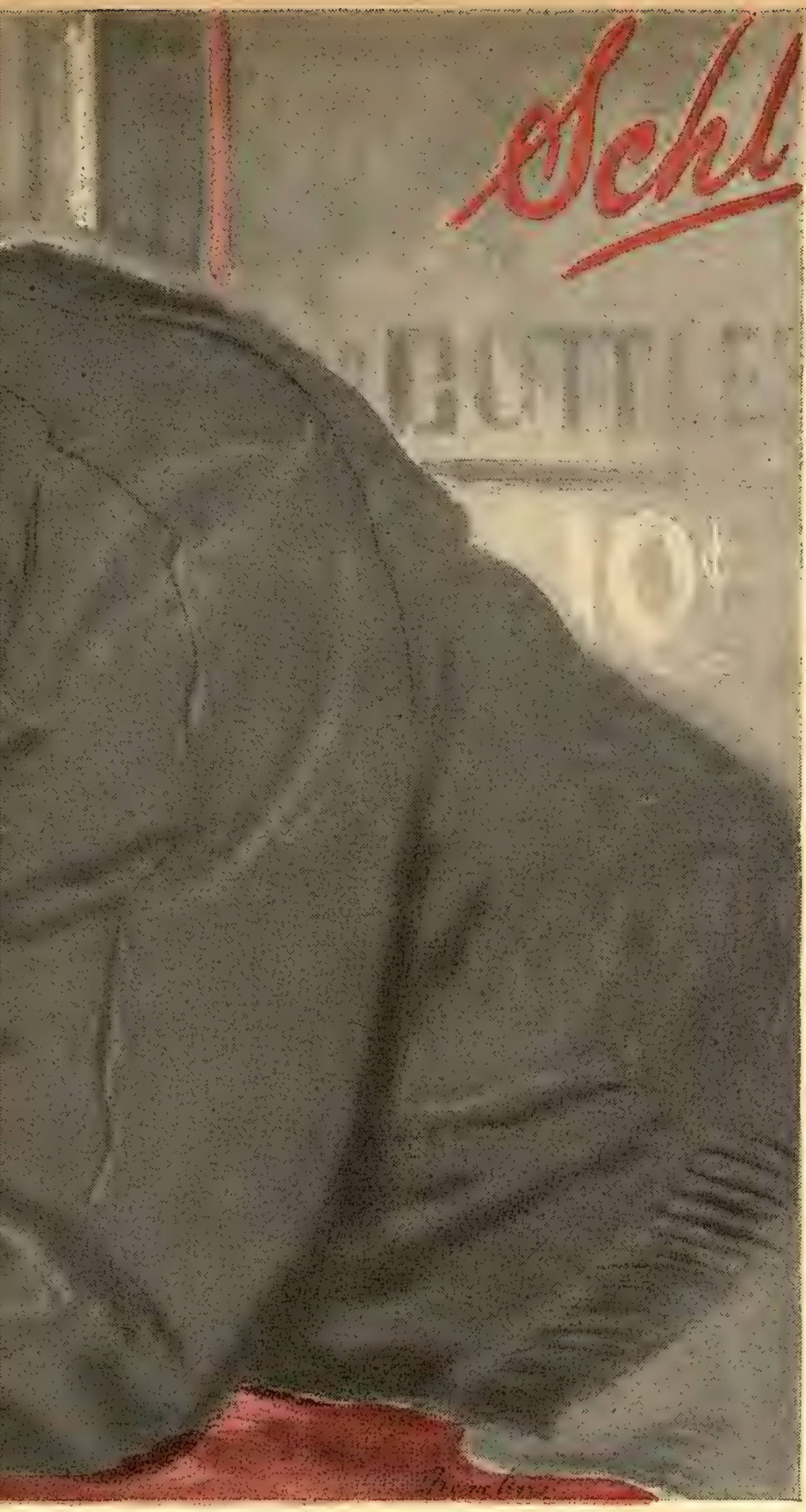
But he didn't speak at all. That was the trying part of it.

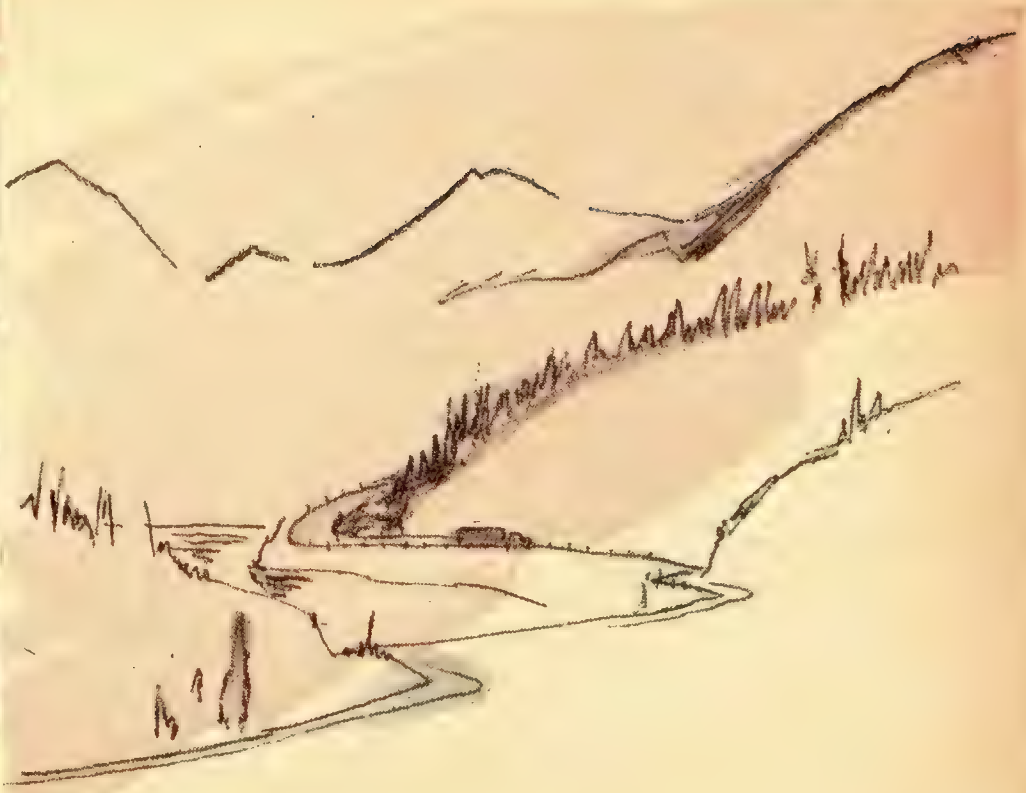
She couldn't stand there forever with her back turned and her tongue in neutral. So she clattered the flasks and chirped, as cheerily as she could, "Hi, Red!"

"Hi."

Not "Hi, Seneca!" Not, by any stretch, an impudent "Hi, slinger!" or "Hi, taffytop!" Just "Hi."

She wheeled around then. He was ashen. He looked as if he had rolled off the side wall of the grade, the way Pie-jo Murphy once said. His clothes were disordered. The natty cap with the badge and the leather visor was gone. The tan serge shirt





REDHEAD TROUBLE

was badly out of press and the regulation black tie had vanished. Drivers for the Black Gold Oil Company weren't supposed to let down in these items. But it was his expression that showed he'd really been through something.

But if he'd ordered everything on the bill of fare, which he didn't, Seneca still would have had only one ear for him. For she was listening sharply for something else. It didn't come, so she relaxed a little.

"You're looking fine, skinner," she lied, and promptly wished she hadn't. For Red simply lifted his eyes and pinned that whopper to her lips. Nailed it with his silence.

Serving short orders here at My Place had taught Seneca a lot about keeping up a running conversation with truckers, but nothing at all about keeping up a silence with them. She put Red's coffee in front of him. She laid a spoon beside it, and pushed the canned cream in front of him, and the sugar shaker.

He didn't touch any of them.

Good grief, when they won't say anything or even touch their coffee, what's the deal?

You wash a few dishes that are already bright and clean, and you sort of settle back on your heels and let this thing work out. And you think of what's happened since you came here a year and a half ago.

DURING her first two days at My Place, Seneca Thatcher had had only one reason for staying. That was because she couldn't get out. Aunt Margie Thatcher, who owned the lunchroom, had sent her the one-way fare to come west from Kansas, and Aunt Margie turned out to be crippled with arthritis and simply not one you'd up and leave. And though the granite peaks scared Seneca stiff with their size and their solemnity, though the wind howled in the pines and twanged every nerve in her body, she hung on. But from the third day she had another reason for staying. The reason was in front of her now—wordless, hatless, necktieless Russell Yount.

Russ hadn't been rumpled and ashen-faced then. He'd been spick-and-span, grinning, cocky, talkative. He was a redhead, and no halfway one; it was downright dangerous for a man with all that ethyl in his mixture to ride around on top of three tons of gasoline; and still more dangerous to bring such a torch near Seneca's shining ripe wheat. When Russ halted his truck outside My

(*Continued on page 91*)

A secret Russian mission

An astounding untold story of the war — Russia's secret attempt to make a separate peace with Germany in 1943. Must reading for all who seek to "understand" Russia

By PAUL SCHWARZ AND GUY RICHARDS

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

RUSSIA'S secret effort to make a separate peace with Germany in January, 1943, is one of the strangest and most significant untold stories of the war. It has been pieced together by laborious months of clandestine conferences with Europeans whose lives depend on their anonymity and with those who have remained silent because of reluctance to disturb further the delicate relations between the Soviet Union and her old comrades in arms.

The story begins in Moscow, about the middle of January, 1943. A. M. Aleksandroff, elderly aristocratic hold-over expert on Germany and Assistant Chief of Protocol in the Soviet Foreign Office, was summoned before his boss, Protocol Chief U. N. Barkov. One can easily picture Aleksandroff's surprised expression when he was told to get himself ready for a mission to end the war: a secret trip to Stockholm to submit certain peace terms to the Germans and to wait for a reply. He was to stand by for the starting signal.

The terms given to Aleksandroff were not hard to memorize. The Germans were to agree to abandon all interest in Finland and retire west of a Riga-Dardanelles line. The 1939 agreement between Germany and Russia, in respect to the partition of Poland, would obtain as per the corrections of 1940. If Russia found it necessary to invade Turkey to obtain long-sought rights in the Dardanelles, Germany would not interfere. In deference to terrain features and defense requirements, there would be certain adjustments all along this Riga-Dardanelles line, especially in Poland.

These were to be worked out by German and Russian military commissions. The economic covenants in the 1939 pact were to be put back into effect. The Russians would immediately start to supply quantities of raw materials, including oil and manganese, to help sustain the German war effort elsewhere.

Waiting for his go-ahead orders, Aleksandroff had much to think over. As a Russian citizen, he must have been sharing the national jubilation over the great victory at Stalingrad where the Germans had lost 330,000 killed, wounded, or captured.

At that moment in history, he knew, there were bargaining points in addition to the Russian terms

that almost changed history

which were on his side. He knew thousands of German homes were plunged in gloom over their casualties in Russia. He knew there was a clique inside the German Foreign Office that would respond to the bait of sharing the Eastern Hemisphere's three continents with the Soviet Union. This clique had long supported such a notion.

But as a diplomat Aleksandroff must have known other things to make him wonder if this slaughter of Germans near the Volga would be enough to put Hitler in the mood for peace. True, the Nazis were being bled white in their Russian campaigns. They were still balked at Leningrad. And the major German catastrophe at Stalingrad, following close on the heels of El Alamein, showed that the Nazi pincers might never snap shut on the Middle East. On the other hand, the Germans occupied the Ukraine. They were swarming all over the north coast of the Black Sea. They were in the Trans-Caucasus. They held rich food-producing, oil, and industrial regions in which a third of the Russian population had once resided. Were they willing to let all this go?

A decisive factor, Aleksandroff could have mused, would be what the British and Americans had up their sleeves. Record air raids had pounded the submarine pens at Saint-Nazaire and Lorient and the port facilities at Cherbourg. The first all-U. S. force had bombed Wilhelmshaven and Emden in daylight, and a raid of Mosquito bombers, hitting Berlin in daylight, had forced the cancellation of Göring's 10th Nazi Anniversary speech.

In North Africa, Rommel was in retreat, but there seemed to be plenty of fight left in his Afrika Korps. The more than two-months-old American invasions of Africa had failed to produce the *coup de grâce.*

AS the Red counteroffensives rolled toward Rostov and Kharkov, Aleksandroff knew that the Soviet Foreign Office was impatiently awaiting a visit from Rear Admiral William H. Standley, the American Ambassador. He was expected to bring word of what had been decided at the Casablanca Conference about a second front in France.

Suddenly, on January 26, the tension of waiting was over. Stalin received Ambassador Standley in a personal conference.

That was the green light for Aleksandroff. Immediately thereafter he was ordered to proceed to Stockholm and report to Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, the Russian Minister to Sweden.

It must have been very clear to Aleksandroff that Admiral Standley had not brought the news Stalin wanted.

In those days, just as Lisbon was the South Station of Europe's traffic in espionage, Stockholm was the North Station. Few diplomats, spies, travelers, or Swedes knew Stockholm better than Alexandra Kollontay. This well-dressed, slight, remarkable little woman had come there as the Russian Minister 13 years before, and she had been there ever since. Like Aleksandroff, she was an aristocrat. She had fled to Finland in revolutionary days only to return and join the Communists as their first Minister of Welfare. At 71 years of age she could look back on a colorful career which had included posts in Norway and Mexico and even a lecture tour in the United States.

Kollontay, in short, had been around. When Aleksandroff arrived and explained his mission fully, the magnitude of her problem was all too apparent.

It was one thing, Kollontay knew, to find an intermediary who could be trusted to open a discreet contact with the Germans. It was quite another thing to arrange it in such a way that no hint of the maneuver should ever reach the outposts of such elephant-eared intelligent networks as those which led to Herschel V. Johnson, the American Minister; V. A. L. Mallet, the British Minister; Wel-Lin Hsieh, the Chinese Minister; and Count Christian de Vaux Saint-Cyr, the Russian-hating envoy from Vichy France.

The perils of a leak were enormous. If a tip-off reached Russia's allies before negotiations had started with Germany, the Soviet Union could easily lose her allies before she even knew whether Hitler was willing to talk. Furthermore, her allies could be converted into enemies. And lend-lease aid, which had nearly reached the staggering sum of $1 billion in planes, guns, food, locomotives, ammunition, and trucks, from America alone, would stop with a thunder of Olympian fury.

THE two Russians made an estimate of the situation. They found, by an odd coincidence, that there was no German Minister present in Stockholm. The former patriarchal old envoy, Prince Viktor zu Wied, had retired from the service in failing health and was living in a Swedish country villa. It would be three weeks before his successor, Hans Thomsen, once a favorite dancing partner of Washington debutantes, was due to arrive to present his credentials to King Gustav. The chargé d'affaires, and senior German official present, was a mere counselor of legation, Dr. Wilhelm Dankwort.

Kollontay knew Dankwort. She knew him to be fussy, fastidious, and correct. He was a plodding bureaucrat from the days before the Nazis had changed the old German Foreign Office into something worthy of the nickname *Das Grab der Tugend,* or "Virtue's Tomb."

Dankwort was the sort of man whose reactions to almost anything could be nicely calculated in advance. His training would make it unthinkable to deal with enemy agents or diplomats, even on a clandestine basis. However, Kollontay knew he could be counted on to keep his mouth shut—if approached by an intermediary. He would meet the issue solemnly. He would probably ask instructions from higher authority.

Kollontay found a trusted intermediary. This intermediary called on Dankwort and dropped the bombshell.

Dankwort's reaction was one of startled evasiveness. He told the intermediary that the matter was certainly not for him or his legation. It was something, he said, for German Intelligence. He sent back word to the Russians that they would be contacted from other sources if their invitation to a parley was going to be accepted.

Dankwort promptly notified the Gestapo office, which was in a different part of Stockholm. The Gestapo flashed their Berlin headquarters.

German Intelligence, including the Intelligence section of the Gestapo, was slipping out of the supreme control of Greek-born Admiral Wilhelm Canaris. This German naval officer had once bossed and co-ordinated the espionage sections of the German Army, Navy, and Luftwaffe, but he had lost caste as a result of his failure to predict the Allied landings in North Africa the previous November. Top echelons of his organization had already been grabbed by Heinrich Himmler, bespectacled octopus-head of the ever-expanding tentacles of the SS.

Himmler personally took over the Aleksandroff Affair from the very start. To Stockholm he sent two of his best agents. One was a great friend and favorite, Walter Schellenberg, a sensitive, soulful-eyed, strikingly handsome man of 35, and a former lawyer. Much more was to be heard of Schellenberg in the last days of the Third Reich when he and his friend Count Folke Bernadotte, Swedish Red Cross official, several times attempted to assist in peace negotiations between Himmler and General Eisenhower.

Schellenberg was already in charge of the SS's foreign affairs section. Once in Stockholm, it was only the matter of a day or so before he and his assistant milked Aleksandroff dry. The Russian, in order to give an aura of plausibility to the Kremlin's offer, disclosed many details about his mission which were brought back to Berlin, and some of them have aided in piecing this story together.

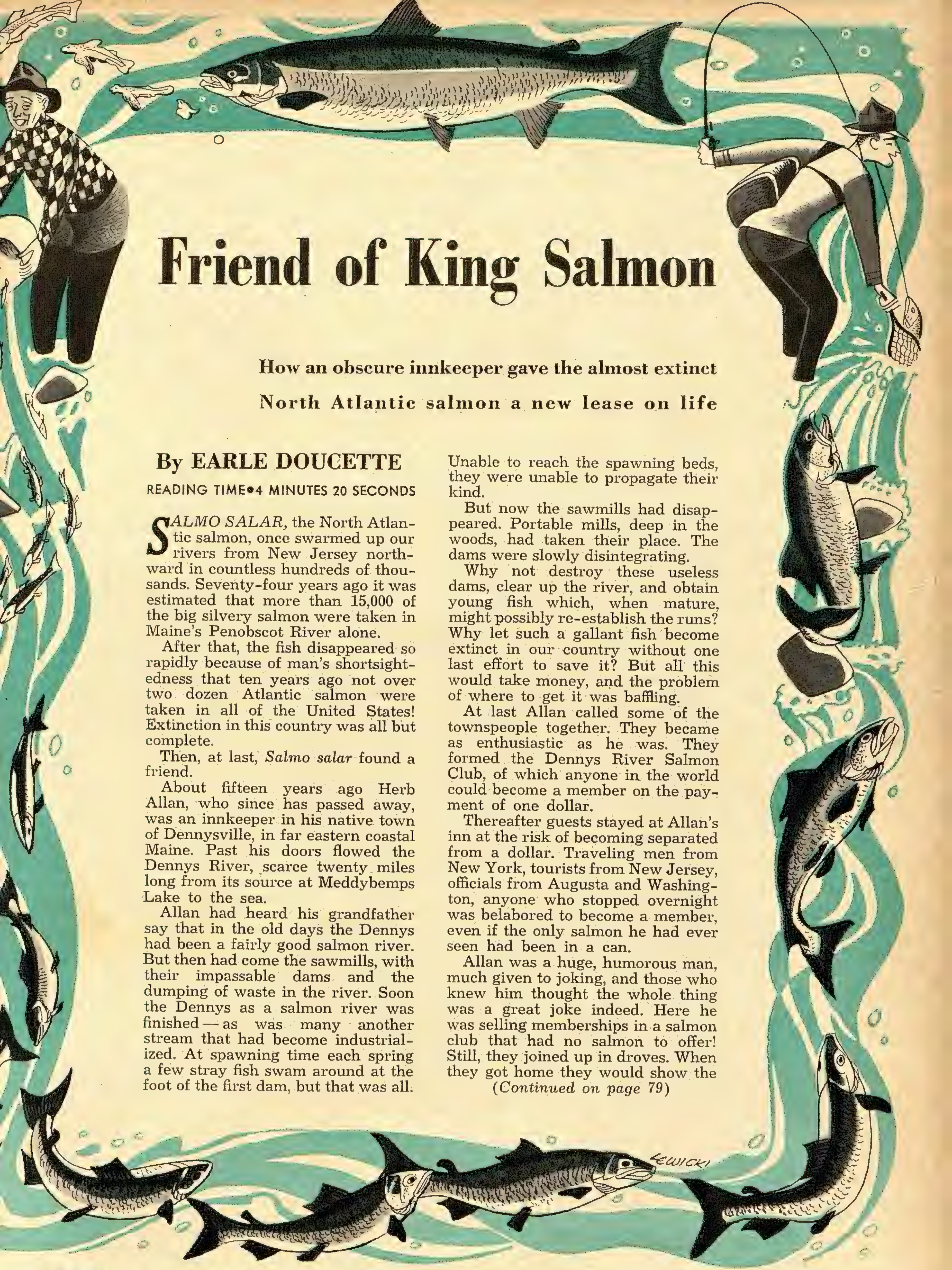
The two SS men sped back to Germany. Their return started one of the many rows between Himmler and Ribbentrop which were to grow in intensity with every new German reverse. Even then, those two were only on speaking terms to quarrel.

RIBBENTROP insisted that Himmler should not be dabbing in foreign affairs, and that the Aleksandroff matter was strictly the concern of the Foreign Office. Himmler, in sharp rebuttal, referred to the decision of Dankwort, one of Ribbentrop's own men, that it *was* an Intelligence question, and said he agreed heartily up to the point where the Führer had been duly informed and had rendered a decision. The clash between the two was noised around the top layer of their departments in the Wilhelmstrasse.

At the Foreign Office, news of the Russian offer brought a surge of hope that the war might soon be over. It required no military training to estimate how much punishment the more than 200 German divisions then on the eastern front, plus their attached echelons of the Luftwaffe, could mete out to the Anglo-American forces in North Africa.

No one in the Foreign Service was more elated than Count Friedrich von Schulenburg, former German Ambassador in Moscow. One of the architects of the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939, a strong disciple of the theory of *rapprochement* with the East which was planted in the Wilhelmstrasse after World War I by Baron von Maltzan and Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, von Schulenburg suddenly perceived the chance of having all

(*Continued on page 86*)



Friend of King Salmon

How an obscure innkeeper gave the almost extinct North Atlantic salmon a new lease on life

By EARLE DOUCETTE

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SALMO SALAR, the North Atlantic salmon, once swarmed up our rivers from New Jersey northward in countless hundreds of thousands. Seventy-four years ago it was estimated that more than 15,000 of the big silvery salmon were taken in Maine's Penobscot River alone.

After that, the fish disappeared so rapidly because of man's shortsightedness that ten years ago not over two dozen Atlantic salmon were taken in all of the United States! Extinction in this country was all but complete.

Then, at last, *Salmo salar* found a friend.

About fifteen years ago Herb Allan, who since has passed away, was an innkeeper in his native town of Dennysville, in far eastern coastal Maine. Past his doors flowed the Dennys River, scarce twenty miles long from its source at Meddybemps Lake to the sea.

Allan had heard his grandfather say that in the old days the Dennys had been a fairly good salmon river. But then had come the sawmills, with their impassable dams and the dumping of waste in the river. Soon the Dennys as a salmon river was finished — as was many another stream that had become industrialized. At spawning time each spring a few stray fish swam around at the foot of the first dam, but that was all. Unable to reach the spawning beds, they were unable to propagate their kind.

But now the sawmills had disappeared. Portable mills, deep in the woods, had taken their place. The dams were slowly disintegrating.

Why not destroy these useless dams, clear up the river, and obtain young fish which, when mature, might possibly re-establish the runs? Why let such a gallant fish become extinct in our country without one last effort to save it? But all this would take money, and the problem of where to get it was baffling.

At last Allan called some of the townspeople together. They became as enthusiastic as he was. They formed the Dennys River Salmon Club, of which anyone in the world could become a member on the payment of one dollar.

Thereafter guests stayed at Allan's inn at the risk of becoming separated from a dollar. Traveling men from New York, tourists from New Jersey, officials from Augusta and Washington, anyone who stopped overnight was belabored to become a member, even if the only salmon he had ever seen had been in a can.

Allan was a huge, humorous man, much given to joking, and those who knew him thought the whole thing was a great joke indeed. Here he was selling memberships in a salmon club that had no salmon to offer! Still, they joined up in droves. When they got home they would show the

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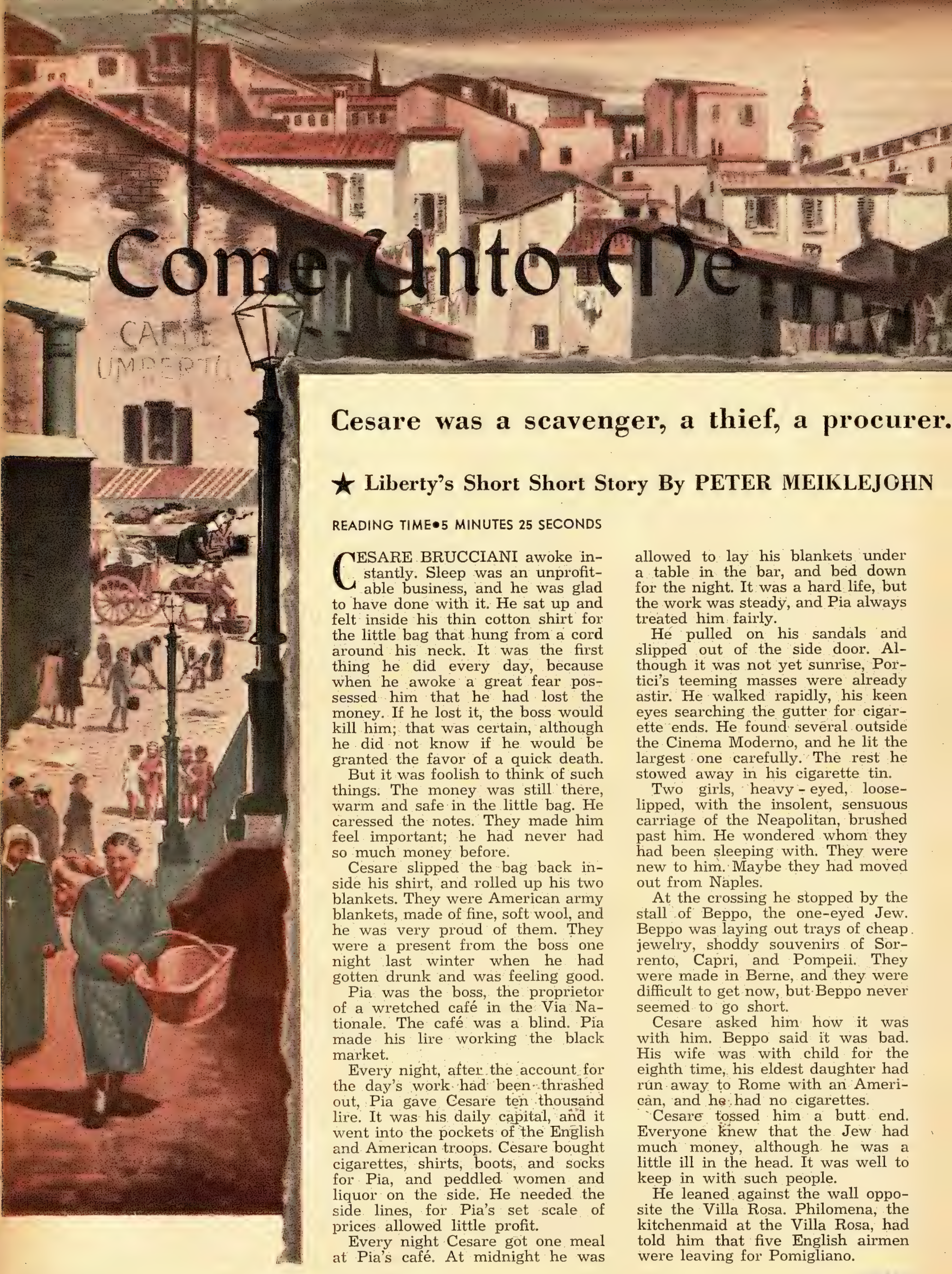
Come Unto Me



Cesare was a scavenger, a thief, a procurer.

★ Liberty's Short Short Story By PETER MEIKLEJOHN

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

CESARE BRUCCIANI awoke instantly. Sleep was an unprofitable business, and he was glad to have done with it. He sat up and felt inside his thin cotton shirt for the little bag that hung from a cord around his neck. It was the first thing he did every day, because when he awoke a great fear possessed him that he had lost the money. If he lost it, the boss would kill him; that was certain, although he did not know if he would be granted the favor of a quick death.

But it was foolish to think of such things. The money was still there, warm and safe in the little bag. He caressed the notes. They made him feel important; he had never had so much money before.

Cesare slipped the bag back inside his shirt, and rolled up his two blankets. They were American army blankets, made of fine, soft wool, and he was very proud of them. They were a present from the boss one night last winter when he had gotten drunk and was feeling good.

Pia was the boss, the proprietor of a wretched café in the Via Nationale. The café was a blind. Pia made his lire working the black market.

Every night, after the account for the day's work had been thrashed out, Pia gave Cesare ten thousand lire. It was his daily capital, and it went into the pockets of the English and American troops. Cesare bought cigarettes, shirts, boots, and socks for Pia, and peddled women and liquor on the side. He needed the side lines, for Pia's set scale of prices allowed little profit.

Every night Cesare got one meal at Pia's café. At midnight he was allowed to lay his blankets under a table in the bar, and bed down for the night. It was a hard life, but the work was steady, and Pia always treated him fairly.

He pulled on his sandals and slipped out of the side door. Although it was not yet sunrise, Portici's teeming masses were already astir. He walked rapidly, his keen eyes searching the gutter for cigarette ends. He found several outside the Cinema Moderno, and he lit the largest one carefully. The rest he stowed away in his cigarette tin.

Two girls, heavy-eyed, loose-lipped, with the insolent, sensuous carriage of the Neapolitan, brushed past him. He wondered whom they had been sleeping with. They were new to him. Maybe they had moved out from Naples.

At the crossing he stopped by the stall of Beppo, the one-eyed Jew. Beppo was laying out trays of cheap jewelry, shoddy souvenirs of Sorrento, Capri, and Pompeii. They were made in Berne, and they were difficult to get now, but Beppo never seemed to go short.

Cesare asked him how it was with him. Beppo said it was bad. His wife was with child for the eighth time, his eldest daughter had run away to Rome with an American, and he had no cigarettes.

Cesare tossed him a butt end. Everyone knew that the Jew had much money, although he was a little ill in the head. It was well to keep in with such people.

He leaned against the wall opposite the Villa Rosa. Philomena, the kitchenmaid at the Villa Rosa, had told him that five English airmen were leaving for Pomigliano.

hy, then, do we bring you this story?

He had not long to wait. Five shadowy figures stumbled down the path. They were loaded with kit. Cesare sidled among them.

"Carry your bag, Joe?" he pleaded.

His offer was grudgingly accepted. He balanced the heavy kit bag dexterously on his head and followed the airmen down the hill.

As they neared the Assembly Point, he slowed his pace until the owner of the bag turned back and cursed him for a sluggard. Cesare staggered, and stumbled against him, and before the irate Englishman pushed him away, his lithe brown fingers had snaked a packet of cigarettes from the airman's bulging pocket.

Sweating and panting, he dumped the bag against the wall of the Assembly Point. The airman held out a ten-lire note. Cesare flung his hands high in horror.

"That'sa no good, Joe!" he cried. *"Dieci lire!"* He spat into the gutter. "Gifa me *trento lire,* Joe. That'sa good. *Buono! Trento lire!"*

The airman flipped the note into the gutter and told him to beat it. As he snatched it up, another airman opened his cigarette case. Cesare turned to him ingratiatingly.

"Gifa me cigarette, George. You gotta plenty cigarette. Justa one. *Una basta,* George."

The airman tossed him a cigarette, and he caught it expertly. His teeth flashed in a brilliant smile.

"Gràzie, signor. T'ank you."

He made off down a narrow side turning, and placed the cigarette in the tin. Humming softly to himself, he opened the packet he had lifted from the unsuspecting airman. He swore loudly. It was empty!

When he had exhausted his stock of invective, he pocketed the packet carefully. There was a big demand for English cigarette packets in Naples. The brothers Lecce made a good living selling Nationale cigarettes disguised in English cartons. Anyhow, the boss would pay him five lire for it.

It was to be a lean day for Cesare. By noon, when the shopkeepers were closing their shutters, he still had not bought anything. It was then that he spotted the Negro.

He was wandering disconsolately along the Via Nettuno, a narrow evil-smelling alleyway near the casino, when he first saw the black man. The Negro was in American army uniform, and he was drunk. A cigar drooped from the corner of his mouth.

CESARE was afraid of black men, for it was common knowledge that they were heathens and ate the flesh of their enemies. But business was bad, so he steeled himself.

"Hi, Joe!" he cried. "You wanna woman? I geta you good woman."

The Negro swayed to a standstill and his hand clamped down on Cesare's thin shoulder.

"I wanna drink, brother," he croaked. "Gemme a drink."

"Sure, sure, Joe," said Cesare. "I take-a you. Thisa way, Joe."

The Negro released his grip and reeled along the street after him. Suddenly he lurched against the wall, gripped in a spasm of nausea.

"Hell, I'm dry!" he gasped.

He licked his lips and pitched the half-smoked cigar into the middle of the road. It was too much for Cesare. A good American cigar brought four hundred lire in Naples. He darted swiftly after it.

He never saw the heavy truck. It crunched his head into red pulp, and he died instantly.

St. Peter himself ran to open wide the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven and welcome Cesare Brucciani of Portici, Italy, aged eight years.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CRISS

NEW HOPE FOR

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

The rice diet, with its amazing effectiveness, offers a real prospect of licking civilization's worst killer

By AIKEN WELCH

SIEBEL

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A MAN in his middle forties who had been suffering from chronic high blood pressure for ten years went to his doctor at the beginning of a month's vacation.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea," he asked, "if I went around to a few good clinics like the Mayo and let them try their luck with me? We don't seem to be getting very far."

The doctor shook his head. "You'll just worry yourself worse," he said. "Take my advice and go to Canada on a hunting trip. That did you more good than anything else last year."

Six weeks later the man returned for a check-up. His blood pressure was considerably lower—within the range of normal. The doctor was elated. "So I gave you good advice. This is the best reading you've shown in years."

"I'd better confess," the patient replied. "I didn't go on a hunting trip. I went down to Duke University in North Carolina and let Dr. Kempner put me on the rice diet for six weeks."

The doctor tells this story on himself because it was an eye-opener to him. He had heard of the rice diet, and had considered it merely a temporary, psychological fluke when it succeeded. But here was a patient on whom he had tried everything he knew. Since a good doctor is always on the lookout for something that will benefit the sick rather than bear out his theories, he began trying the treatment on other patients—with astonishing success.

In an amazing number of cases the rice diet seems to be an answer in the affirmative. "In 203 out of 322 patients," Dr. Walter Kempner's report of his work before the New York Academy of Medicine states, "on most of whom *other forms of therapy had previously been tried,* the rice diet led to objective improvement." Of 222 patients who had been diagnosed as having hypertensive vascular disease, 62 per cent showed considerable improvement. That the benefits went deeper than the blood-pressure readings alone is shown by the fact that in 77 out of 87 patients with hypertension, the heart became smaller in size after a period on the rice diet.

Doctors all over the country have been so impressed by these figures that they are putting their patients suffering with hypertension (high blood pressure) or kidney disease or both on the rice diet. The word has gone quietly around that the rice diet can surely do no harm, and, by Jove, it works!

This is a timely note of hope to those suffering from what Dr. Irvine Page of Cleveland, noted physician in this field, designates as the number one killer of the population. At a recent meeting of the American Foundation for High Blood Pressure, one report declared that persons over 45 had a fifty-fifty chance of dying from either hypertension or arteriosclerosis. Both these diseases, which often come together in the same person, cause 500,000 deaths in the United States every year. This is far greater than the combined number of those who die of tuberculosis, syphilis, infantile paralysis, cancer, pneumonia, and rheumatic heart disease.

So unnumbered persons in this country may be thankful to Dr. Walter Kempner, who tried doggedly to interest the medical profession in trying the rice diet, and finally succeeded in persuading Duke University Medical School to provide proper laboratory and hospital conditions.

Students of nutrition have long noticed that in those places throughout the world where high blood pressure was practically nonexistent, like certain sections of China, the chief article of diet is rice. There was much to recommend experimentation. Dr. Kempner began with his own private patients. Later he widened his scale, watching each case carefully before he drew conclusions.

The diet consists chiefly, but not exclusively, of rice. You are allowed fruit, with the exception of dates and figs, and later, if all goes well, an egg a day, and lean meat like beef, veal, and chicken. Not lamb or pork: both of them have too much fat. Most important to avoid are fats and minerals. No, you can't have salt. But you can have all the sugar you want.

A person is started on a fairly strict diet. Gradually the more usual articles of his diet are added one at a time, and the effect noted. The aim is to find the diet that suits the person. Don't try to find your variation of the rice diet by yourself. You need your doctor's supervision.

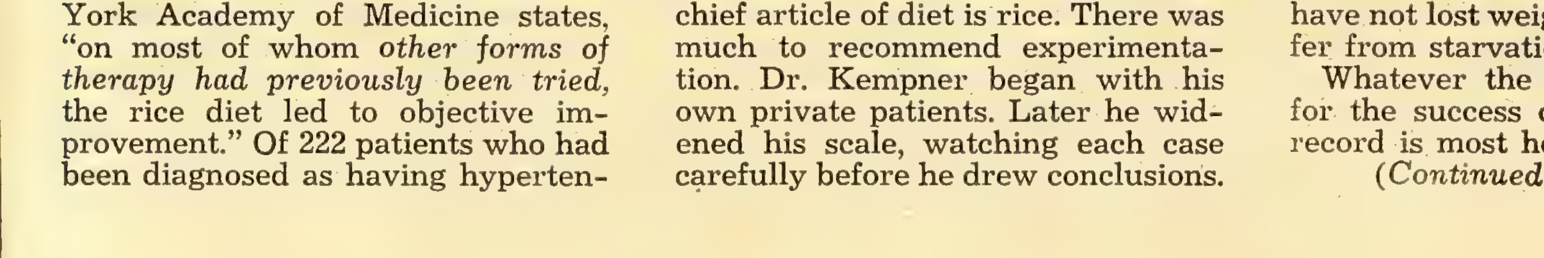
Just why the diet works, when it does, is a question of great interest to the doctors as well as the dieters. One of New York's leading authorities on hypertension summed it up briefly and candidly: "We don't really know how it works. We only know that in a significant number of cases it helps."

Dr. Kempner explains it in terms of cellular metabolism that only a chemist could understand. There are also elaborate theories connected with the metabolism of starches and minerals in connection with kidney function. Since many doctors believe that the kidneys are always to some degree involved in high blood pressure, it may be that the rice diet reduces the number of specific substances that usually give trouble to the kidneys.

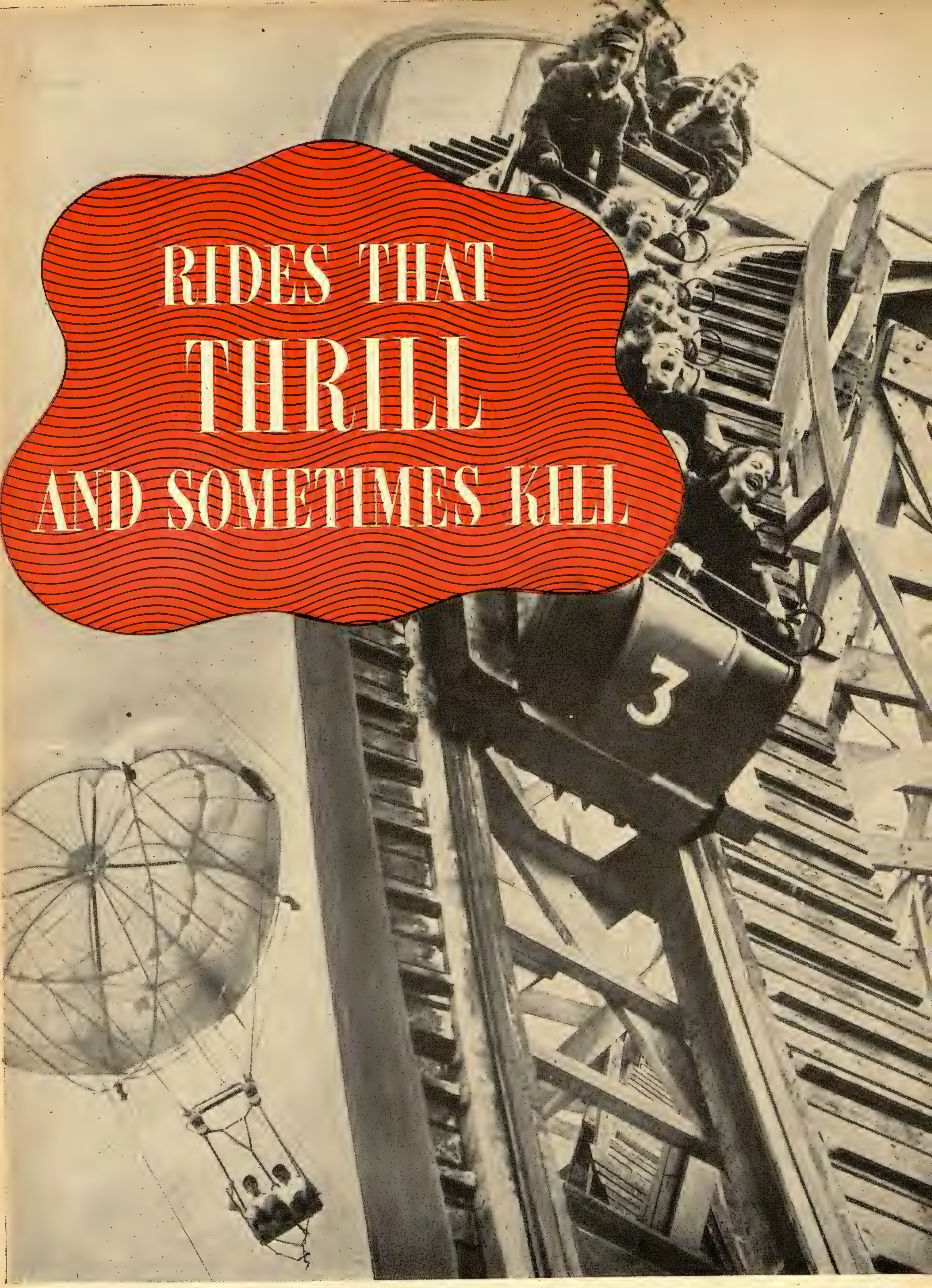
Some doctors, faced with the favorable results obtained by the rice diet, answer that it is probably the result of simple starvation which causes the body metabolism to lower and the blood pressure to fall. Dr. Kempner denies this most emphatically. Though his diet is deficient in body-building protein, his patients have not lost weight nor do they suffer from starvation or exhaustion.

Whatever the logical explanation for the success of the rice diet, its record is most heartening. Take the

(*Continued on page 80*)



RIDES THAT THRILL AND SOMETIMES KILL



Here are your chances of coming off with a whole skin on amusement-park rides

By THORP McCLUSKY

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RECENTLY, at a popular Eastern amusement park, two youths started scuffling in the last car of an eight-car roller coaster. As the train roared over the crest of a 70-foot dip, one of the boys was thrown out. He died before they could get him to a hospital.

Such tragedies occur all too frequently at amusement parks. In the course of a single season, scores of amusement-ride deaths are reported and thousands are injured.

Just how dangerous are roller coasters, loop-the-loops, rocket ships, sky rides, whips, Virginia reels, tumblebugs, bubble bounces, whirlaways, caterpillars, dodgems, and parachute drops? What chances do you take when you ride them?

These are not academic questions. If you are an average American, it's more than likely that you will be among the scores of millions of fun-seekers who will spend an estimated $100,000,000 for the privilege of being thrilled, scared stiff, and/or nauseated by about 90 different types of rides operated by amusement parks, fairs, and carnivals this summer. No age group will be immune. Few hamlets will escape a visitation by some traveling midway.

According to the law of averages, you're slated to take around five "amusement" rides this summer. The chances are that at least one will be on a roller coaster. To the non-engineering eye, the big "twister" looks appallingly frail, dangerous in the extreme.

But seen at close range, the snaky gravity ride is not as flimsy as it looks. Massive 4-by-6-inch uprights support the track bed far overhead. Outside sharp curves and at the bottom of "dips," heavy timbers are massed in virtually solid rows, pointing inward against the centrifugal thrust, or upward, toward the slogging impact of laden cars. Inside the curves, taut steel cables stretch back to deep-sunk anchorages. Rails of 3-inch-wide steel rest on laminated "ledgers" built up of four or more 2-inch planks bolted together. Each rail is ⅞ inch thick.

Each car of the roller-coaster train has steel rollers on both sides that ride against "side-friction" steel rails, to prevent side sway. "Under-friction" wheels traveling along the inverted surfaces of still another pair of rails prevent cars from leaving the

(*Continued on page 95*)

DULCIMER STREET

Mr. ***Josser wanted a cottage in the country; his daughter, Doris, yearned for her own apartment in London; and Percy Boon was after easy money for the flashy good times he'd never had. The deeply touching story of the dreams of little people.***

By NORMAN COLLINS

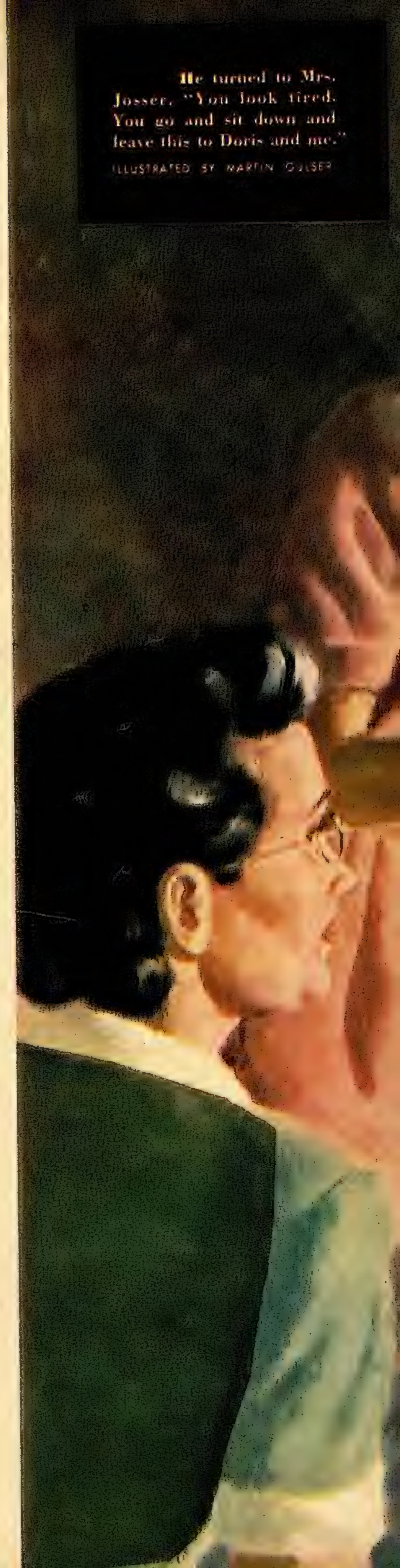
Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, N. Y. Price, $3.00.

IT was being a good Christmas at No. 10 Dulcimer Street. The day had worn on light-hearted but exhausting. During most of the time Mrs. Josser seemed to have been either cooking or serving food or washing up. All over London other women, most of them fairy eaters like small, elderly Mrs. Josser, were similarly slaving away as chefs and pastry cooks, every one of them obstinately convinced that Christmas without other people's overeating wouldn't seem like Christmas at all.

Mrs. Josser was one of the comparatively lucky ones. She had her daughter to help her. Doris always did her share of housework. But it was a small share—a little unenthusiastic bedmaking and a certain amount of rather desultory washing-up. And always, just when Mrs. Josser was expecting to have a nice cup of tea brought to her, she would find Doris curled up with a book somewhere.

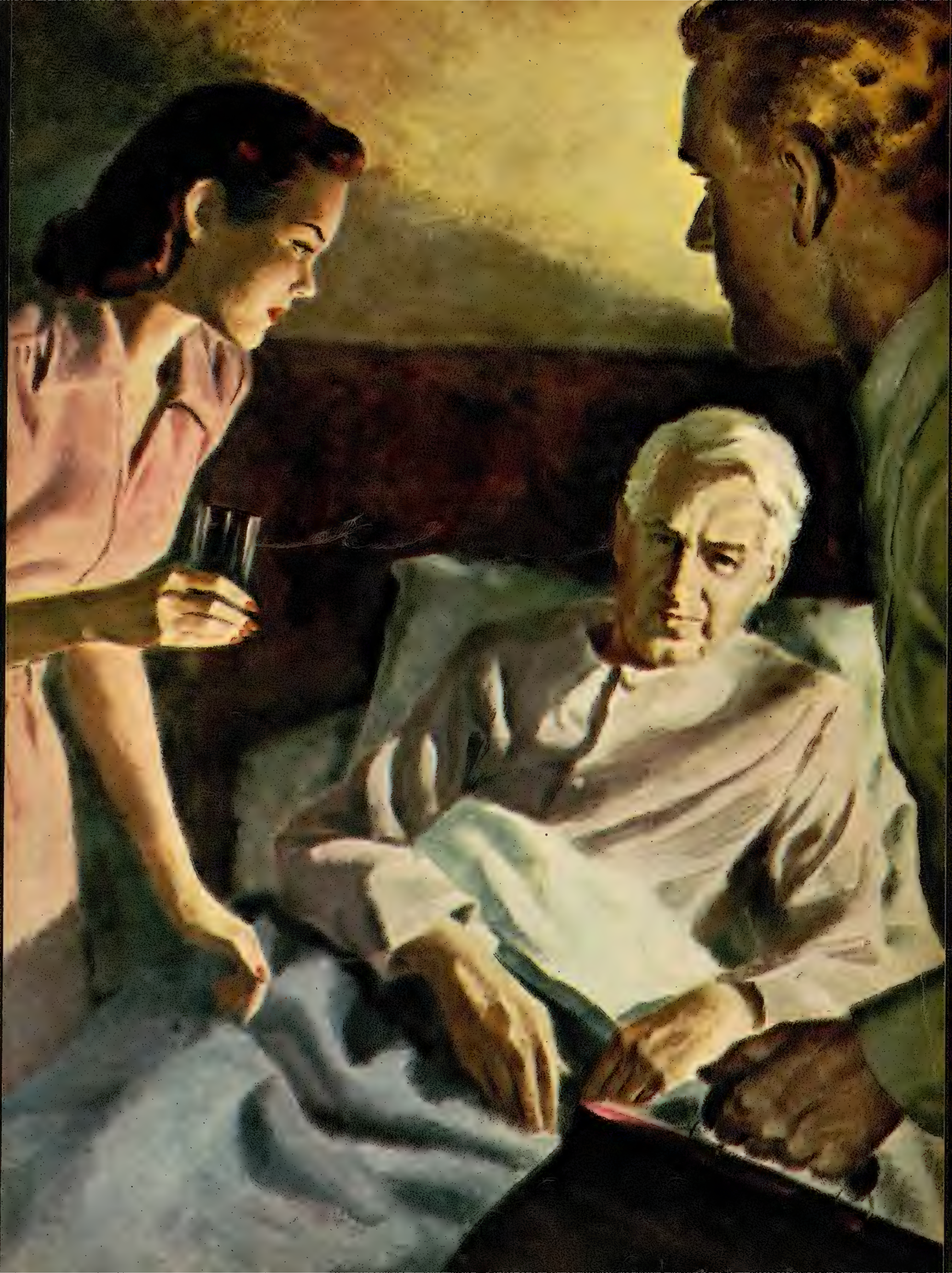
But, on the whole, Mrs. Josser was satisfied. She had done her utmost, with the help of the Kennington Secretarial College, to make Doris a bit better than herself. As for Doris, she remained aloof, romantic, unsure of herself. Also a trifle ashamed of her parents, her brother Ted's wife, Cynthia, and the whole background of Dulcimer Street.

But then they were all—except Ted—ashamed of Ted's wife. At this very moment Mrs. Josser was sitting back, bitterly regarding the girl through steel-framed glasses. There was something definitely dollish and un-Josserish about her. It wasn't merely her light golden hair worn longer than was decent for the mother of a child. Or her ridiculous childlike figure. Or the shoes cut away so that



He turned to Mrs. Josser. "You look tired. You go and sit down and leave this to Doris and me."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER



the big toe was open to the weather. Or even the name Cynthia itself. It had injured Mrs. Josser that Ted's daughter, Baby, her own grandchild, should have been christened with the same absurd, irritating name. The fact was, Ted Josser, the pride of the family, the steady young man who at twenty-five had risen to be assistant manager of the fancy goods department of the local Co-op., had fallen for a cinema usherette. And his adoration of her remained as steady as Ted himself.

The afternoon reached the stage of placid somnolence which is the result of plenty of food and a good fire and no windows open. Mr. Josser in his armchair kept dozing off and coming to and dozing off again. Doris was reading.

Then Uncle Henry arrived. A green-grocer by trade—he had a shop with two assistants—he also cultivated outside interests. The chief of these at the moment was treasurership of the South London Parliament. Independent of buses and trams, openly contemptuous of the Underground, he came and went on his green bicycle as his impetuous heart directed. It was nothing for Henry Knockell to turn up in his Norfolk jacket and cycling knickers at half-past-ten on a Sunday evening simply because he had picked up a depressing piece of news that he wanted to share with someone.

He was a free thinker and was particularly partial to rumors about war. For the past seven years, Uncle Henry had been emphatically prophesying war. He had become worse if anything, since Mrs. Knockell had died. She had not allowed him to wear that ridiculous Norfolk jacket except when on holiday. But with his face, itself, she had of course been powerless to tamper. It was a startling and slightly alarming sort of face; the kind seen on the shoulders of dissenting Ministers and patent-medicine peddlers in country fairs.

When Uncle Henry had gone, Mr. Josser heaved a sigh. He supposed that he was fond of his brother-in-law. But Henry was, it had to be admitted, really more of a Lenten figure than a Father Christmas.

AFTER the others had gone too, Doris went to bed and Mr. and Mrs. Josser sat having a cup of tea before they cleared up. Mr. Josser's thoughts reverted to the farewell party they had given him at the office yesterday, to celebrate his retirement.

"Seems funny to think that I shan't be going to work any more," he said at last. He began taking off his collar and tie. "First thing in the morning I'll start writing around."

Mrs. Josser shook her head. "I'm not so sure that I want to live in the country," she said. "And I'm quite certain Doris doesn't."

"But . . . but it's what we've always said we'd do," he told her. "It's what we saved up for."

"I know it is," she answered. "And it was all right while we were only talking about it. Now it might really happen I don't know if I'm so keen."

"Well, there's no harm in writing," he said. "Another thing I've got to do in the morning is pay in that check. Come in very handy, twenty-five pounds if we *do* move. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw how much it was. From Mr. Battlebury personally too. Generous, I call it."

"Well, I don't," said Mrs. Josser. There was something surprisingly heated in her voice as she said it. "After the way you've slaved in that office."

"Oh, Bill, are you sure you can do it?" she asked. "Are you certain he'll be all right?"

"But what about the pension? Two quid a week just for doing nothing."

Mrs. Josser didn't hear him. She was crying. Mr. Josser was astonished. He just couldn't make sense of it. He got up and went through to the bedroom. He came back, and the first thing that she knew was that a shawl was being wrapped around her and tucked in.

"There," said Mr. Josser triumphantly. "Now you'll feel better."

Mrs. Josser reached out her hand to him. She was sorry now about the little outburst. For nearly thirty years she had been meaning to utter her feelings about Battlebury's and, having uttered them, she felt better. But she wasn't going to admit it.

ON the day after Christmas, Percy Boon, who lived with his widowed mother in the first floor back at 10 Dulcimer Street, was depressed. There was no reason for it. He'd been paid the first five pounds commission on the little job he'd done on Christmas Day—balance on completion of sale—and he was looking around for another little job.

"Free lance," he said, liking the word. "Free lance, that's me. If I had a thousand a year, on the level," he told himself, "I'd be O.K. I'd know what to do with it. I'd get a house with a garage. I'd stop mucking about with blondes and marry some girl or other. I'd spend every week-end at Brighton. I'd learn French the easy way by correspondence. I'd buy a ukulele. Then I'd be O. K. in the evenings. If I wasn't working in a garage I'd have a manicure every week from a different girl. I'd wear one of the new low-curved bowlers. I'd carry a gold cigarette case. I'd make my wife put on evening dress every evening. If I had a thousand a year, I'd be O. K. I'd learn tap-dancing."

But what was the use? He hadn't got a thousand. And remembering that he became depressed again.

Doris Josser was depressed that day too. She had allowed herself to get very excited about the cottage—not because she particularly wanted to live in a cottage, but because she had finally decided she didn't want to go on living in Dulcimer Street. And then Mrs. Josser had refused to have anything to do with cottages. Dulcimer Street, she said, was where she had made her home and she didn't see why she should be turned out of it. . . .

Doris knew the solution, of course, Had known it for the last six months. But she'd been afraid. Not afraid in one sense—it wasn't a crime to go and share a flat with a girl-friend—simply afraid of all the fuss and commotion that it was going to cause. But she'd decided now. Doris Josser was walking out on Dulcimer Street.

As soon as she got to the office she phoned Doreen about it. And Doreen seemed quite excited. But it wasn't until lunch-time that they could talk it over. And even then Doreen really wanted to talk about the simply gorgeous week-end she'd been having. She was a dark, handsome girl like a well-bred gipsy. She'd gone to a simply heavenly film with a young doctor friend who was only twenty-six but was doing absolutely marvelously, and then they'd gone on somewhere to dance and the doctor had danced divinely.

Doris listened enviously. Life for Doreen was always pretty much like that. That was why she wanted to join her, in fact. She finally brought the conversation around to it.

"There's a perfectly marvelous flat in Adelaide Road," Doreen said at once. And they arranged to go on Saturday afternoon to look at it together.

So on Saturday they took a bus to Adelaide Road. After they had inspected the darling flat and arranged to take it, they said good-bye and went their separate ways.

DORIS had put off telling her mother because there hadn't seemed to be any point in breaking the news until she'd actually seen the flat. But now that the time had really come, she felt more strongly than ever like putting it off again. That was why she stopped at a movie.

She had just left the pay-box when someone spoke to her. It was Percy Boon. He was in his smartest suit—the purplish one with a shirt and handkerchief and tie to match.

"Mind if we see this together?" he asked, in an easy manner that he had been cultivating.

"No-o-o," said Doris.

Percy didn't look at the film at all. He was looking at Doris. He could see her profile silhouetted against a distant illuminated "Exit." Not exactly his type, he told himself. But O. K. in a quiet way. He wondered vaguely how much she knew about things. It was something that he always wondered when he went out with a girl.

"If I had a girl like Doris, I'd be O. K.," he was thinking. "You can see she's all right just by looking at her. She's not like those mucky blondes. And she's just a little girl. She needs someone to look after her who knows his way about. She doesn't know anything. She's only a baby."

Because he felt sentimental he reached out and tried to take hold of her hand. At first she thought that he wanted her to pass him something. But when she discovered what he was up to, she just sat there as she was, her hands clasped in her lap and her bag over them. It was the first time that anyone had ever declined to hold Percy's hand in a cinema. And it hurt him.

But she let him help her on with her coat. As he was bending over her, his cheek brushed across her hair and he sniffed expectantly. But he was disappointed.

"She doesn't know anything yet," he told himself. "She doesn't use perfume. She doesn't even use a strong shampoo. She doesn't know anything yet."

ON the Saturday that Doris and Doreen moved into their flat, they were both of them very excited and slightly apprehensive. They arrived after work to find a row going on between Mrs. Smyth, Doreen's mother, and the moving men. It was the staircase that was the cause of the trouble. Apparently the estimate would have been different if the firm had known about the staircase. But Mrs. Smyth finally overawed the men into action. They emerged from their interview with her with the appearance of men who had drawn lots, and all lost.

Mrs. Josser arrived presently with tea—she was carrying a large wicker basket full of cake and buns and biscuits as well as a bottle of milk and a bag of sugar.

It was the first time that she had seen Doreen's mother and she was having a good look at her. Admittedly, Mrs. Smyth was smart and well-to-do-looking with her big pink pearls and a large crocodile skin handbag and a fur slung over one shoulder. But there was something about her that Mrs. Josser detected almost at once. Detected and liked. Mrs. Smyth was common.

DON'T MISS
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MARSHALL:
Citizen Soldier
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
First complete life
story of our new
Secretary of State
A Great Book Condensation
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And Mrs. Smyth had arrived at her own estimation of Mrs. Josser. Any woman who cared for her appearance would have changed those grim steel spectacles for something smarter in tortoise shell or colored bone. But there was character there undeniably. And sense.

"What do *you* think of this flat?" she asked in a whisper.

"I wasn't asked," Mrs. Josser snapped back at her.

"But now you have been," Mrs. Smyth said coaxingly, "you can tell me: I won't pass it on."

"I think it's a mistake," Mrs. Josser said. "A terrible mistake."

"Oh, so do I," Mrs. Smyth replied. "Do you think they'll be happy here?"

"Not if I know them," Mrs. Josser answered.

Mrs. Smyth seemed delighted.

"Horrid flat," she said suddenly. "So dirty."

Mrs. Josser turned on her. "That it isn't," she said. "I scrubbed it out myself."

"Did you really?" Mrs. Smyth said. "Couldn't you get a woman?"

"I didn't try," Mrs. Josser told her. "I just came and did it."

It got to be nearly six and Mrs. Smyth said she would have to be going. Doreen put down the two lampshades that she was carrying and came forward, open-armed, to hug her mother.

Mrs. Josser handed Doris the basket from which the tea had been produced.

"There's half a leg of cold lamb in there," she said, "and a peach flan. You won't be feeling like doing much cooking tomorrow." Beside the Smyths, Mrs. Josser and Doris seemed unnaturally frigid and aloof. But for a moment mother and daughter smiled at each other. It was an understanding smile. They might get on each other's nerves if they ever had to live together again, but they would miss each other like mad if they were actually separated.

The girls made a very charming pair as they stood at the top of the staircase waving. But the staircase was far too tricky for there to be any turning and waving back.

As Doreen came back into the flat, she exclaimed, "I thought they were *never* going."

She had invited a few of the chaps round for a drink—and it was a part of the scheme that they should bring the drinks with them.

BY nine o'clock one had actually turned up. He was Bill, a quiet, rather serious-looking young man wrapped up in an enormous striped muffler. He came in carrying a quart bottle of beer and saying that he hoped he wasn't late. Bill, though friendly, wasn't much of a conversationalist. Even the best subjects simply died on him. He was a medical student in his final year, and the most engaging thing about him was his grin. Doris found herself rather liking him and wondering if all the other young men were going to be as nice.

By ten-thirty there was still only Bill, and by then they had finished the beer that he had brought with him. They waited until eleven to see if there was going to be a chance of anything else to drink, and then Doris produced the leg of lamb and the peach flan that Mrs. Josser had left behind, and they polished it off.

"What a joke," Doreen kept on saying. "I've only just remembered —I don't believe I gave any of them the new address."

She was still saying something of the kind when at midnight Bill announced that he had got to be going. He assured the two girls he had had a wonderful time, and disappeared heroically down the staircase.

"I wonder what did happen to all

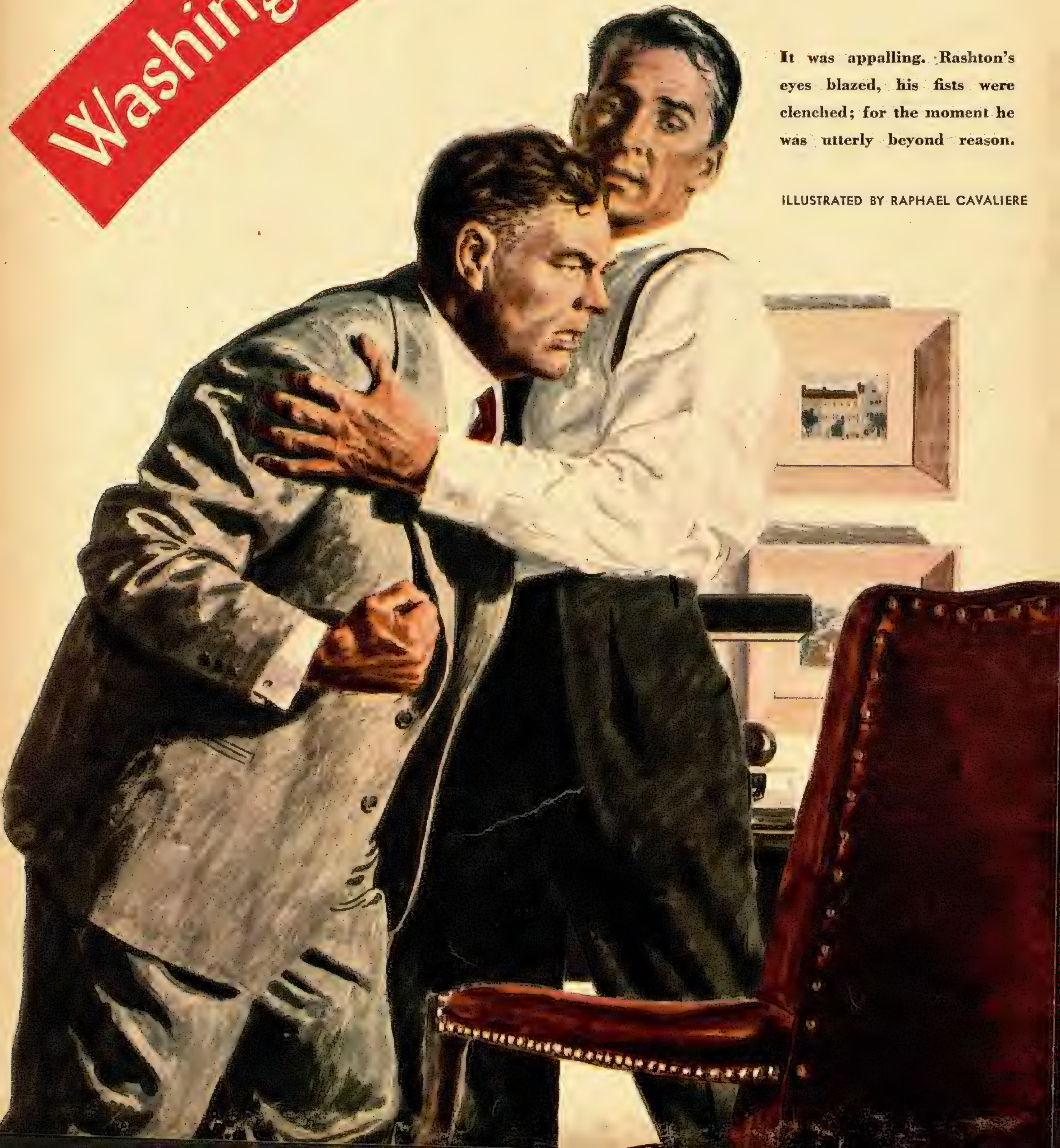
(*Continued on page 96*)

Washington Murder-Go-Round

By Oscar Schisgall

It was appalling. Rashton's eyes blazed, his fists were clenched; for the moment he was utterly beyond reason.

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL CAVALIERE



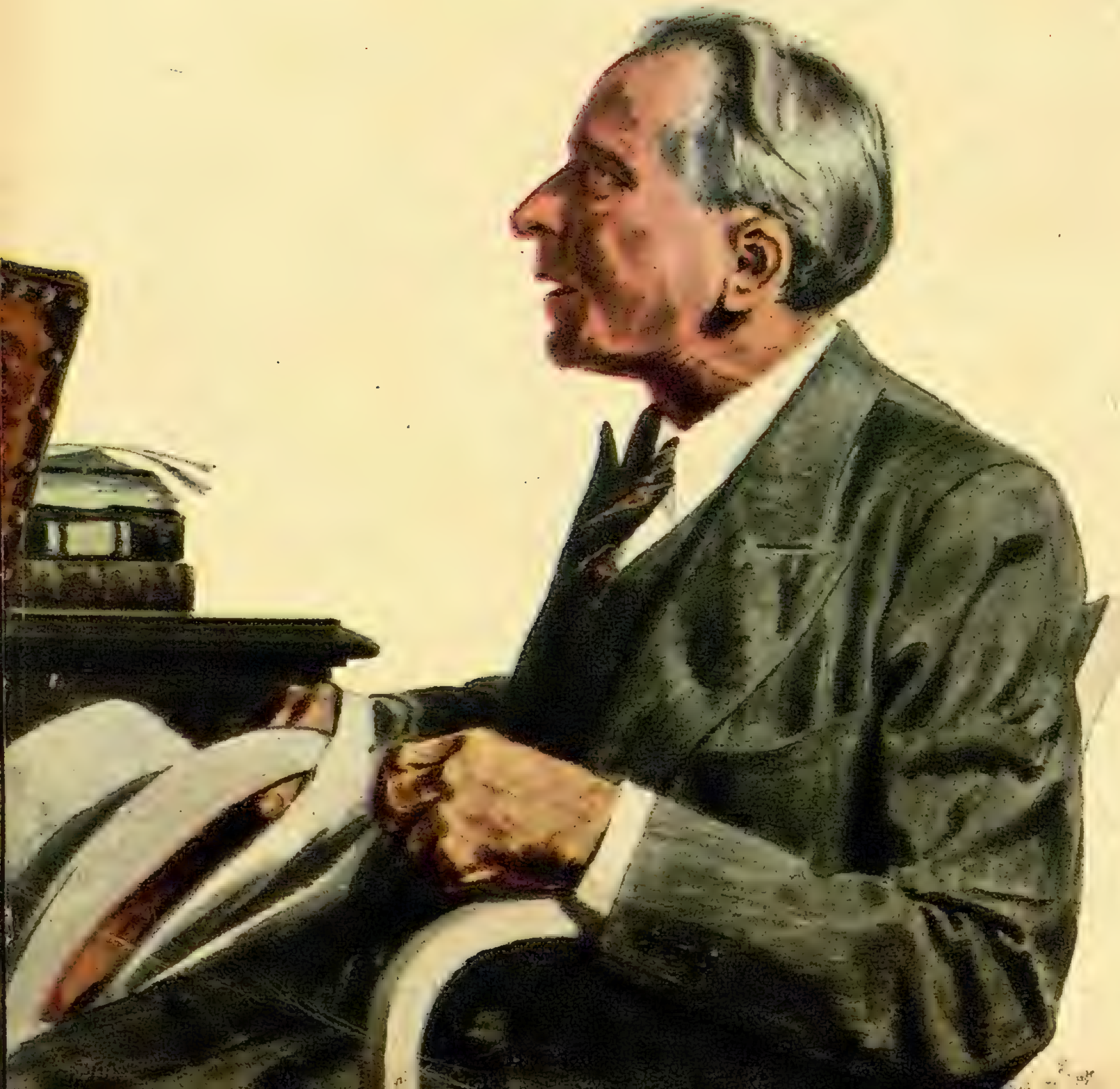
"I need advice, Ray," Irene said in a low voice. "Something dreadful has happened"

SYNOPSIS

FRAN HULL, who tells the story, is secretary to Ray Garret, Washington columnist. Ray has authorized his leg man, Eddie Lark, to buy from Warren Bly, a file clerk, some correspondence which Ray may use as an exposé of shady dealings between Walter Evans Legrue, wealthy lawyer, and Luis Carazel, head of a Mexican meat syndicate. Fifty thousand dollars has been mentioned in connection with pushing a certain bill through Congress, also the name of Congressman Rashton. As Eddie is carrying this evidence to Ray's house, he is slugged. The letters vanish. Legrue, fearing publicity, visits Ray, demanding the letters. So does Carazel. Both disbelieve Ray's statement that the correspondence is not in his possession.

Next morning, Legrue is found murdered in his home. He has been shot. Police fix the time at 1:15 A.M., when Irene Legrue was taking a shower. The widow tells Lieutenant Greeve that her husband had visited Ray the night before, and she had seen Garret outside their home later. Ray admits driving to the house, intending to talk to Legrue, but says he decided it was too late to go in.

A phone call comes to Ray's house from a "Mr. Price," asking for Nick Dudley, Ray's playboy cousin who has been urging Ray to put up $15,000 for a night club. The voice puzzles Fran, and she proves that the caller is actually Carazel. What can he want with Nick, and why does he try to conceal his identity? Ray, feeling worried, decides to talk things over with Irene and takes Fran along with him.



READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART FOUR

THE Legrue house was a big graystone place surrounded by lawns—almost as impressive as some of the embassies along the avenue. A policeman was stationed outside the door. Ray had to explain we were friends of Mrs. Legrue before he would allow us to ring. I became more and more nervous.

No doubt Irene had a great deal to do with my tension. I found myself dreading what I might find in Ray's face when he met her. If he was still in love with her, it would show. And I was desperately afraid of what I'd see.

When the door opened, a colored woman motioned us into a foyer. On our left there was a long, low living room—you went down two steps to enter it. Its windows were heavily draped. Four men were talking in the room, probably detectives, for one of them was Lieutenant Greeve.

At the sight of Ray the lieutenant came at once to the foyer—a big man, deliberate, frankly curious. "What's on your mind, Mr. Garret?"

"Came to see Mrs. Legrue."

"Oh?"

"Is it all right?"

The lieutenant hesitated. "Why, sure," he said, though he sounded puzzled. "She's upstairs."

The maid was waiting for us at the steps, but Ray didn't follow her immediately. Hat in hand, he turned to look into the wide door of the living room.

"This where it happened, lieutenant?"

"Right over there." The lieutenant pointed to a spot near the fireplace.

The room didn't look disordered. Every chair, every lamp seemed to be in proper position. Of course, it might have shown the effects of a struggle earlier in the day. Now, however, it was hard to realize a man had been shot to death here only a few hours ago. The place looked formal and correct.

Ray asked, "Anything new, lieutenant?"

"You read we got the bullet?"

"Yes. How about the gun?"

Greeve shook his head. "Not yet. It turns out Legrue himself owned a Smith & Wesson. Kept it in a wall safe in the library back there. The gun's gone now. So's some money.

In fact, the safe's empty." The lieutenant added, "Been checking at the license bureau. You own a gun yourself, don't you?"

A faint frown touched Ray's eyes. "That's right."

"I'll be sending a man around to have a look at it."

"Any time at all," Ray said. "But the bullet won't match."

"Got to make a check anyhow. It's nice to have *something* definite to check on in this case. So far, we're building it all on a woman's claim that she was taking a shower at one fifteen A.M."

I looked at Greeve in astonishment. Was he hinting that he doubted Irene? If you were going to begin by disbelieving Irene Legrue's story, then you had to follow a wholly new line of reasoning. You had to recognize the fact that she was alone with her husband and that, with a gun in the house, she herself became a suspect—though such a notion struck me as being far-fetched. Also, you had to grant that if she'd been lying about the shower, she might be lying about not knowing who had come into the house.

RAY, however, was puzzled by something else: "What's missing from the safe, lieutenant?"

"Don't know for sure. At least ten thousand dollars in cash, according to Mrs. Legrue."

"Jewels, too?"

"No. Just money."

"In other words," Ray said, his tones thoughtful, "Legrue might have been shot by a burglar—somebody who came to crack the safe—"

"Could be, but I don't believe it." Lieutenant Greeve was emphatic. "Legrue was down here with the lights on. Would a burglar break into the place while he was in sight? Not one chance in a million."

"That limits it, then, to somebody Legrue knew," Ray said. "Somebody he let in himself."

"Right. It's a nice case."

Ray turned with a shrug to follow the maid up the stairs. I went too. We were halfway to the top when Lieutenant Greeve said, dryly:

"I hear you were once engaged to marry Mrs. Legrue."

Ray paused, then let it pass with a nod. We went on.

The maid led us to a sitting room furnished with crimson-and-gold Louis XVI elegance—a small room with a couple of beautiful petit-point chairs, heavy old-gold window draperies which might have come from the Trianon, and a number of tiny Dresden figurines on the mantel. The table lamps—converted porcelain vases, hand-painted—gave the room a subdued light.

When the maid had gone off with his hat and coat, Ray stood at the window, hands in pockets. It could have been an illusion, yet it seemed to me that he was as nervous as I. He kept glancing over his shoulder at the door.

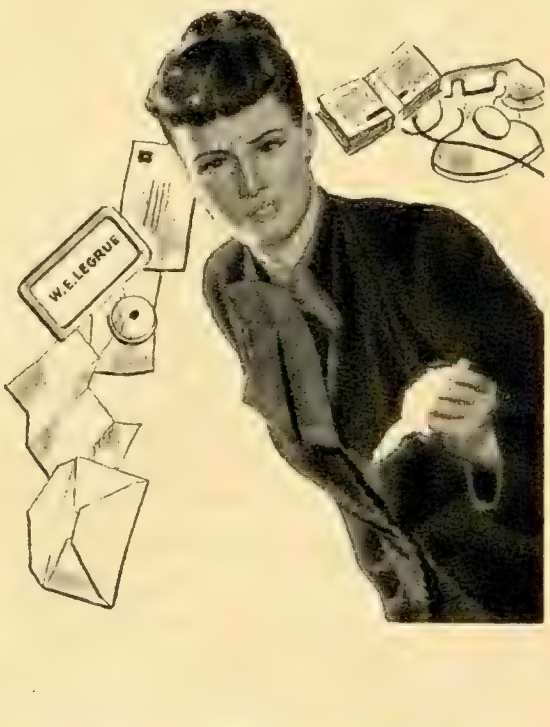
The odd thing was that when Irene finally did come into the room, I didn't catch Ray's reaction at all. I was too busy staring at her.

For all the grief that had reddened her eyes, she was still the same impressive person I'd recalled, with the same stateliness of bearing. She had dignity and control of her emotions. Her chestnut hair, catching the light of the lamps, was done in a coil in the back of her neck. She wore a simple black dress—a tall and beautiful figure.

"It was good of you to come," she said.

Whether or not she remembered me, she had the grace to pretend she did. We sat down. This, I thought, would be difficult conversation.

Yet it wasn't. Irene seemed to take our coming as something quite natural. She spoke without effort. It was as though we were old friends who had dropped by to offer consolation. There was no mention of the business which had brought Ray and Walter Legrue together, until Irene, taking the initiative, said:



"I knew you hadn't actually come into the house last night, Ray. I didn't like to involve you, but I had to tell the police all I knew."

"Naturally," he agreed.

"That was why I called you this morning—I wanted you to understand." Her fingers were busy with a rumpled handkerchief in her lap; it was the only sign of nervousness I could see. And her voice became strained. "Ray—*why* did Walter go to your place last night?"

"He thought I'd got hold of some letters of his. I hadn't."

"Incriminating letters?"

"I never saw them. I can't say."

She frowned. "I don't understand why the police insist on believing Walter was mixed up in something criminal. He wasn't! Never in all his life. He wasn't that kind of person."

"The police," Ray said gently, "have to take every rumor into account, Irene. It's their job."

"Rumors! What do they want to do—crucify his memory with gossip?" She rose. "In all the years I knew him I never heard a single ugly thing said against him. But now that he's dead—" Her voice broke. I could see tears in her eyes. She went to the window, looked out into the deepening November twilight. For a while, in silence, she kept her back to us.

I glanced at Ray. He was impassive as he watched her. He was wholly himself, calm, patient.

Irene turned at last. "The only thing Lieutenant Greeve has," she said, "is some nonsense about Walter's being involved in a plot with Luis Carazel."

"Do you know Carazel?"

"Of course. He's been here to dinner. A client of Walter's. There was nothing dishonest about their business. Something about a bill to permit Mexican beef into the country. What's criminal about wanting a bill passed?"

Ray said, "The gossip, Irene, runs to the effect that Carazel gave your husband ten thousand dollars to be paid to a congressman as a bribe."

Fierce loyalty blazed in her eyes. "That's not true! I know all about that ten thousand dollars. Carazel gave it to Walter as part of his legal retainer—and *not* to be used as a bribe! I was present, right here, when Carazel gave it to him!"

"A check?" Ray asked.

"No. It was in cash."

Ray sank back. "Look, Irene. How can you blame the police for wondering? After all, ten-thousand-dollar retainers aren't generally paid in cash, unless a man plans to put the money into a safety-deposit box instead of declaring it for income tax."

A dark flush crept into her face. She looked straight at Ray, not speaking. Then she crossed the room, came back, crossed it again. Her fingers tore at the handkerchief.

"Walter wasn't in the habit of concealing funds," she said. "He put this money into our library vault—yes. But no one can prove he didn't intend to declare it!" She swung away. "Besides, I can't see how it could have any connection with—with his death!"

"Have you any idea at all," Ray asked in that same quiet voice, "of why he was killed? Or by whom?"

"No!"

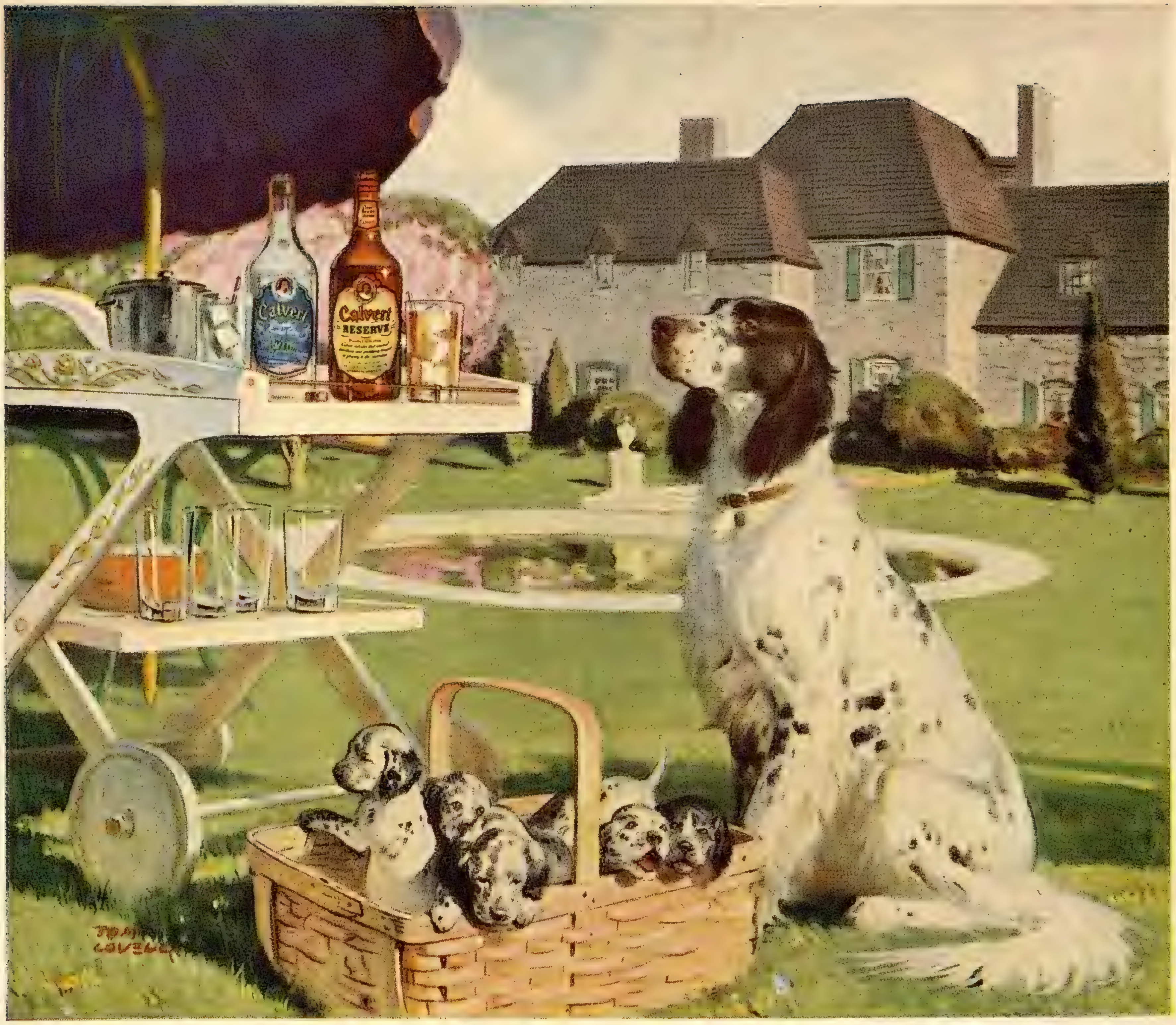
I heard someone coming up the stairs. That probably meant our moment of privacy with Irene would end. The colored maid came to the door. The man from the undertaker's was here, she said; would Mrs. Legrue see him now?

To my relief, Ray rose, offered Irene his hand.

"If there's anything at all I can do," he said, "you know I'm always at the other end of a phone call."

IT was dark when we got into the car. Ray sat with his hands on the wheel, peering straight ahead,

(*Continued on page 87*)



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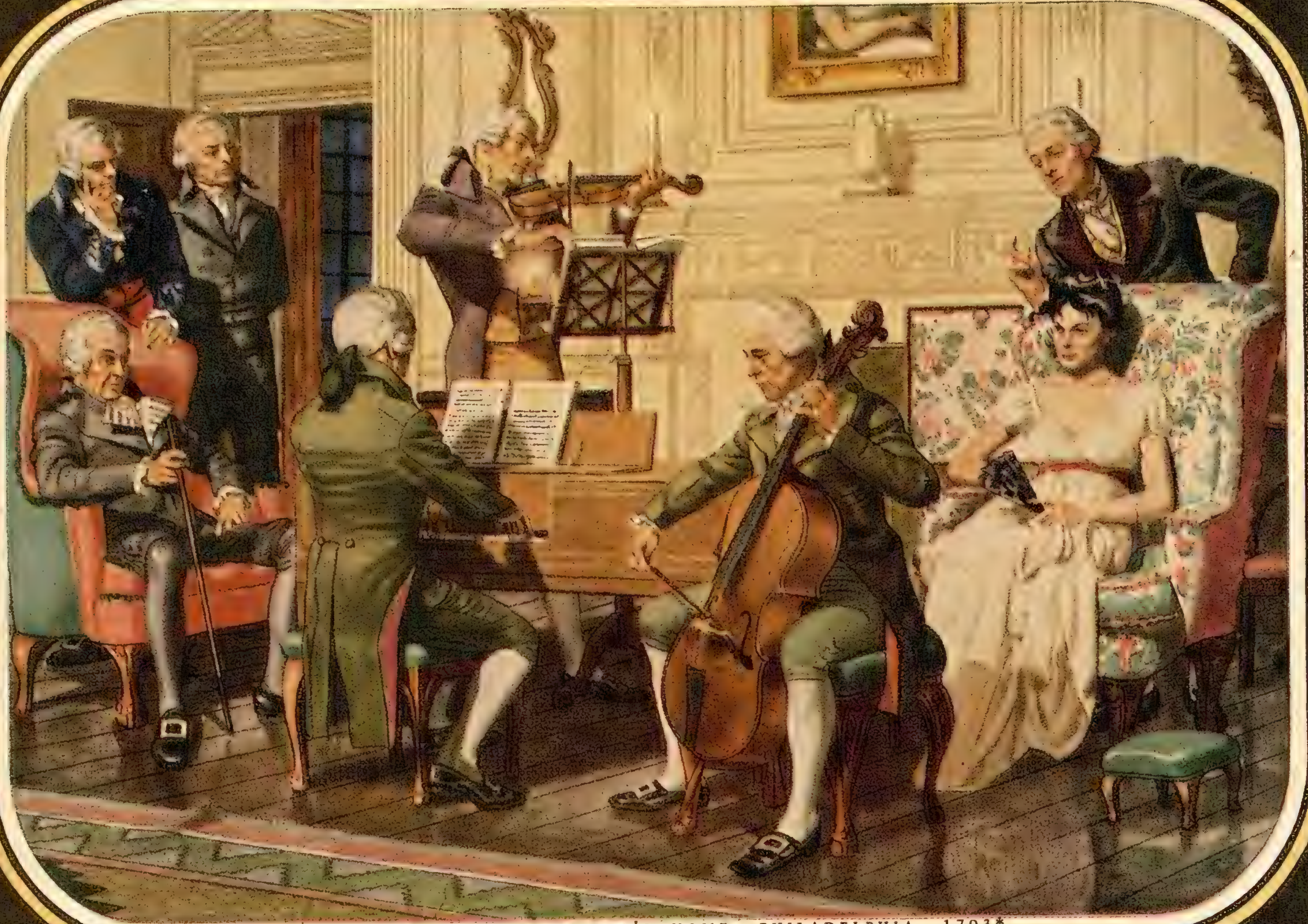

MUSICALE IN MAYOR POWEL'S HOME, PHILADELPHIA, 1793*

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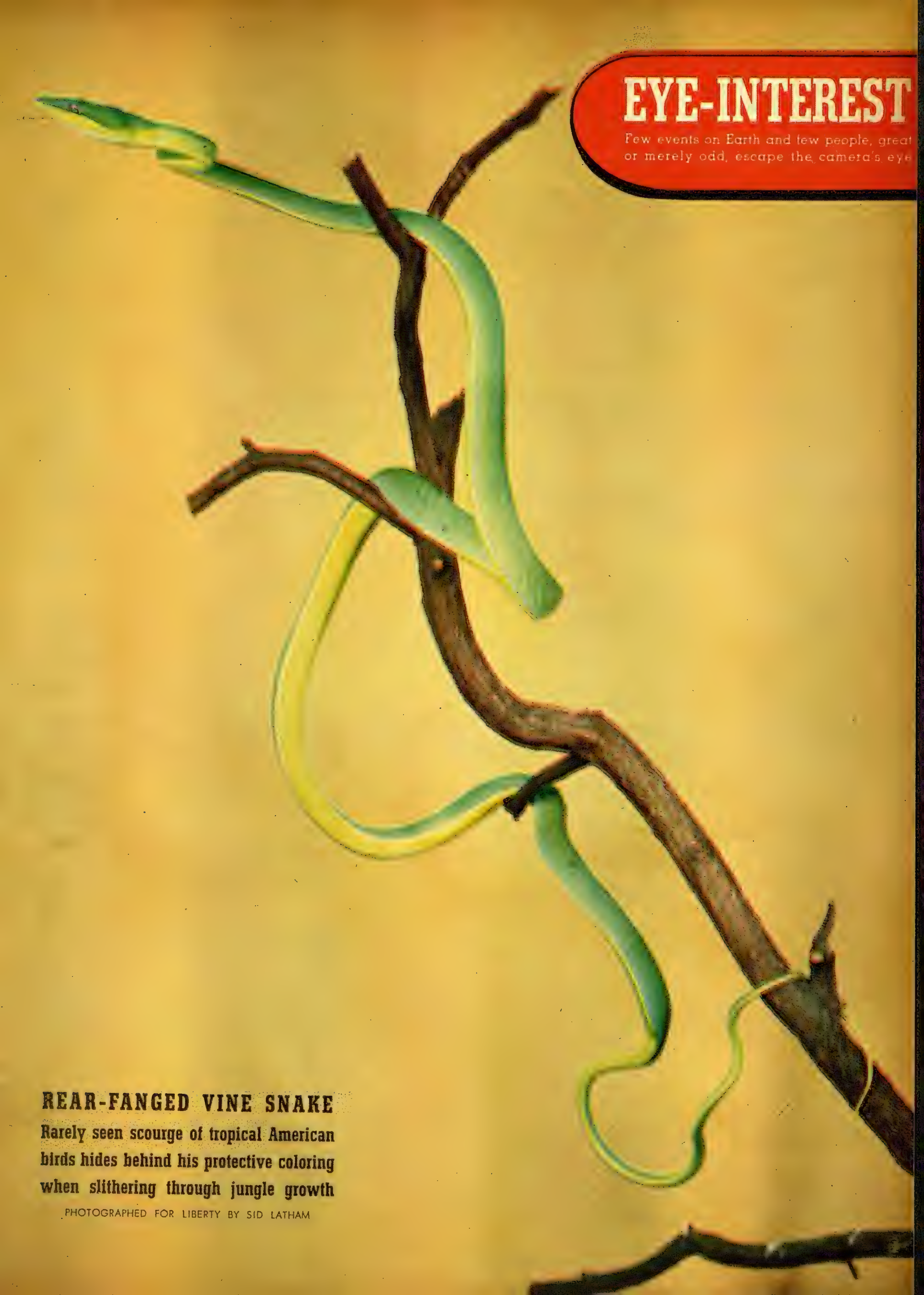
EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great
or merely odd, escape the camera's eye



REAR-FANGED VINE SNAKE

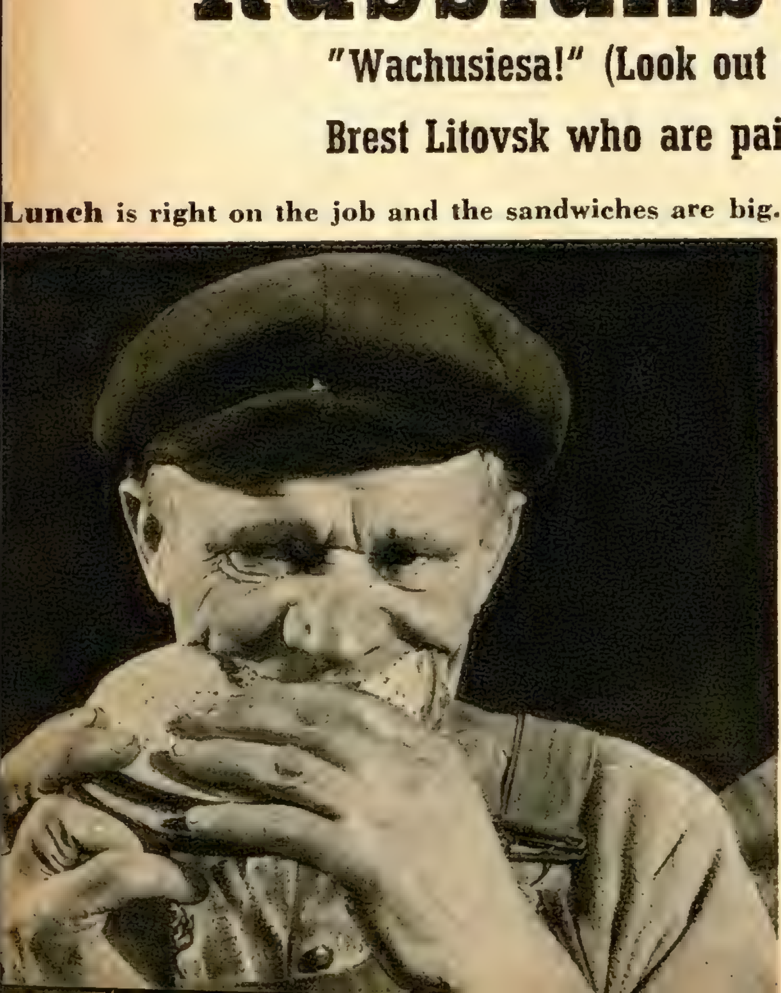
Rarely seen scourge of tropical American birds hides behind his protective coloring when slithering through jungle growth

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY SID LATHAM

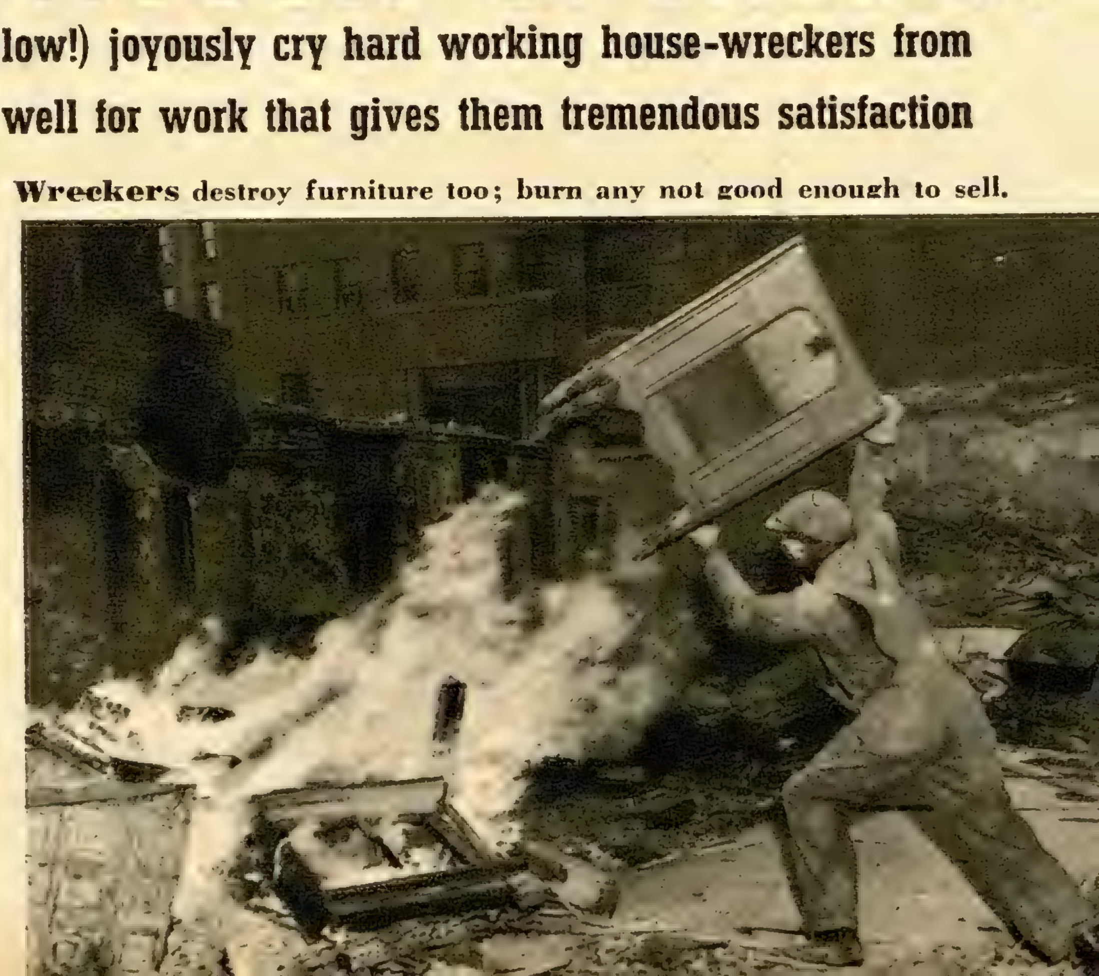
Russians Wreck U. N. Site

"Wachusiesa!" (Look out below!) joyously cry hard working house-wreckers from Brest Litovsk who are paid well for work that gives them tremendous satisfaction

Lunch is right on the job and the sandwiches are big.



Wreckers destroy furniture too; burn any not good enough to sell.



Steel ball weighing 1,000 pounds does the work of 100 men.

Union men dislike ball—fear the sagging ruins it leaves.

WHEN it comes to home wrecking, the Russians, at least those in Manhattan's Local 95 (House Wreckers Union, A.F.L.), don't have to take off their papakhas to anyone. Of the Local's 1,200 members, 80 per cent are Russians who came to the U. S. before World War I. This month they opened an attack on New York's Turtle Bay area. When the dust settles, they will have swept a six-block section clean of tenements, factories, and warehouses to make way for the Capital of the World. This whopping job, plus slum-clearance projects, leads Charies Glenn, their business secretary, to predict "a great, big, golden era" for Local 95.

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BURNS AND EVAN WYLIE

nion's founders are aging; soon will lose numerical superiority to newcomers.

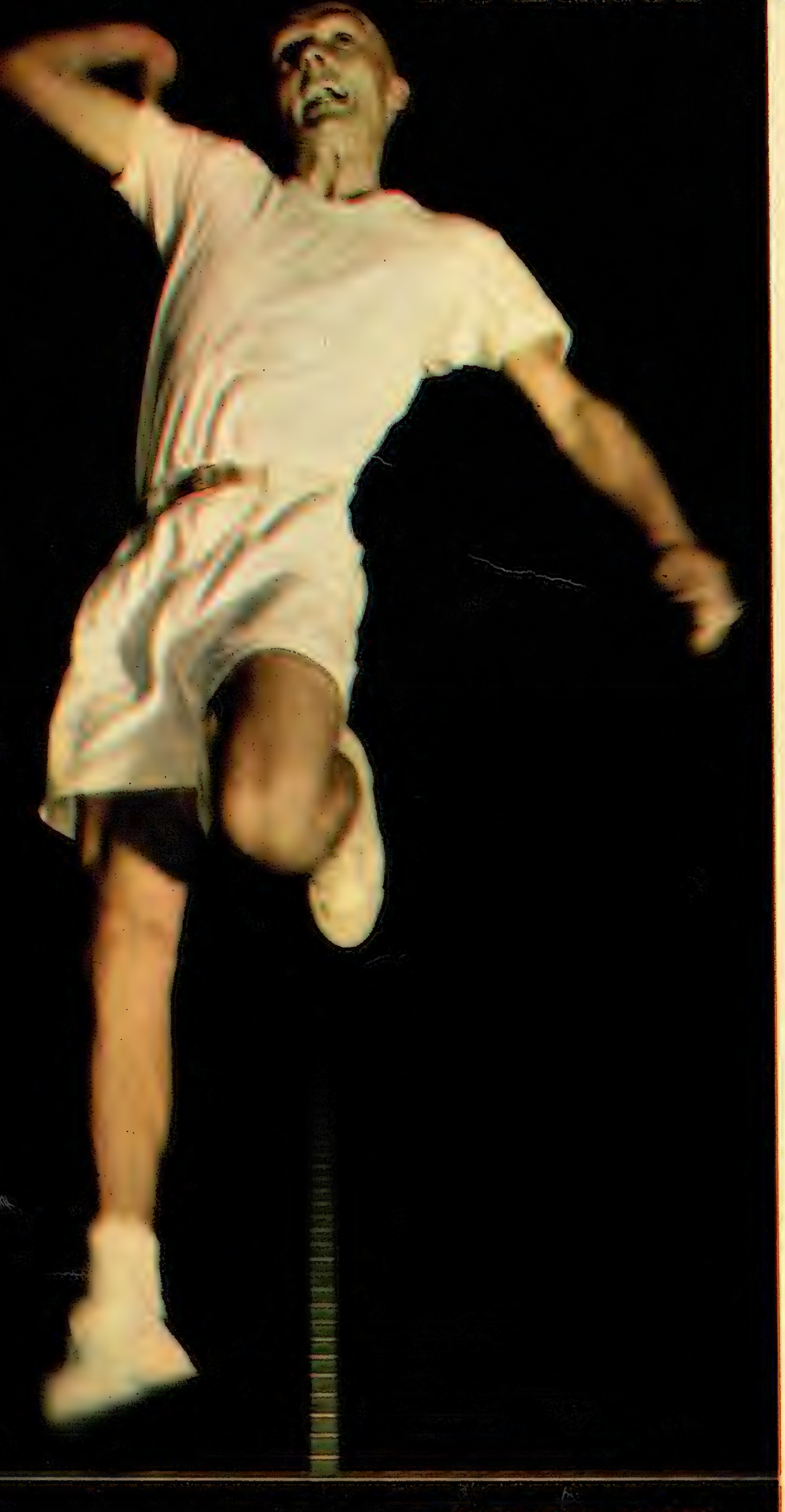
Charlie Glenn is ever-watchful of men's safety.

Feather- Ball Cham

Dr. David Freeman, who holds tennis and ping-pong titles, wins the national championship in the fastest and fastest-growing sport

PICKING up where he left off in 1942, when the war stopped tournament play, Dave Freeman of Pasadena recently took time out from his duties as a doctor with the Army Medical Corps in Panama long enough to come to Los Angeles and win his fifth straight national men's singles badminton championship. He also won for the fourth time in the men's doubles. Players like wiry, lightning-fast Dave Freeman, son of a minister, have done much to popularize badminton, a game so much faster than tennis that ranking tennis players say three sets of feather ball (first played in India, and called *poona*) are even more exhausting than five sets of tennis.

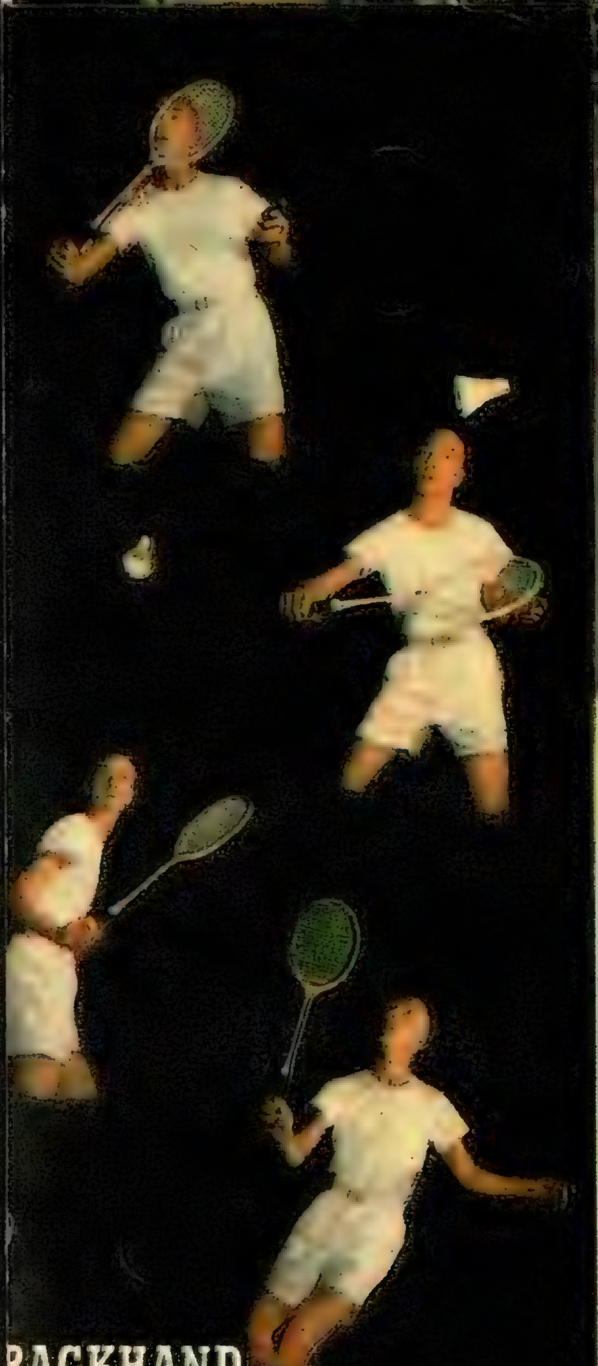
PHOTOS BY JACK BIRNS



OVERHEAD SMASH

FOREHANI

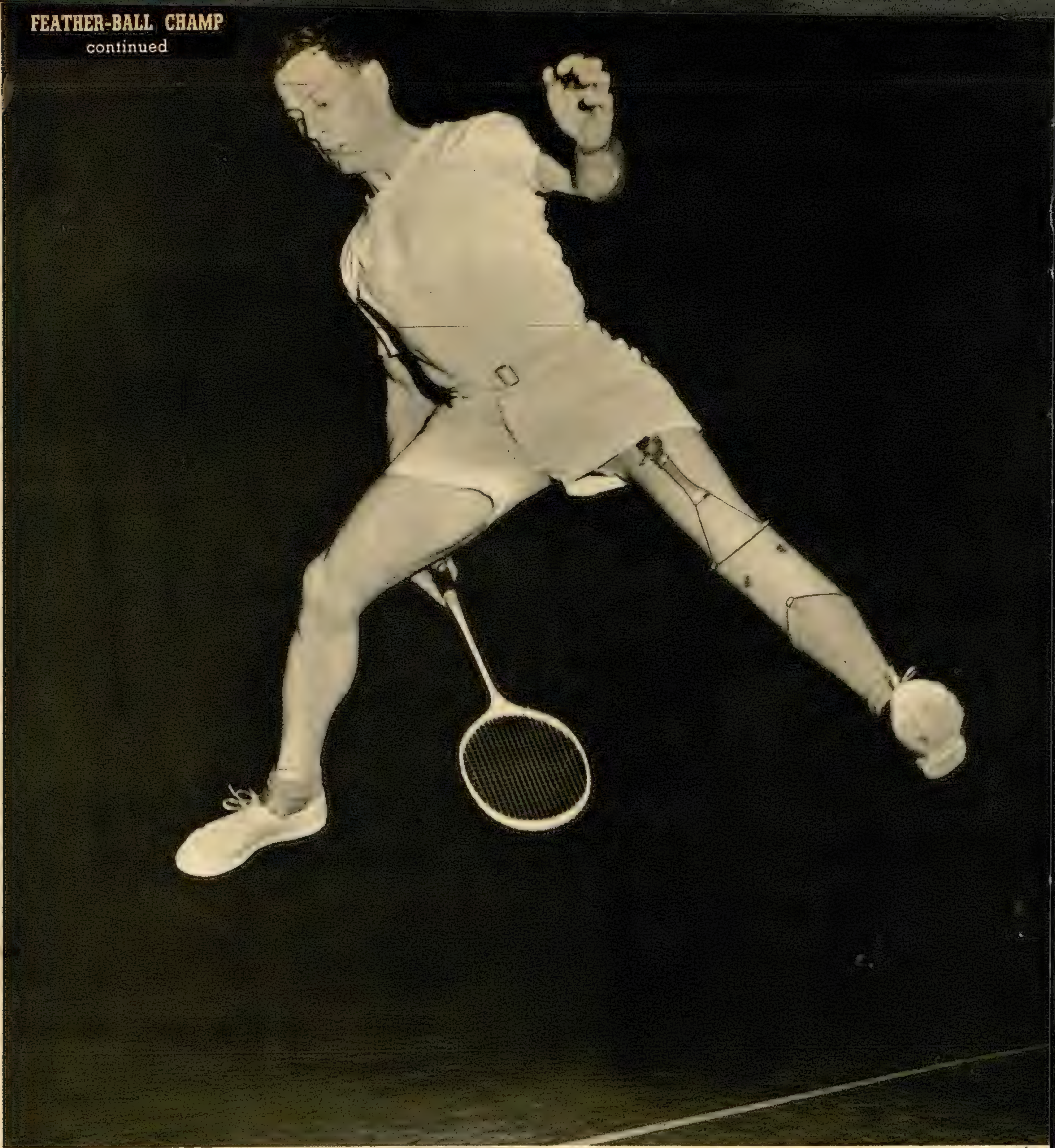
Freeman and his wife practice on a tennis court that has been marked for badminton.



BACKHAND

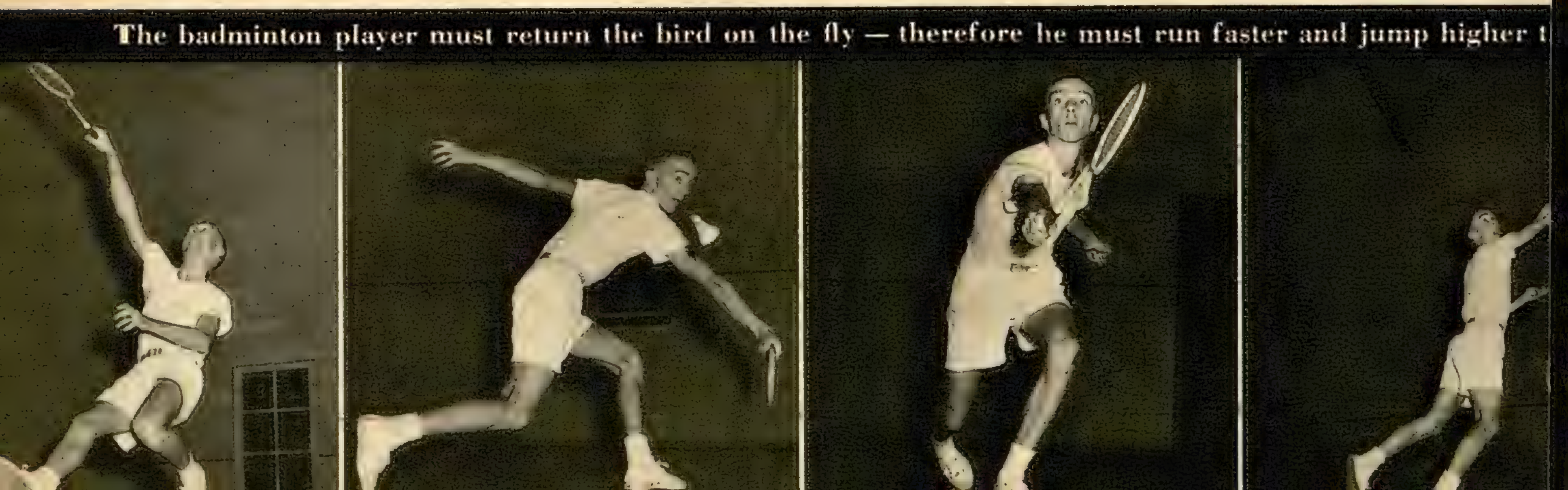
Caught in action at 1/5,000th of a second.

The champ thwarts the shuttlecock.

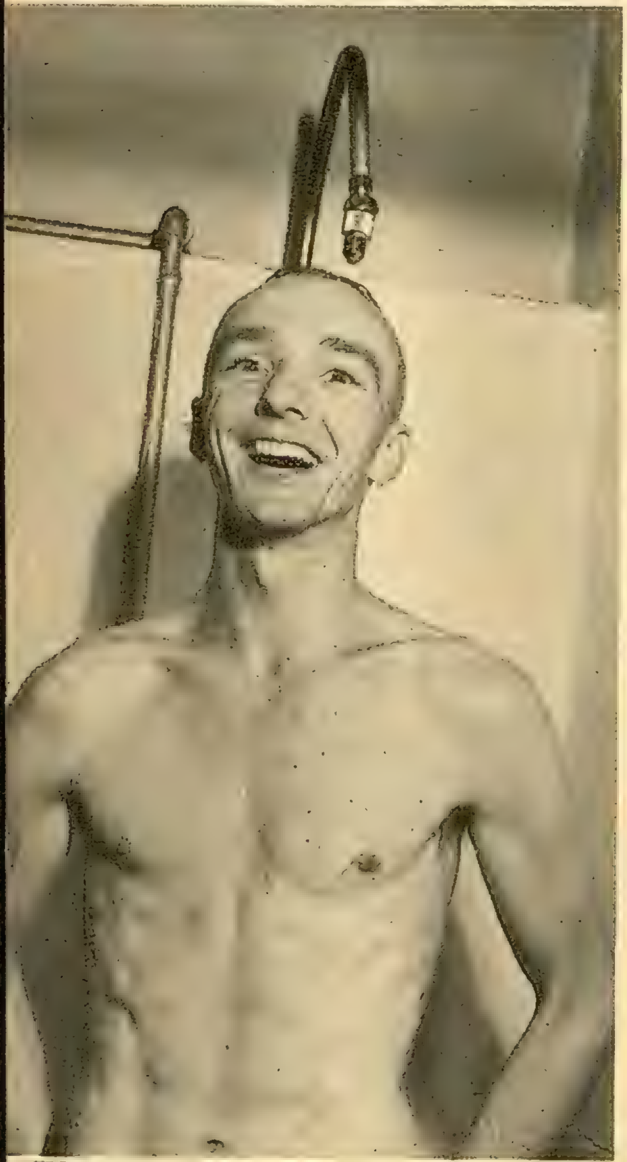


Don Kerr amazed tournament crowds. In spite of a false leg, he leaped in the air to execute such trick shots as this.

The badminton player must return the bird on the fly — therefore he must run faster and jump higher t



Boy tries to follow fast-moving "bird."



Cooling off after winning the title.

nis or even squash rackets.

Dave relaxes as wife lights his pipe. Note trophies won at badminton, tennis, and ping-pon

Time out to watch the characters.

"She's going to take all day."

"Oh, thank you, dearie."

The Five

ALTHOUGH enough of them have broken out with vacuum cleaners to warrant being called 5, 10, and $69.95 stores, our five-and-dime emporiums can still be counted on to

Park Avenue sniffs and admires . . .

. . . the million-dollar baby . . .

Some select, while others gripe:

But there's such a big choice . . .

. . . and the bargains in this dream world are so plentiful, that it seems obvious . . .

"Let's get out of here."

"H'mm — not bad."

"Where are corn plasters, miss?"

PHOTOS BY RUTH ORKIN

nd-Ten

ply the nation with hairpins. In e days, many Americans find that sight of a spool of thread still ng for only a nickel is just as rt-warming as a first-rate movie.

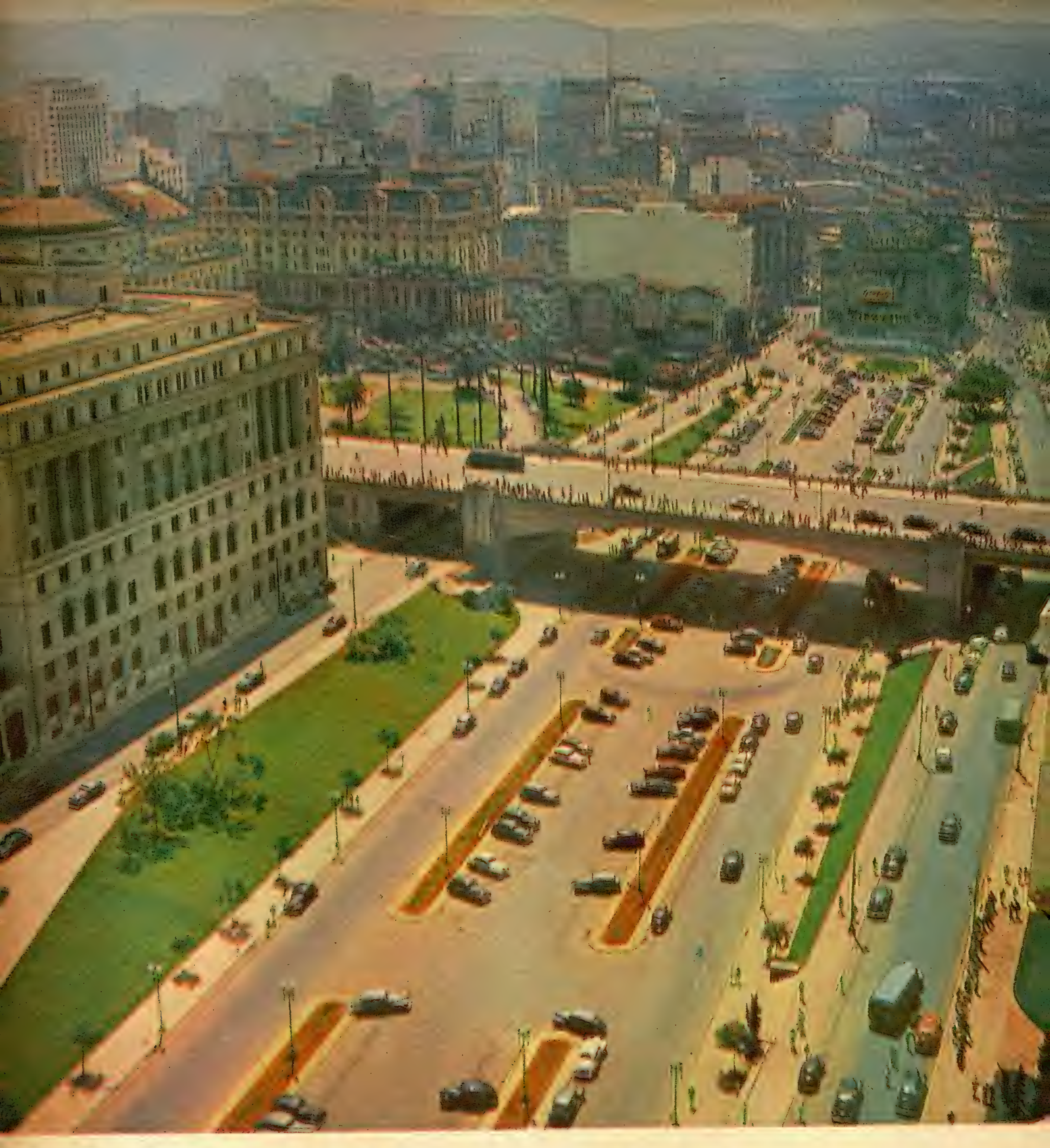
"33 cents for panties — my!"

"They should have chairs."

"You only have *water* pistols?"

. . . that two can live as cheaply as one . . .

. . . until you get back down to earth.



São Paulo, Pittsburgh of Brazil

MODERNISTIC, industrialized São Paulo, sitting pretty on a ledge 2,600 feet above the sea, is the most fabulous boom town in Latin America.

A very favorable geographical location, a fine port at Santos, low tax rate that draws wealth, rich soil at its back door, and a salubrious climate are factors that combine to make it a lusty, thriving Pittsburgh of Brazil.

São Paulo's population is nearing 2,000,000; its factories make $750,000,000 worth of goods a year; branch plants of Coca-Cola, Firestone, General Motors, International Harvester, Goodyear, and other U. S. firms dot the city. New buildings go up so fast you can literally see the city grow. Its streets are the envy of visitors from the States. One shown here with elevated crossover is Avenida Anahangabau. Crossover is Viaduto de Cha (Bridge of Tea).

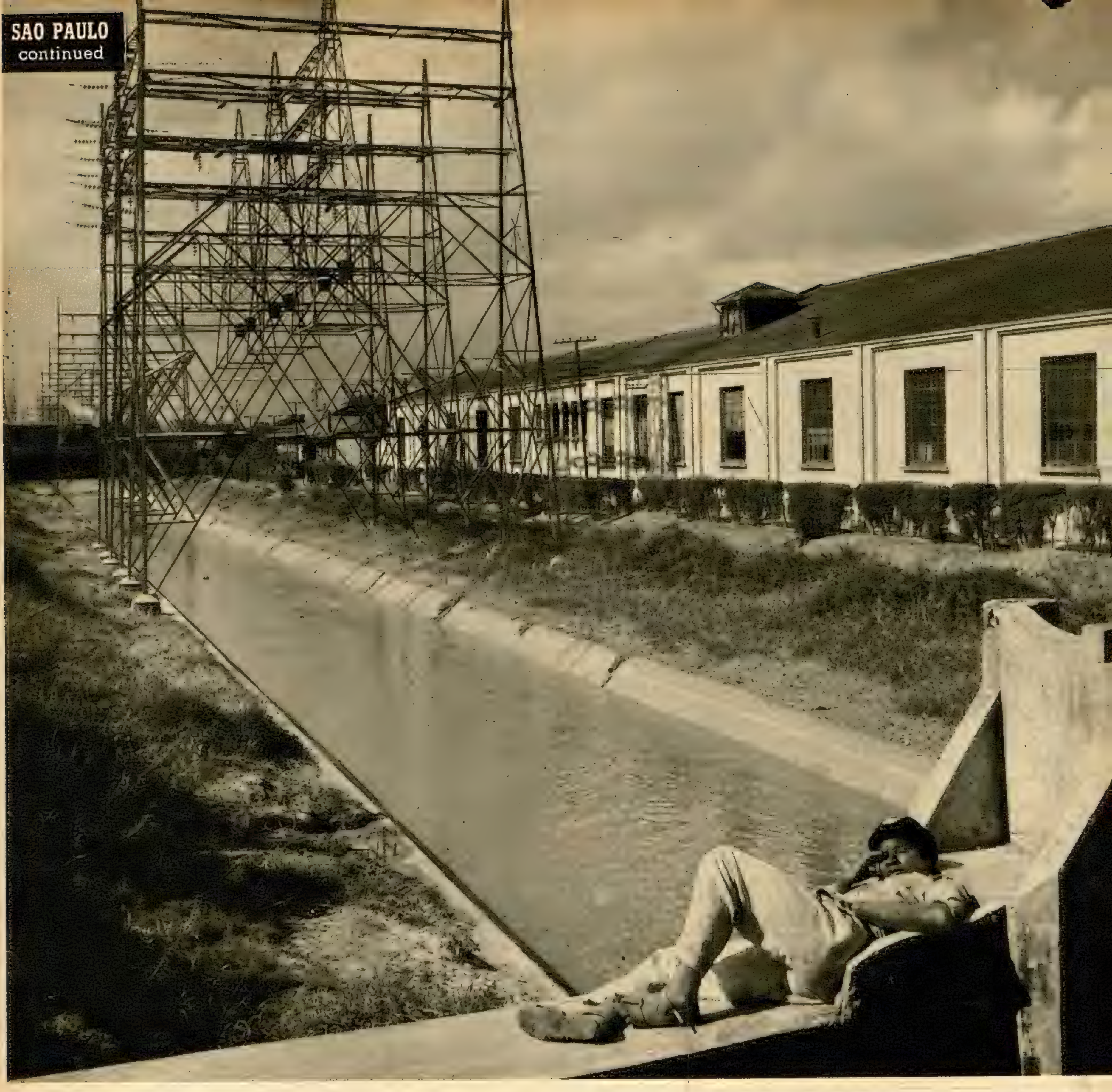
PHOTOS BY EARL LEAF

o Paulo's wealthy café society supports swank clubs like e Colonial, where Brenda Mitchell, Argentine dancer, performs.

era Firmo, São Paulo artist, paints nudes that are reminis- nt of Renoir. Her fame grew out of a recent "one-man show."

Gentleman rider takes his mount over the hurdles at a show in the fashionable Brooklyn area of São Paulo.

São Paulo women dress expensively. Most gowns come from New York. This one was by Queen Elizabeth's dress designer.



Busy as city is, traditional siesta habit is still strong. This worker is napping in the sun on the dam of an industrial canal.

INDUSTRIALLY, São Paulo is a clean, tropical Pittsburgh, but socially it has a Continental flavor. U. S. engineers and investors and people from nearly every country crowd its smart hotels. Conversation is likely to flow in many languages and for an outsider who has knowledge of Portuguese (the language spoken in Brazil) the opportunities are virtually boundless in bustling and wealthy São Paulo.

1

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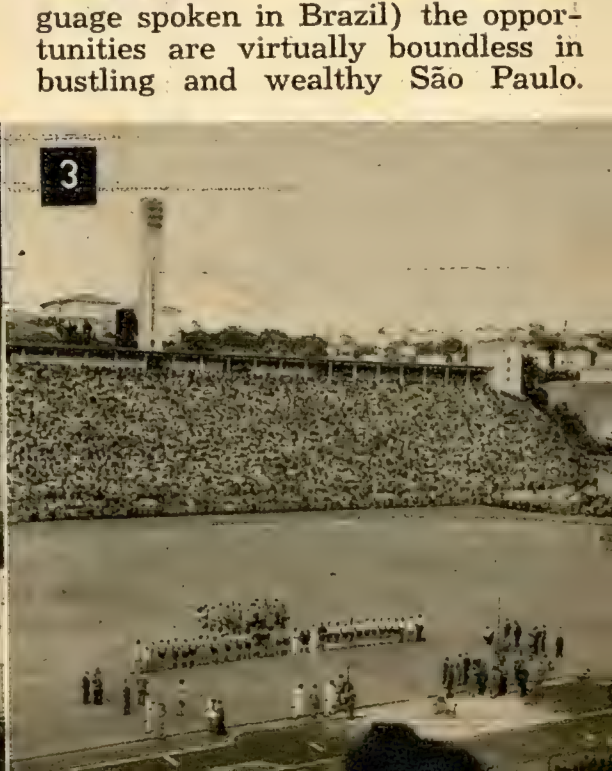
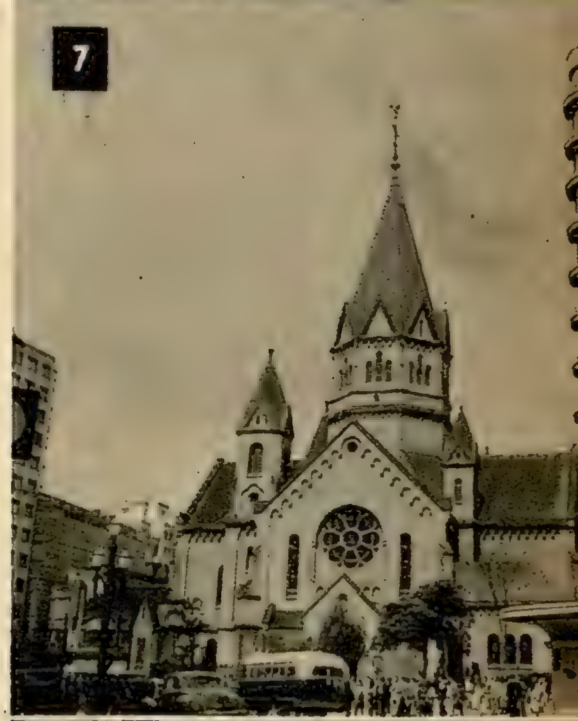


CASA ROOSEVEL
UNIÃO CULTURAL BRASIL-ESTADOS UNIDOS

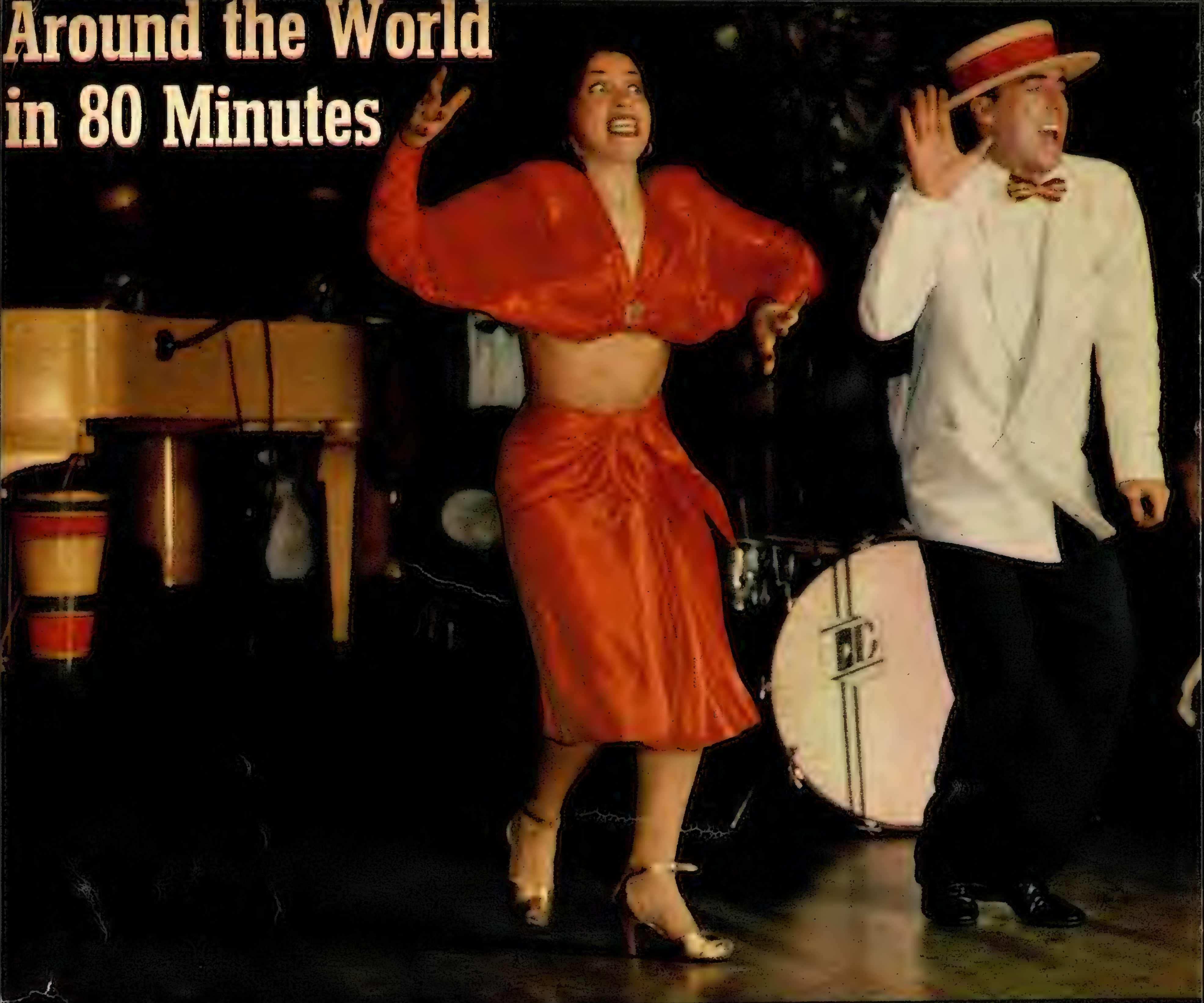
Students learn English at the Brazilian-American Cultural Institute.

Brazilian version of a U. S. coffee shop. Beverage is served piping hot à la demitasse. It was coffee that gave São Paulo its first boom in 1867.

(1) Skyline through palms. (2) Avenida São João, city's Broadway. (3) Stadium. (4) Maraba Theater and Hotel. (5) Medical Center. (6) Matarazzo Building. (7) Old and new. (8) Free clinic. (9) Women wear latest styles.



Around the World in 80 Minutes



Manhattan after dark has the world to offer. The only ship a world traveler needs is a taxi, and the only passport some folding money, to become a cosmopolitan overnight. Here Diosa Costello and bandleader Pupi Campo latinize in show at Brazilianish club La Conga

African rhythms, spiced with a touch of New Orleans, give "tourists" lift at the Sudan Club, one of Harlem's more vivid night spots.

El Chico in Greenwich Village makes with a lot of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other gay Spanish doings.

Dine in China, dance in France, sup in Spain, and drink your fill in Brazil — all in New York City

PHOTOS BY DAVID PESKIN

The Bal Tabarin, almost a second home for lonesome French sailors, is a theatrical district cellar where table dancing is *de rigueur*.

Patrons beat time with chopsticks as coy Chinese maidens with pagodas for hats bring the Orient to Gotham at the midtown China Doll

Mix this dance with vodka, and the soon dizzy visitor at the Casino Russe may think he's at a Moscow parley.

Central Europe in Manhattan at the Old Roumanian Club. Visitors are the lifeblood of night clubs, for few New Yorkers stay up all night.

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

The Other Love

Stanwyck and Niven combine piano and pathos in a moving story of a musician's illness

FROM time to time Hollywood produces a film which by its nature and subject is destined to be called a "woman's picture." Some of them are so stickily sentimental as to resemble the worst of radio's soap operas. Some of them turn out to be outstanding pictures. Happily The Other Love falls into this latter category. The picture presents the dilemma of a beautiful and talented pianist dangerously ill of tuberculosis. She has the choice of living a quiet, rigidly supervised life in a sanatorium, minus her music—or throwing her life away in a whirl of speedboats and gambling. Her case is presented with a minimum of platitudes about time and turning back the clock, and a maximum of genuinely moving moments. You'll get particular enjoyment from the excellent performance of Richard Conte as a millionaire playboy who personifies the "live dangerously" philosophy. Film fans, especially the feminine contingent, are sure to enjoy all of the performers in The Other Love.

Other Pictures Worth Seeing

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR (20th-Century Fox). Gay, ghostly goings-on with Gene Tierney as the delightful Mrs. M., and Rex Harrison—even better in this than he was as the King of Siam—as the vital, swashbuckling but dead Ghost.

THE UNFAITHFUL (Warner Brothers). An adult, intelligent discussion of one of America's most serious postwar problems, the divorce rate. Discussion is wrapped up in an exciting murder mystery, so there are thrills for male fans too. Stars Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott and Lew Ayres.

Strict routine of a sanatorium bores Karen Duncan (Barbara Stanwyck) even though she loves Dr. Stanton (David Niven).

Death of her closest friend at the hospital and conviction that Stanton does not really love her make Karen decide to run away.

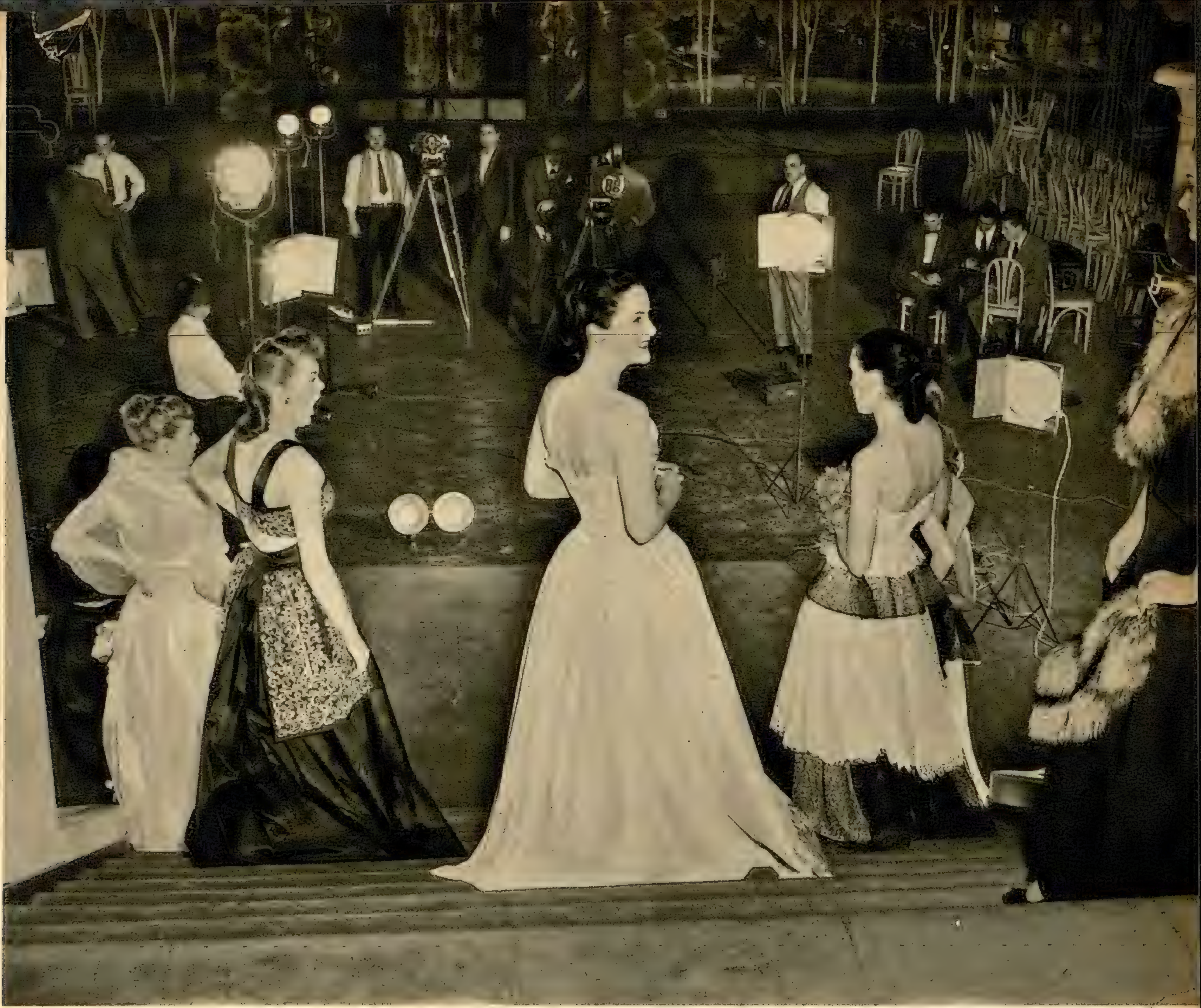
Her flight carries her straight to the arms of playboy Paul Clermont (Richard Conte) who does not know of her illness.

Roulette at the Riviera and a mad social whirl with Paul help Karen forget her ever-worsening illness for a time.

Too late, Karen decides to return, is accosted by a croupier (Gilbert Roland) who helps her when he realizes she is ill.

Back at the sanatorium, Karen realizes that Stanton's love is real, and they marry, to share what brief time she has left.

Fashion Show at the Waldorf



Posing is hard work and 'tween-take time is good for a long, relaxing yawn. Note girl second from the left.

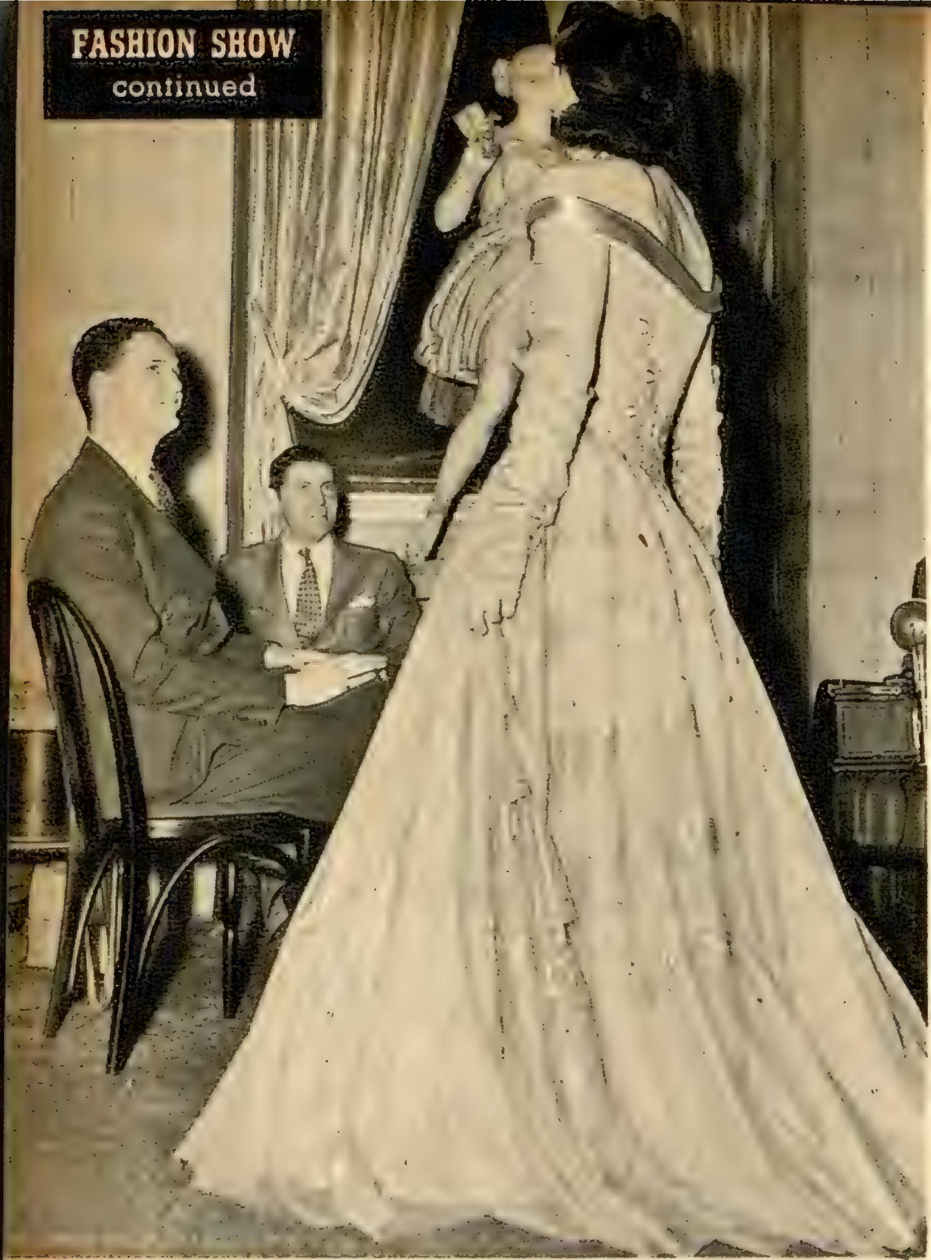
"Tele-visions" at the Sert Room model the very latest in ankle-length and alluring gowns

THERE'S a paradox about feminine fashions—at least about negligee and evening-gown fashions—that has always been incomprehensible to males, and even to some females. We wonder why, when gowns are most billowing on bottom, they should be barest on top. We can't explain it, but the trend is continuing. As evidence, here's a camera-eye view of a televised fashion show that was presented by the Town and Country Shop at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

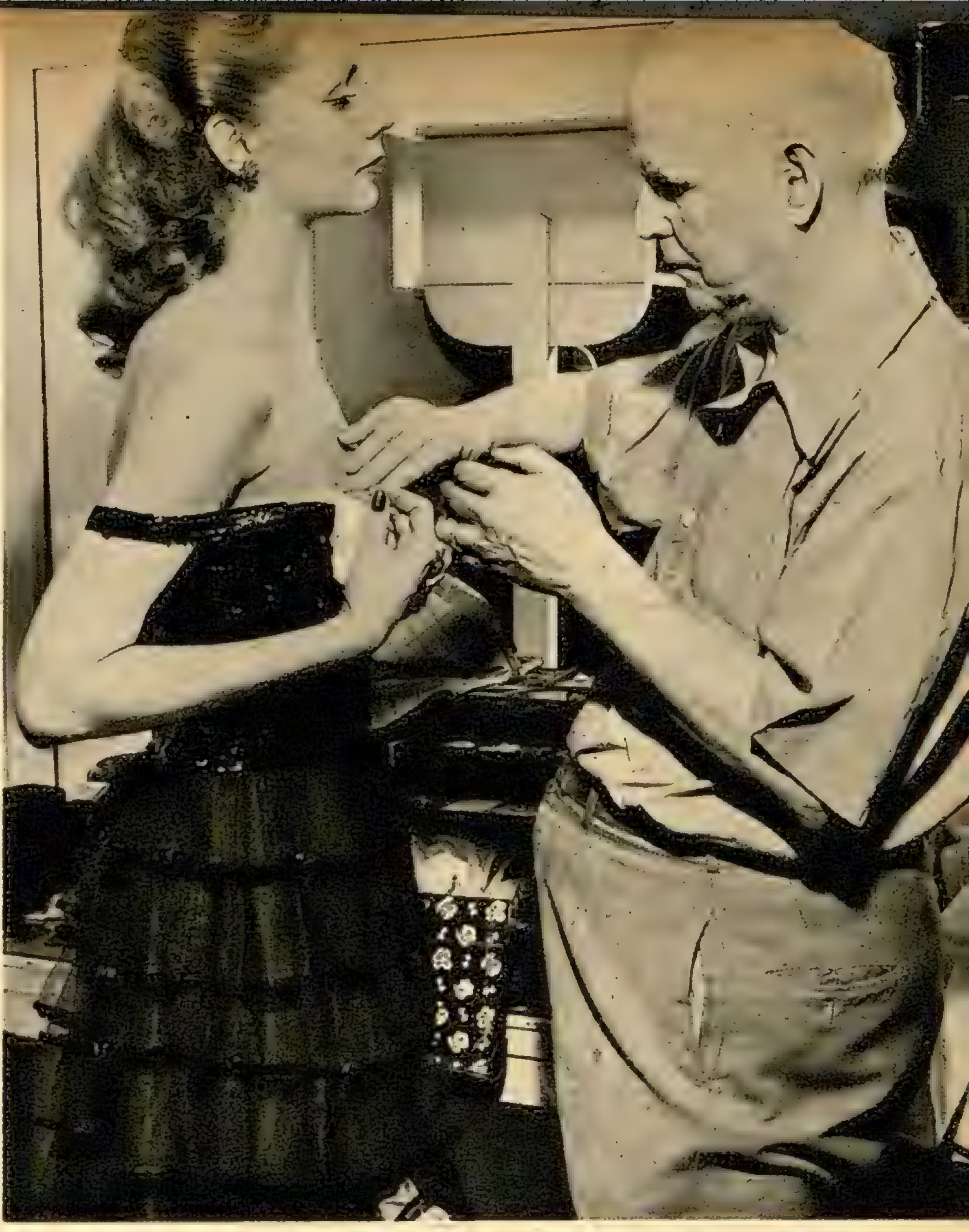
$200 each say the price tags on these chiffon and lace negligees. Necklines are high, but the bodices and sleeves are transparent.

PHOTOS BY L. M. UFLAND

White-satin gown is very full, has a long train, but chiffon robe over it is transparent, runs only three-quarter length.

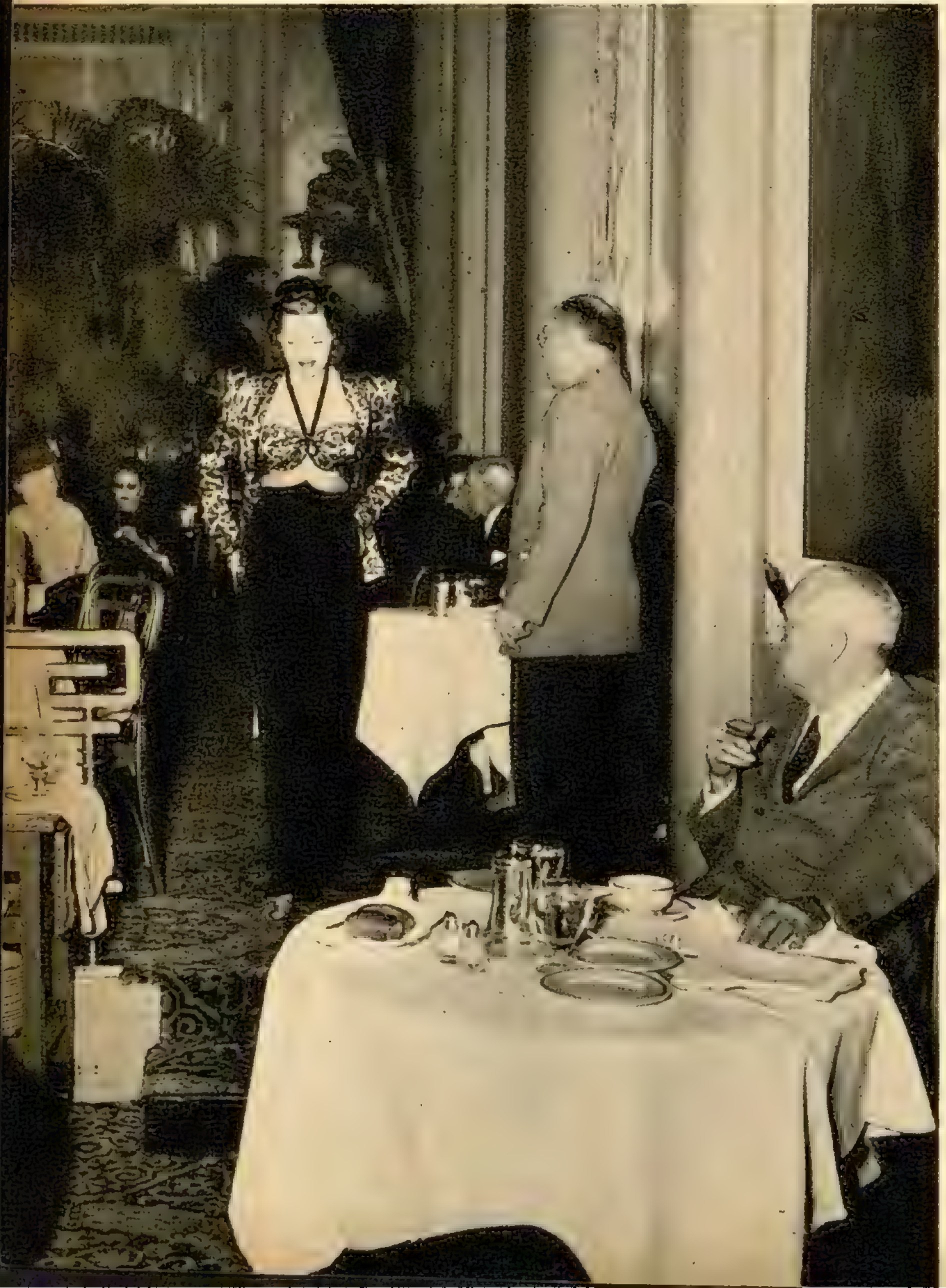


Captivated by a billowing gold-lace gown, men at the show whistled at the low neckline and the mere $975 asking price.

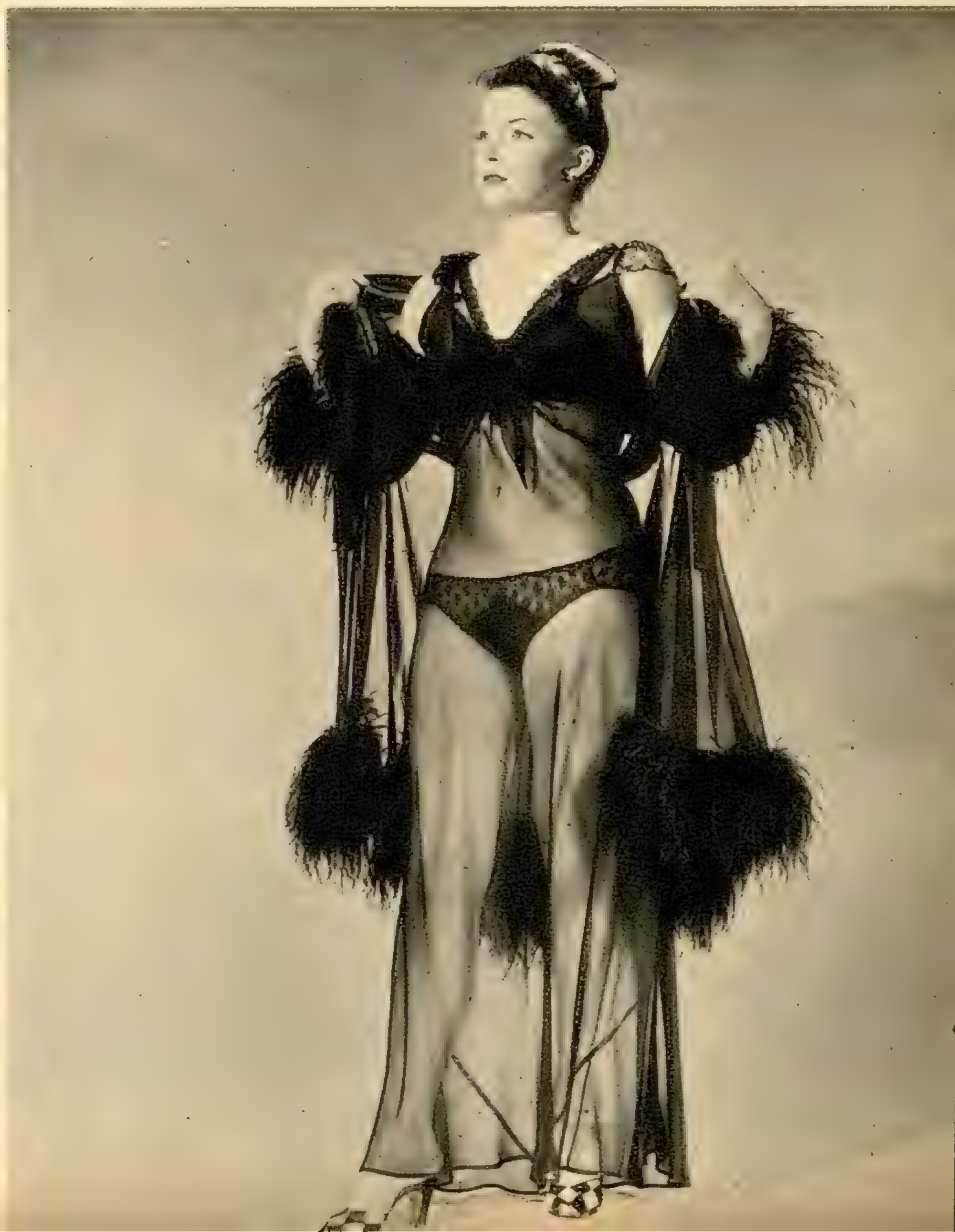


Bare shoulders of full-skirted, slim-topped black sequin-and-net evening gown call for extra heavy television make-up job.

Long, slim, and very-much-in-the-fashion-news cocktail skirt was shown with a long jacket and a scanty bare midriff.



Just for variety, the perennial favorite, black chiffon, was modeled with the order of the day reversed—top was full, skirt slim.



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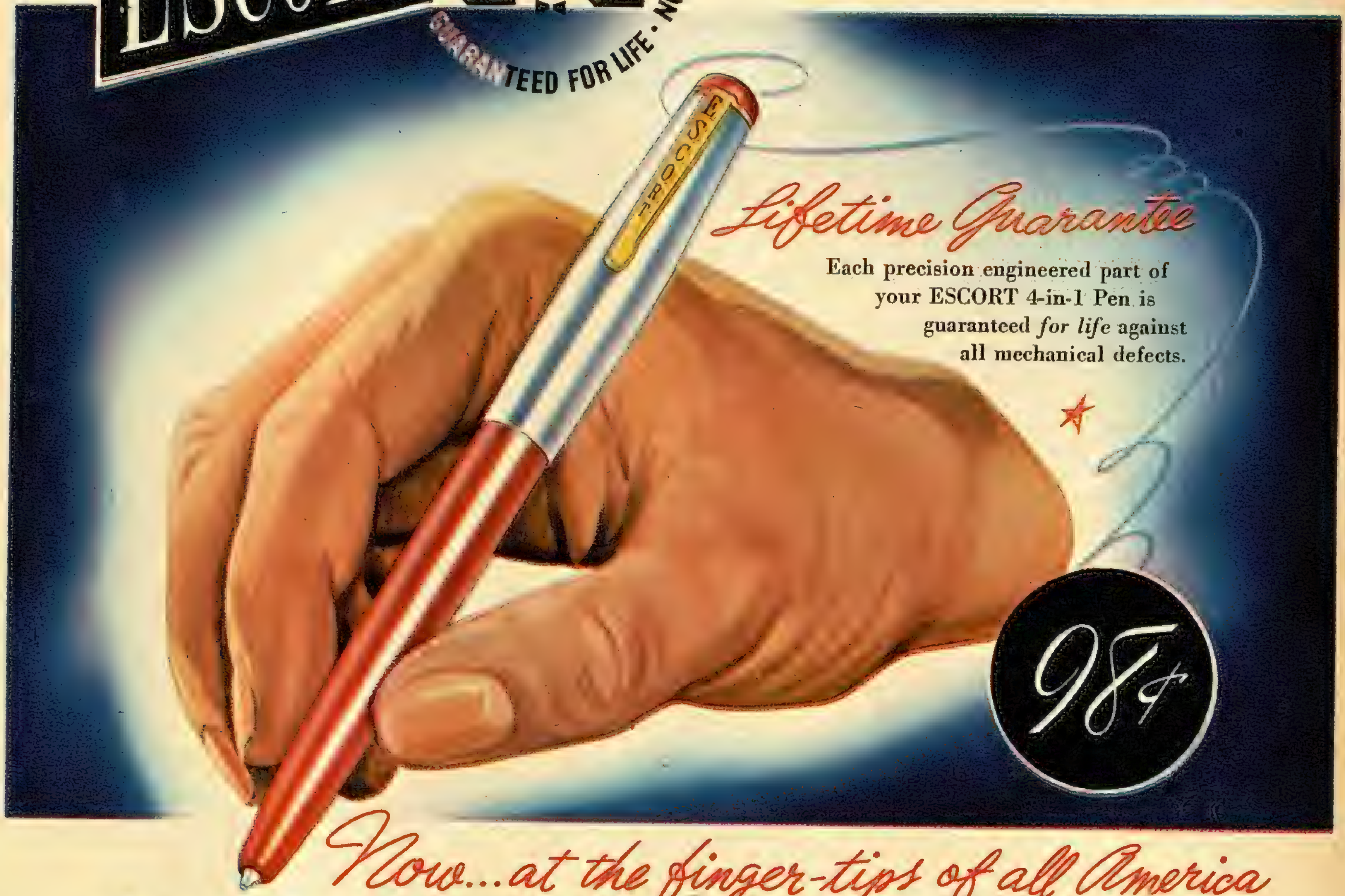
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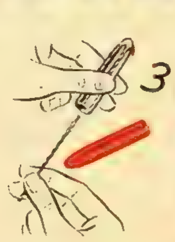

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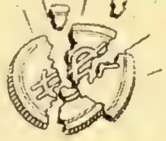

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UNCLE HANNIBAL'S UNHOLY JIBBOOM

Continued from Page 17

saying, "When she roll down to dar, call me!" Gloucestermen, in fact—both the tall driving schooners and the doughty men who drove them, were Uncle Hannibal's greatest passion.

It was only natural, then, that Port Huron in its darkest hour should look to Uncle Hannibal. For a rank outsider, from over on Lake Michigan, had twice invaded Port Huron's race and won it without much trouble both times. As if this were not enough, this crass interloper, whose name was Lucius Harmsby, had the effrontery to race his yacht with a professional crew and to call himself, not Commodore, or Cap, as any respectable yachtsman would, but Colonel. What is more, by the rules of the race, this Colonel Lucius Harmsby had only to win it once more to carry off the sacred Mackinac Cup forever; a dour prospect indeed for all Lake Huron's sailors.

Uncle Hannibal alone was undismayed. In council of war assembled, he sternly rebuked every proposal of the local yacht-club gentry to rig the race rules.

"No!" thundered my uncle, "We'll beat the bounder, b'gad! We'll smother the scoundrel under a cloud of canvas! Either we git ourselves a great towering Gloucesterman, or we make one out of my Molly B.!"

NOW, Gloucestermen are big topsail schooners, running to one hundred twenty feet; and Molly B. was an ancient little bobtailed ketch, not an inch over fifty feet. But such was the power of my uncle's oratory, that he came out of that meeting with enough backing to make a model Gloucesterman of Molly.

Fortunately, his conception of a Gloucesterman was not only very grand, but very simple. It was merely any topsail schooner that carried too much canvas for any given occasion. So he set about jerking the stubby masts out of little Molly B., and coaxing into her two noble sticks of over forty feet apiece, with fifteen-foot topmasts, for the topsails, on top of that. When the main boom was shipped, it jutted eight feet over the stern, and as this was just the length the original bowsprit jutted over the bow, you'd think he'd be satisfied.

But no; not Uncle Hannibal. With a mainsail like that, he allowed she'd need a forest of headsails to balance her up, and that's where that unholy jibboom came in. He ran it out ten feet beyond the bowsprit, and rigged it out with all the dolphin strikers, spreaders, martingales, bobstays, topmast stays, and nettings that such an epic proboscis required. It dismayed him not at all that someone would have to go out on the end of this eighteen-foot limb to handle the various flying jibs, balloon jibs, and lesser jibs which he deemed proper to a Gloucesterman. And this in a race north and west through two hundred and forty-three miles of open water in the fall of the year when Lake Huron is a chill, malevolent sea of head winds and sudden howling nor'westers.

"Charles, why aren't you at the office?"
LIBERTY

It was not surprising that Uncle Hannibal was compelled to make up his crew with such enthusiastic but inexperienced innocents as myself, my slightly punch-drunk football friend, Sock Ryzywski of Port Huron High, and an unemployed bookkeeper named Bert.

The Molly B. could easily have used at least four more hands.

When the great day rolled around, the four of us managed to get her majestic thunderhead of canvas spread and jockey Molly B. somewhat skittishly into the stately company of yachts assembled off the lightship for the start of the race. Harmsby's Heather was there in all her glory, with the Colonel taking his ease in immaculate flannels.

As Molly B. drew abreast of him, the Colonel acknowledged her by indolently waving his handkerchief.

The day was fair, with a gentle south wind barely ruffling the dazzling blue of the lake. The starting gun found the hope of Port Huron slatting about in the wake of the whole fleet as they got away in a bunch, with everything drawing.

Uncle Hannibal finally got our own spinnaker set without losing overboard either Sock or Bert, who went through the motions of helping him while I steered. The staggering wing spread this gave us, with that incredible mainsail out on the other side, was enough to push us through the fleet until we were well out in front, close on the heels of Heather.

My Uncle Hannibal's reaction to this turn of fortune was startling. He suddenly dived down the companionway hatch, and was down there for some time. Then his pink head popped up the hatch. It had a red bandanna knotted over it, pirate fashion, a brass curtain ring on each ear, a butcher knife in its teeth, and a black patch over one eye. The other eye squinted at me over the muzzle of the most stupendous horse pistol I've ever seen.

My uncle's ways were always unpredictable to me, and I was on the point of leaping off the fantail into our wake. But he bounced out on deck, let out a wild whoop, and ran forward, where he hopped up on the spinnaker boom and began bawling at the top of his lungs, "O-o-oh, the ocean waves may roll (may ro-o-o-oll), and the stormy winds may blo-o-ow, while US pore sailors go a-skippin' in the tops, and the LANDlubbers lie down below-below-belo-o-o-ow!"

I suppose this particular performance was intended to terrorize the Colonel, who could hardly have failed to hear it, as the Heather was only about a mile away. But the Heather hung on to her lead as long as the breeze held. It died with the sun, leaving us both slatting around together in the glory of a flaming Lake Huron sunset. The rest of the fleet showed only the tops of their darkening sails, like a strange city in the sea far astern.

My uncle's spirits continued to soar until he was accompanying his chanteys with snatches of the sailor's hornpipe. "Now!" he whooped as he jigged. "Now we git a nor'wester! That's our dish, me lads! A nor'wester in the night to catch that pompous potato with his pants down and knock him flat! Bear a hand, me buckos, and look lively with those lines!"

BUT all that night held was a fitful westerly that alternately laid the Molly B. on her beam ends and left her drifting, while the lights of the Heather steadily ghosted on ahead and out of sight. It was enough to raise a little sea, however, giving Molly a chance to demonstrate why her previous owners had all parted with her so reasonably.

In the first place, she was built for the long swell of the oceans, with no amidships to speak of. In the second place, in order to balance her lofty new rig, Uncle Hannibal had loaded her down with several tons of pig iron along her keel, until she had only about a foot of freeboard left. This combination gave her a sickening teeter-totter motion in the short chop of the lake, and made her bury her elaborate whiskers in the most modest seas, drowning everything topside with spray. It also caused the human stomach to take on a reciprocating motion, much like that of an efficient double-acting suction pump. Thus, Sock Ryzywski and Bert the bookkeeper sought their bunks below with shameful haste, and there, for all intents and purposes, they died.

Daylight found us still slogging along in the gusty westerly, with Uncle Hannibal at the wheel and the tip of the Heather's sails just topping the horizon ahead. Uncle Hannibal spent the next five minutes cussing the Colonel, and the rest of the morning trying vainly to restore an interest in life to Sock and Bert. It was nearly sunset before he quit steaming around the decks, fussing and cussing.

I was hungry by then. But the wind had gone down with the sun again and my uncle was in no mood for food. It looked like the Mackinac Cup was fairly lost forever, with the elusive Harmsby clean out of sight and Uncle Hannibal becalmed.

A CHILL little zephyr fanned my neck, and I shivered. Uncle Hannibal saw it, and raised his head. He sniffed. He stood up and sniffed again, pointing his nose like a hound-dog. I sniffed too. A smile broke over my uncle's pink face like a Lake Huron sunrise.

"A nor'wester!" he yelped, and did a little jig. "Bear a hand now, boy, and help me shorten the sail!"

"*Shorten* sail?"

He grinned. "Ye ain't never been in a Lake Huron nor'wester, eh, boy? This one's come all the way down from the Yukon. Haw! That precious Lucius. He'll be laying on his beam ends this minute in a sea of splintered spars, hollering his head off for help. Haw!"

My uncle had the mainsail half reefed as he spoke. "*Yump, Ole, yump!*" he bellowed. "Ye want to be knocked flat, eh?"

I yumped. We threw double reefs in fore and main and doused everything else but a staysail.

We were ready for it when the first squall struck out of the northwest. It came soughing over the dark waters, kicking up a solid front of whitecaps before it. Then it was a fiend howling in the rigging, and a great horny hand pressing on the sails. The first rain flew horizontally and had the smell of snow in it.

Little Molly quivered, lunged like a frightened horse, and galloped off close-hauled, like a runaway with the bit in her teeth. Uncle Hannibal grasped the wheel in both hands.

"'O-o-o-o-oh, a LIFE on the ocean wa-a-a-ave! A HOME on the r-o-o-olling de-e-e-ep!'" he roared.

I was terrified. Molly B. was half submerged most of the time, and bucking like a wild thing, so that I stood in a rushing torrent wherever I moved, and had to cling with both hands just to stay aboard.

After two hours of this sort of thing we sighted the Heather again. We were just off Forty Mile Point, on the Michigan shore, so named for its distance from Mackinac. The rain had stopped and we picked up her port running light at a little over a mile. She was not on her beam ends, nor dismasted, as Uncle Hannibal had promised, but she was making mighty heavy weather of it.

When Uncle Hannibal saw her, he roared louder than ever and took to steering like Jean Lafitte with the Federals after him. Heather was on the opposite tack to us, and therefore crossing our course, and she had the right of way. I tried to think what to do when the collision came, because I was sure Uncle Hannibal would ram before he gave way. But then he got an inspiration.

"She's a-draggin' her tail, boy!" he howled. "Hop up there and run up that jib!"

"Up there" was a little triangle of the bow in front of the foremast. You could see from the cockpit that it was three feet under water fully half of the time. I just pointed at it with my mouth open, but Uncle Hannibal pointed at the Heather.

"Ye want 'em to cross our bows, eh?" he roared, and I started forward, half crawling and half swimming over the cabin top until I wrapped myself around the foremast and got hold of the jib halyard. The big sail lay alternately floating and flopping in the nettings where we had dropped it before the nor'wester struck. My uncle luffed the boat and I got the jib up and sheeted home.

Molly reacted like a blood mare cut with the whip. She heeled over till her cabin ports went under and leaped into the seas with the driving force of a battleship. She was green water from stem to stern, but she was drawing ahead of the Heather. Dead ahead of her, it looked like, as the big yawl came lunging down at us, shouting "Give wa-a-ay! Give wa-a-ay!"

S. SMOHL.
PSYCHIATRIST
Lariar

"Can you instill a fear complex in me?"
LIBERTY

Uncle Hannibal held his course, grinning fiendishly in the eerie light of the binnacle. Heather held her course too—and missed our stern by one lunge—about twenty feet.

"Ho!" she hailed as she wallowed in our wake. "How'd you ever do it, you big fake?"

"Haw!" bellowed Uncle Hannibal. "Canvas, ye lubbers! Jibs and more jibs! Ain't ye never heard of Roll Down Joe?

"Haw!" said Uncle Hannibal to me. "If we can beat 'em to the tack, we can beat 'em to the finish. Git some sleep, me lad. I'll call ye when it's time to bring her about for Mackinac."

You wouldn't believe that a boy could sleep waist-deep in ice water, but I did.

I WAS awakened by a great cry of "Ready about!" This was followed almost immediately by an even greater and fiercer cry, "Suffering sailfish, boy! She won't come about!"

Molly B. was luffing a little and that was all. The big jib, of course, way out on the end of that monstrous jibboom, was holding her head down so she couldn't come up into the wind. We were stuck on course north, with Mackinac somewhere off to the west. Uncle Hannibal lashed the wheel hard aport and stood up, taking a reef in his belt. "Come on," he shouted, "we got to git that jib down."

I crawled after him until we stood hugging the foremast between us on that little triangle of deck again. The motion up there now was like an express elevator shuttling rapidly up and down between a wind tunnel and a flooded basement while someone played a fire hose into it. You could breathe only on the rise. The fall was truly breathless.

"Who-o-osh!" gasped Uncle Hannibal, turning just a little green under his bandanna, "Cast off the halyard, boy!"

"I have cast it off," I hissed. There was plenty of wind to hold the sail up on the stay without any halyard at all.

"Then—who-o-osh! Give a heave on this down-haul with me!"

We heaved. Then we put the down-haul on the anchor windlass and heaved with that—until the down-haul broke.

We clung to the mast for a spell after that, watching that unholy jibboom sail fifteen feet into the air on the rise, and then, as the deck fell out from under us, come swooping down again and smack three feet into the oncoming seas. It was a sickening thing just to watch it.

After a while my uncle said, "How old are you, boy?"

I told him fourteen.

"That's pretty young," he said. "You've got a long time to live yet." He picked up the end of a halyard and tied it around his waist and handed the coil to me.

"I'm an old man," he said. And then he said, "You stay here and fish me in if that raging beast gets the better of me."

On the next rise he waded across the little piece of deck and straddled the foot of the jibboom. He wrapped both arms and legs around it, put his head down, and hung on. The bow went under and he almost disappeared.

IF I hadn't been so scared of him I would have hauled him back right then. But I stayed glued to the mast, with my eyes popping and my teeth chattering, watching him. When he came up again he crawled out about three feet and hung on again. This time when he went down, he did disappear. But each time she rose he gained three feet more on that jibboom, until he was clean out on the end of it—eighteen feet out. Out there the rise and fall were greater and he was in the air longer. And whenever he was, he'd get both hands full of that jib and pull it down and stuff the folds under him and then hang on again when she started to drop.

He had almost half of that jib under him before the laws of simple mechanics interfered. His weight on the end of that ornery jibboom was just too much for it. About the tenth time it smacked into the sea with him, the martingale pulled out of the bow with a whang and the bobstays followed it. The jibboom gave up. It broke off clean about six feet in back of him, and the whole works—Uncle Hannibal, jibboom, jib, martingale, bobstays, spreaders, and netting—went sailing out to leeward on the pendulum of the foretopmast stay. Of course this was too much for the topmast and it broke off too, dropping Uncle Hannibal into the lake close aboard, just about abreast of the foremast.

It all happened so fast I didn't do anything. Not until the rope around Uncle Hannibal's waist began to run out of my hands. Then I tried to hold it, but it got fouled up in my feet somehow and I felt myself sliding across the cabin top. The halyard was fast to the fife rail, though, and it brought me up with a jerk. The next thing I knew Uncle Hannibal was lying on deck, still hanging on to the jib and jibboom, with me lying alongside of him, all our fore rigging dragging in the water with the topmast at the end of it.

I tried to pick him up, but he was frozen to that jibboom. For a moment I thought it was *rigor mortis* set in already, but then I could see he just had his wind knocked out by the jerk on the rope, and maybe he was a little unconscious, too, from landing on his head.

So I just lay there with him and kept asking him to say something, until finally he did. He said, "What the hell happened?"

Well, I'd heard my Uncle Hannibal cuss a lot, but never swear, and I was surprised. I was also scared to death, and glad he was alive, and so many other things, that all of a sudden I couldn't say a word. So he just reached out and patted my head.

REPORT CARD
Steinitz

"Well, here we go again!"
LIBERTY

Then he sort of half rolled over with a groan, and said, "There's a little town called Detour right ahead of us on the Northern Peninsula. We ought to make it about daylight. We'll go in there and rest and— Well, we can always git us another Mackinac Cup. Now you take the wheel, and just hold her course and call me when we git there. I'm an old man. I've got to git some rest." And he pulled the folds of the jib under his head and went to sleep.

I went back to the wheel, but the lashing had shrunk up tight on it, and I couldn't find my knife in my pockets. While I was fumbling for it, I began to feel awful sick and tired. I had to lean over the cockpit rail to— Well, my head must have just sort of rested on my arm a minute, because the next thing I was asleep too. I never even noticed that with the jib down and the wheel lashed hard over like that, old Molly B. had come about on the other tack all by herself.

I woke up because somebody was shooting a cannon at me. I distinctly heard a cannon shot just as I woke up. It was daylight, and the nor'wester had just about blown itself out. There was a little town along the shore about a mile to starboard, with a big cannon on the wharf and a cloud of white smoke drifting up from it.

Uncle Hannibal must have heard it too. He bellowed, "What's all the shad-gutted shooting about?"

He jumped to his feet, waving his arms. "Where are we, boy? Confound ye! Ye've been asleep at the wheel, eh? This ain't Detour. Must be over on the Canadian side—"

The cannon boomed out again and a fast launch pulled away from the wharf and headed for us.

"Cod-headed Canucks don't know the war's over!" bawled Uncle Hannibal. "Hold your course, lad! I'll git some more sail onto her." He bounced forward and came bouncing right back, pounding the cabin top.

"Rum-hounding scoundrels and their silly shots across my bow!" he roared. "They've shot away my jibboom and brought down my topmast! I'll wire the State Department! I'll write the President! If it's war they want—!"

A whole fusillade of shots interrupted him; this time from a uniformed official in the bow of the launch who was firing a pistol into the air with one hand and bellowing through a megaphone with the other. "Ahoy, Molly!" he yelled, wet and full of wrath. "Where in blazes are you going? Didn't you hear the gun?"

"*Hear* it!" howled Uncle Hannibal. "Ye lobster-witted, lop-eared idiot, ye shot away my jibboom with it! I'll wire the—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" the official exploded. "Aren't you in the Mackinac Race?"

Uncle Hannibal fell silent. He seemed to have forgotten all about the Mackinac Race. "Well, I was, now, up to sometime last night—" he began cautiously.

The official's patience snapped. "Well, if you are," he thundered, "you just won it! Don't you even know Mackinac when you see it?"

IT was the first time I've ever seen Uncle Hannibal without an answer. He just sat down sort of hard and stared at the shore as if he'd never seen it before. When he turned his pink face to me, there were tears in the fierce blue eyes and a grin all over it. He reached out his hand and I took it.

"My boy," he said, "I'm grateful to ye. Mighty grateful."

Then he fumbled in the locker at his feet and drew out that monstrous horse pistol and pointed it in the air. I held my ears and trembled. Uncle Hannibal let out a whoop and pulled the trigger. There was a little *pop* and a bright red flare sailed gracefully into the air. It was the first time I'd seen a Very pistol fired. Even the race committee official grinned up from his launch alongside.

"Haw!" gloated Uncle Hannibal, warming up. "That pompous potato! That precious Lucius! That Lake Michigan mule skinner! Where is he now!"

"Where is who?" called the official.

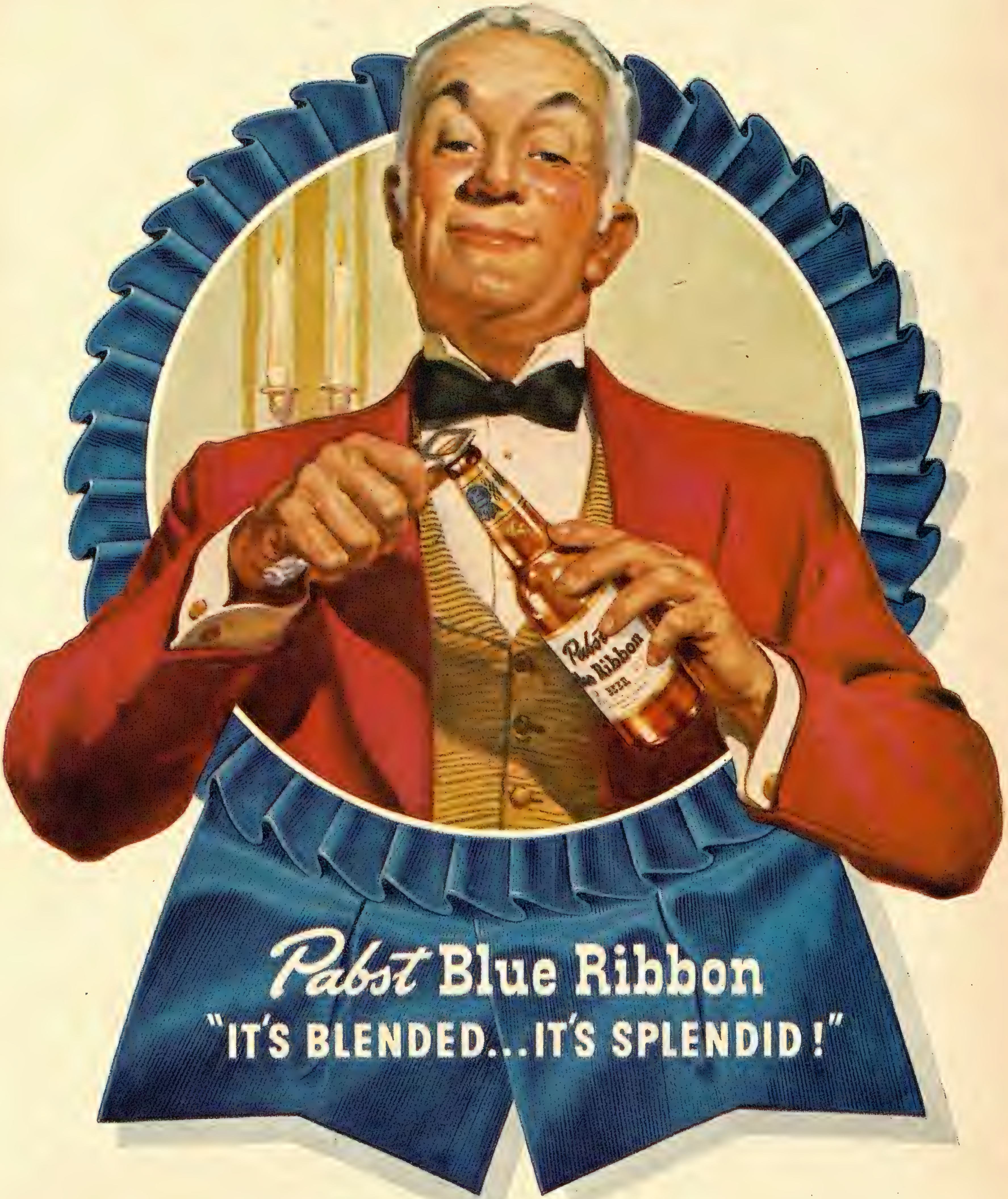
"Harmsby!" hooted my uncle. "The Right Honorable Colonel Lucius Precious Specious Harmsby! Ye seen anything of him, eh?"

"Oh!" The official started to laugh. "No. He's up in Detour. Phoned over this morning to ask about you. He says"—the official choked—"he says he put a jib up last night off Forty Mile Point and couldn't get it down in the blow!"

I was afraid that man was going to laugh himself sick.

THE END

"This one's for me!"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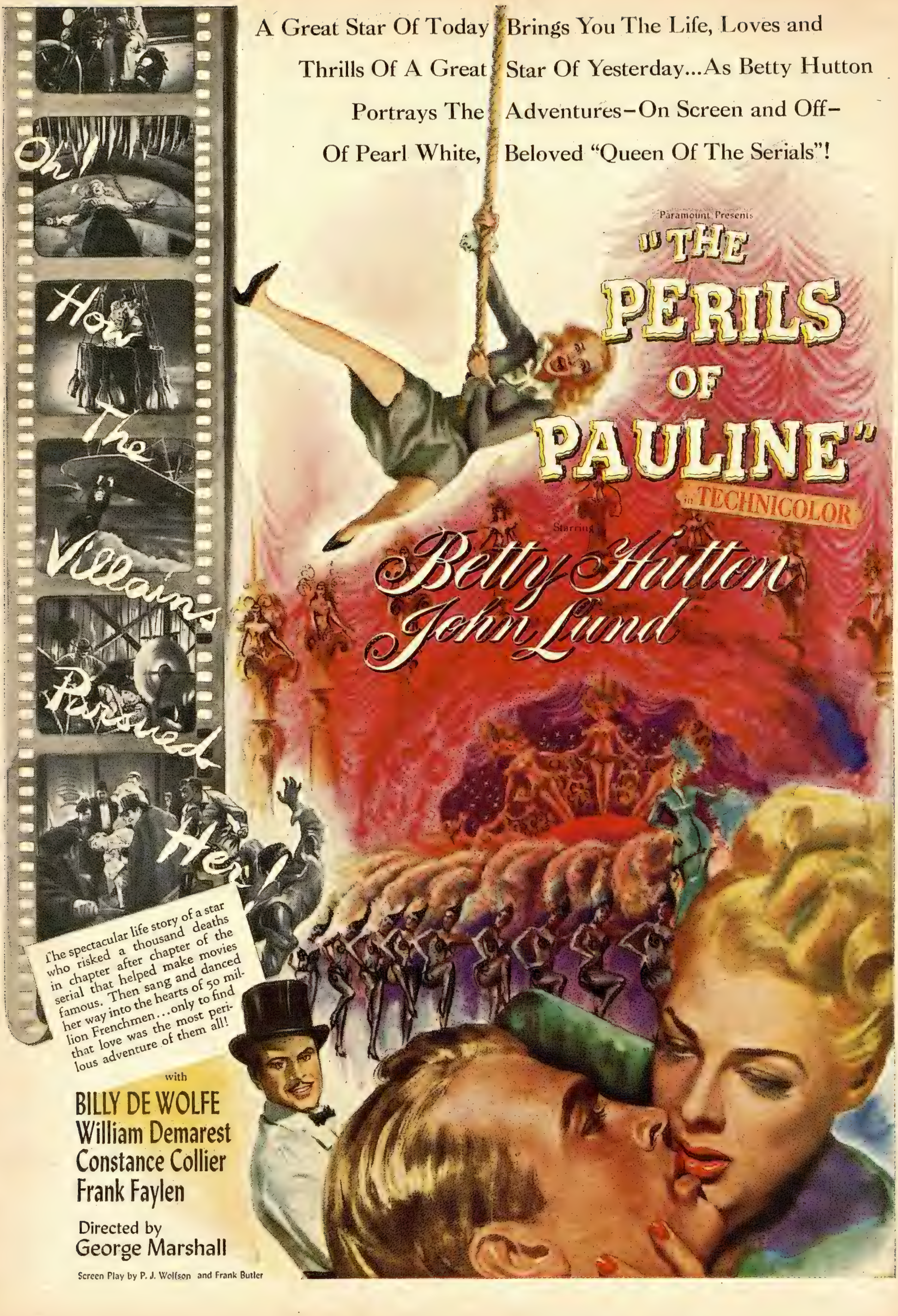
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AMERICA'S BRUISED AND BEATEN CHILDREN

Continued from Page 19

small children alone in filth that shocked a hardened policewoman. Two were suffering from malnutrition. The physician's wife was "shopping."

The American Humane Association in Albany, noting an 18-percent increase of such cases during the past year in less than 100 small communities, pulls no punches in describing current conditions: "The serious increase in the past few years in cases of cruelty and neglect of children is nationwide."

Armed with facts and questions, I went to Washington, determined to find out what was happening to our children. There I talked with a realistic career social worker. She has had 18 years' experience with children's problems. She knew the score and the heartaches—everything, in fact, except defeat. "One third of the American people are children under 18," she told me. "They are the most important part of the population because they could be made into better men and women than their parents. As with every new generation, they are the hope of the country—maybe, this time, of the world. You talk of physical cruelties and neglect. I know about them. Four hundred and sixty-two cases in Lynn, 7,000 in Philadelphia, 5,000 in Buffalo, and the same all over the country, but worse, because only the acute incidents get reported officially.

"But the real damage being done our youngsters," she said earnestly, "isn't any sensational story of five-year-old children being tied in tenement basements and beaten. It is the day-by-day denial to them of opportunity. *That's* the story of today's children. We've got the largest income in our history—and millions of youngsters foundering in the blind alleys of lost opportunity."

THE picture she built for me is not pleasant. It shows us—the voting citizens of America—as monsters of cruelty, for by our neglect we are daily sentencing millions of our children to a life of sickness, ignorance, penury, and hard labor. Inadequate health facilities are deplorable. But we face an even greater charge to our conscience—child labor. Two and a half million youngsters who ought to be in school are working. This is an increase of 1,500,000 since 1940.

Of these teen-agers who are manning our factories, our shops and stores, our canneries and truck gardens, 750,000 are only 14 and 15 years old—one out of six of all the children of that age in the United States. Many, many thousands of these youngsters are employed in open, flagrant violation of the pitifully few effective laws which protect children from avarice and from their own immaturity. The known illegal employment of children has increased more than 400 per cent since 1941.

This is no mere war-inflated statistic. Nearly a year and a half after V-J Day, at the end of peacetime 1946, violations tabulated by the Labor Department showed an increase of 15 per cent over the previous year. The condition is worse than it was in wartime. Of those establishments checked by the small Labor Department investigating staff, which devotes only part of its time to child labor, *one out of three was employing children illegally!*

These were mostly small or middle-sized plants—big factories rarely offend, though one large manufacturer was found to have 140 children on a graveyard shift. There was the Colorado meat-packing plant, where 12- to 15-year-old children were employed 10 to 12 hours a day in such hazardous jobs as skinning and cutting sheep. In the sea-food canneries of Maine 14-year-old youngsters work 70 hours a week. In the shrimp-heading sheds of North Carolina many children 11 and 12 years old work as long as 15 hours a day. In a single Texas prefabricated-house factory 36 minors were found. A group of these boys had applied to the personnel manager for jobs. They were 14. He told them they had to be 16 to work. They went out and came back in. With a straight face the personnel man asked their ages. "Sixteen," they chorused. They were hired.

John Greenleaf Whittier's immortalization of the "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" convinced the nation that ideal existence for a child was life in the country. This is not always true, especially along the routes of the "Jaloppy Joes" who follow the crops. A recent survey among a representative group of 600 such migrant workers revealed that more than half of them were children under 18. Of these children, one in four was less than 12 years old. And this was in proud and wealthy New York State.

Of these youngsters, Katharine Lenroot, chief of the U. S. Children's Bureau, says: "They do the same thing, hour after hour, day after day, often in a stooping or reaching position. . . . They may strain themselves lifting boxes full of fruit or vegetables. They almost never get a proper lunch; there is no safe water in the fields and no sanitation. . . ."

Only a handful of states have comprehensive laws regulating labor of all children, and federal regulations apply only to goods used in interstate commerce. In fact, children are so generally and flagrantly exploited, that violations of the inadequate laws are found in every type of business: hotels, restaurants, laundries, cleaning and dyeing establishments and places of amusement.

Perhaps the most outrageous violations—and the most insidious of all—are in bowling alleys. From a survey of nine typical cities, the New York State Department of Labor learned that boys as young as nine and ten regularly drop in at bowling alleys after school, eat supper in a back room, and work until midnight every night but Saturday, when they work until three or four the following morning. Says the report: "Fatigued from working in the alleys, children fall asleep in class and are unable to do their school work. Truancy is increasing. In one city . . . children sleep all night in alleys, on pool tables or on benches."

Almost all pin boys are illegally employed. Eighty per cent of those surveyed in the New York report were prohibited by law from such work. In Utica and Poughkeepsie every pin boy in town was employed in open violation of known law. The work is dangerous, too. In Baltimore, such child pin setters suffered an accident rate of 13 per cent. In Wisconsin, pin boys were involved in 14 per cent of all accidents to under-age children.

THE employers are not alone to blame in the crime of child labor. Rising living costs, among other things, needle parents to seek additional income. And the youngsters themselves often will grasp at any excuse for relief from attendance at boring overcrowded school classes inadequately staffed by underpaid and undertrained teachers.

Child labor has a deeper significance than the physical strain it imposes on young bodies. An employment specialist told me that the rock-bottom educational standard for any youngster who hopes to compete for even menial positions is a high-school diploma. As for positions with any foreseeable future, a college education has been essential for a decade.

Does it do any good to shout about conditions such as these? A year ago

"Try to look majestic, dear."
LIBERTY

a vivid account was published by reporter Vera Connelly describing how thousands of children, many of them innocent of any wrongdoing, were locked up in jails in company with degenerates, prostitutes, and vicious criminals. It shocked the nation. Miss Connelly told of 8- 10- and 12-year-old boys and girls locked in jails of indescribable filth. But in the year since Miss Connelly's important exposé there has not been a report of a single jail eliminating such conditions. Only one in five of our 3,000 jails meets the minimum standards of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

Even worse, a large proportion of the *brand-new* jails fail miserably to meet requirements. In 1941, with no shortage of materials, of 41 new county jails constructed in 24 states, only 27 got a federal rating higher than 50 per cent. Thousands of children are locked up at this moment under conditions rivaling the hell-holes of the Middle Ages and there is no moral force in America sufficiently powerful to cause any effective change.

There you have it. The simple reason our children don't get a better break in life is that nobody cares enough to give it to them. The job is far beyond private charity. State and local governments rarely meet the problems. And large and dramatic strikes, complex international relations, and major disasters have made Congress too big for its britches—too big to worry about youngsters who don't yet vote and whose importance is only vaguely in the future. Recently, for example, the House of Representatives was anxious to demonstrate publicly its capacity for cutting the budget. It approved and sent to the Senate for action a bill which completely rubbed out the only co-ordinating staff in the country nationally concerned with child labor!

AT this moment there are 250,000 children in institutions and foster homes in the country—and practically every such institution is insufferably overcrowded. Twenty thousand crippled children are waiting—most of them hopelessly—to receive care from agencies set up to help them. Spastic children affected by cerebral palsy are assigned to institutions for the adult insane, to live their lives and die there with no effort made to train their intelligence. Epileptic children and deaf children are today languishing in homes for the adult feeble-minded.

In reform schools ("training school" is now the polite term), children who are feeble-minded are housed together with others who are physically deformed, with those convicted of criminal acts, and with normal youngsters who have been neglected by their parents. People who find such facts unpleasant like to believe that the inhuman practices of the reform schools were abolished with the change in name to "training school." Here is what a board of experts officially reported on the subject to Attorney General Tom C. Clark: "Among the disciplinary practices in training schools that have been reported by qualified and reliable observers in recent years are the following: whipping or spanking with sticks, wire coat hangers, paddles, straps; striking about the face and head with fists and sticks; handcuffing to the bed at night; use of shackles and leg chains; shaving of the head; cold tubbings; 'standing on the line' in a rigid position for hours at a time; confinement in dark cells and dungeon-like basement rooms; silence rules; knee bends; a modified lock-step in marching formations. . . . Such disciplinary abuses are completely indefensible." The date was not 1846, but November 20, 1946.

"Did you notice anything queer about Gloria's young man?"
LIBERTY

But physical punishment isn't always the most cruel. As punishment of one small orphan girl, the matron of one school destroyed the child's picture of her mother and father. It was the only picture the girl had, the only tangible evidence with which to sustain a lifetime remembering them as she loved them.

Despite inadequacies, we have made notable progress in protecting the physical health of our children. But we have done virtually nothing to provide for their mental health. Whether people like to talk about it or not, *one child in every twenty will spend some part of his life in a mental hospital.* Other hundreds of thousands will go through life handicapped by maladjusted personality.

This huge tax on the nation's brain power was dramatically high-lighted when 800,000 otherwise fit men were rejected for military service—not because of low I.Q.s or illiteracy, but for mental and personality ills. And the number of men who broke mentally while in uniform—but not in combat—was one of the best-kept scandals of the war.

How do mental ailments compare with other permanently disabling defects of children? There are 200,000 children with epilepsy, 175,000 with active tuberculosis, 35,000 with diabetes, and 500,000 whose bones and muscles are crippled. But the number of youngsters whose minds and personalities are in danger of lasting impairment is greater than the sum of all these—more than 1,000,000!

Arguments advancing the prohibitive cost of providing for children are usually specious. At current values, every child represents an asset to the country of $60,000. That is what he can be expected to contribute to the national economy in his lifetime. But if he doesn't develop as he should, he may prove to be a liability who must be supported by the rest of us at a cost of $25,000 to $50,000.

The attitude of "nobody cares" is found even in communities faced with the plague of juvenile delinquency. Early this year the U. S. Children's Bureau released the result of a seven-year study carried on with federal funds in St. Paul, to demonstrate a method whereby a community might marshal all its resources as a "first aid" program for youth in trouble. It is one of the most important studies in child welfare ever made. In the neighborhood where it was made it not only stopped the rising delinquency rate but turned it downward. This experiment could be adopted by almost any city in the United States. It does not call for big expenditures—merely the full and proper use of facilities which often already exist. In most places it would cost no more than $10,000 to $15,000 a year. *But to date not a single city in the United States has adopted the plan or made an effort to put it into effect!*

WHAT should be done? Let me quote the opinion of several government sociologists who must be nameless because at this writing their appropriation bill is hanging in the balance. They say:

"The apathetic neglect of children is a moral crime of the people of the United States. We cannot defend our guilt by pointing with smug complacency to the splendid work of the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts and other excellent youth organizations. Charity supported by a few people can no more meet the needs of our children than a few private schools can educate them. Preparing our children physically, mentally and morally to take their place in the world is a job for all the people. If we fought World War II with the same lack of purpose with which we fight for our children, we would still—after six years—be debating universal service. Congress has the facts, but its members are too busy with political jockeying to dig into them. And Congress is the only agency which can take effective action. The time is now."

THE END

Very personally yours

You're Dining Out . . . and you adore it. You love the festive atmosphere . . . listen for the heady Latin music that recalls your first ecstatic glimpse of "night life" It was like a great neon pinwheel spinning with fun and glamour and romance . . . and all *very personally yours.*

Tonight, you're radiant with that same young enthusiasm. Proving once again that *any* woman can stay young-in-heart, when she's free from care. "Those" cares, for example. And that's why you always insist on Kotex, for with that exclusive safety center you're sure . . . secure.

Moreover, you're free from revealing outlines, with those flat pressed ends of Kotex. Free from discomfort, too, because Kotex is a dream of softness . . . is made to stay soft while you wear it. And because your daintiness is so important, each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. Yes, and only Kotex has 3 sizes (Regular, Junior, Super Kotex).

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SANITARY NAPKINS
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More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

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THE LUCK OF AH SIN

Continued from Page 21

family name. He frankly hoped to do so with Fragrant Lotus, so named by her doting father, but much better known as Mike.

Whenever he thought of her, Sin's six-feet-two of bone and muscle turned to marrow. It was for love of Mike, whom he'd met in a New York USO, that he had settled in Coveport, where her father, the venerable Sen Yang, occupied the chair of Oriental Philosophy at the state university.

But every man to his racket. What Sin was mainly interested in was amassing the ten thousand dollars the old gentleman insisted Mike's husband must have in cash.

Sin seldom thought of himself as Chinese. His taproots were too deep in the soil of America.

In the army, on rare occasions when some detractor had questioned his loyalty because of the color of his skin, his stock reply had been, "Now, look, fellow. I'm an American, see? Back almost as far as that dame Pocahontas. I was born upstairs on the corner of Pell and Mott streets in New York. My old lady and old man were born in Chicago. Their fathers and mothers were born in Sacramento. As far as I am concerned, China is just a place that my great-grandfather came from. I savvy the lingo, sure. You want to make something out of it? You want to catchee punch in nosee, or you want to come back Fliday?"

His detractors had always chosen to come back Friday—some Friday when Sin was far away.

Coveport had liked him from the start. He was accepted everywhere from the M. E. church, where he sang baritone in the choir, to the Coveport Chamber of Commerce, which he had just joined.

NOW Mike laid her hand on his arm. "I'll have to run, Gorgeous," she told him. "But you don't need to drive me home." She wrinkled her nose at him. "That is, unless you want to."

He reached his panama from its hook and motioned Harry Lee, one of his waiters, up to the register. "Sit on the cash drawer, will you, Harry?"

The day had been hot. But here under the elms on the quiet residential street bordering on the quadrangle, it was cool. Sin parked his car in front of the Yang home and, shifting slightly in her seat, Mike leaned back against his massive chest, his arms around her.

"Love me, Gorgeous?" she asked.

"I'm nuts about you," Sin assured her.

She snuggled even closer. "How long before we can be married?"

"Not long." He hesitated; added, "But look, Mike. If you would even let me sit in that little nickel-dime game they play in the back room of the Elks' Club, it might be I could—"

She twisted so her cheek was pressed to his. "You promised."

"Yeah," Sin sighed. "You're right. Maybe I could make a killing. Maybe not. But we don't dare take a chance. Not now."

"And about that other matter," she began. "Mr. Shannon. I know how you feel about it. But as I understand it, he *is* a power here in Coveport. And you won't do anything that might jeopardize our happiness, will you, sweetheart?"

Sin explained, "It's an old dodge in New York. They go to some merchant and tell him, 'You pay us so much a week and we'll see that dirty so-and-so gang don't bust your windows or throw stink bombs in your store.' Then, if you don't pay, you get your windows bust or stink bombs."

"And you wouldn't want that, would you?"

"No. I couldn't afford it."

"That's what I mean," Mike persisted. "Ten dollars a week isn't much. And we don't dare take a chance, not with happiness so close. Promise me, you great big hunk of man."

Sin held her closer. "Promise you what?"

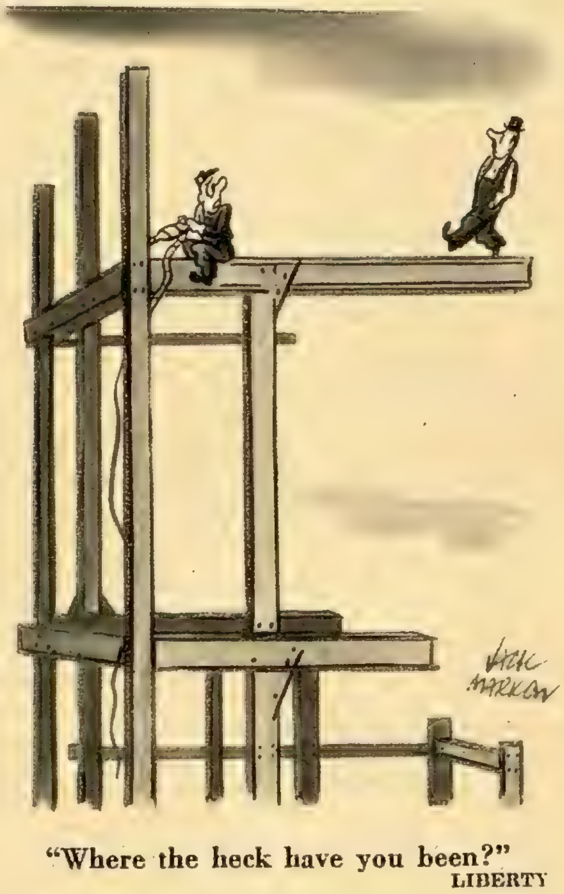
"That you won't do anything foolish. That you won't have any trouble with Mr. Shannon. That you'll subscribe to his Merchant Patrol."

"Well, I'll see," Sin temporized. He stoppered her insistence with a kiss, then swore as the venerable Sen Yang turned on the porch light and peered out under the elms.

"Is that you out there, my child?" he asked in his precise English. "If it is, the hour is growing late."

"Yes, father. Coming," Mike answered dutifully.

Alone, Sin drove slowly back along the road that led past Shannon's night club. Business was good at the Golden Pheasant. The parking lot was black with cars.



"Where the heck have you been?"
LIBERTY

It wasn't the money. It was the principle of the thing. "Now, why does he need my lousy ten bucks," Sin swore. "I'll talk to some of the boys. There must be *some* of them that are standing up to him."

THE next noon, Sin found his first meeting with the Chamber of Commerce very pleasant.

He should have been happy. He wasn't. And as soon as the meeting broke up he cornered Phil Ermine, the credit jeweler, in a recess of the hotel lobby. "Look, Mr. Ermine. About this Merchant Patrol."

"Oh-oh," Ermine grinned. "So Shannon got around to you, did he, Sin? Well, my advice is to subscribe to his service, and forget it. It's a clip, certainly. But the measly ten dollars a week isn't worth raising a fuss about and maybe getting your windows broken, or possibly getting beaten up."

Ermine moved on, and Sin buttonholed, in turn, Mason the grocer, Charters the real-estate man, and Kendall, who was nursing a struggling shoestore.

Mason looked frightened and refused to discuss the matter. Charters' reaction was much the same as Ermine's had been. Only Kendall was bitter about it. "Yes, I subscribe to the Patrol," he admitted. "I was warned I had better, if I didn't want any trouble, but frankly, I can't afford it. Right now my margin of profit is too small."

"You complained to the police?" Sin asked him.

"Yes," Kendall said, "I did. And as far as I can ascertain, the chief is honest but powerless to do much about it. He offered to post a guard in front of my store if I wanted one, but warned me frankly that the last firm who refused to sign up, a dry-cleaning establishment, had two of its trucks overturned and every garment in the shop ruined by chemical bombs. And if that should happen to me now—" Kendall walked away.

His eyes thoughtful, Sin strolled down the street to the Elks' Club. He bought a drink at the bar as an excuse to talk to Mickey Hanson. "Why do they call Shannon 'Initials'? And where does he get his drag?" he asked the barman.

Hanson said Shannon was called "Initials" because of his passion for having his initials—R. M. S.—embroidered, painted, or printed on everything he possessed.

His drag came from a willingness to do the political dirty jobs. Then, Coveport was a college town. The regents didn't want any open scandal. They were afraid it would give the U. a bad name. "More," Hanson concluded, "Shannon is smart. He seldom pushes anyone too far. This way it's not worth their while to stand up and take a beating. It's not worth *your* while."

(*Continued on page 76*)

FEW
WOMEN
DARE
LIVE
THE
other
LOVE . . .

FEW
MEN
DARE
GIVE
THE
other
LOVE . . .

THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS
PRESENT THE DARING UNPUBLISHED STORY BY
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
WHO WROTE "ARCH OF TRIUMPH"

BARBARA STANWYCK ★ DAVID NIVEN

THE *other* LOVE

WITH **RICHARD CONTE**

GILBERT ROLAND · JOAN LORRING · LENORE AUBERT · MARIA PALMER · NATALIE SCHAFER

DIRECTED BY ANDRE de TOTH · A DAVID LEWIS PRODUCTION

SCREEN PLAY BY LADISLAS FODOR AND HARRY BROWN · ADAPTED FROM THE SHORT STORY "BEYOND" BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE · A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

(*Continued from page 74*)

Sin finished his drink and left. Hanson was right. The smart thing for him to do was to lay his ten dollars on the line. On the other hand, just what had he spent four years of his life fighting for?

He was still debating the question when he reached his restaurant. He went directly into the kitchen. Yat Toy, the aged cook, was beaming. They had served forty more lunches that day than they had on the same day the week before. The place was developing into a gold mine. He jerked his thumb at the swinging door and informed Sin that a man was waiting for him.

The man was Blake. It was the lull following the noon rush hour. Except for Yat Toy and the waiters, the restaurant was deserted.

"What you want?" Sin asked.

Blake was amused. "He asts me what I want. I want forty dollars, Chinky Toodle, one month's subscription to Shannon's Merchant Patrol. I told you last night there would be a collector around today."

His wallet in his hand, Sin still hesitated. It wasn't fair. It wasn't American. Yet he didn't want his windows broken, his customers driven away, his marriage to Mike postponed indefinitely.

BLAKE misread his mind. "And don't try to get tough about it," he warned Sin. "You ain't the only ex-G. I. in town. So you were a paratrooper. I was with General Patton."

Sin returned his wallet to his pocket. "Look, sad sack," he told Blake. "I don't care if you were with General Grant." Suddenly he didn't. "And you go back and tell your boss I said so. Tell him, like President Roosevelt, or maybe it was Benjamin Franklin said, 'When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to hold the truth to be self-evident, I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'"

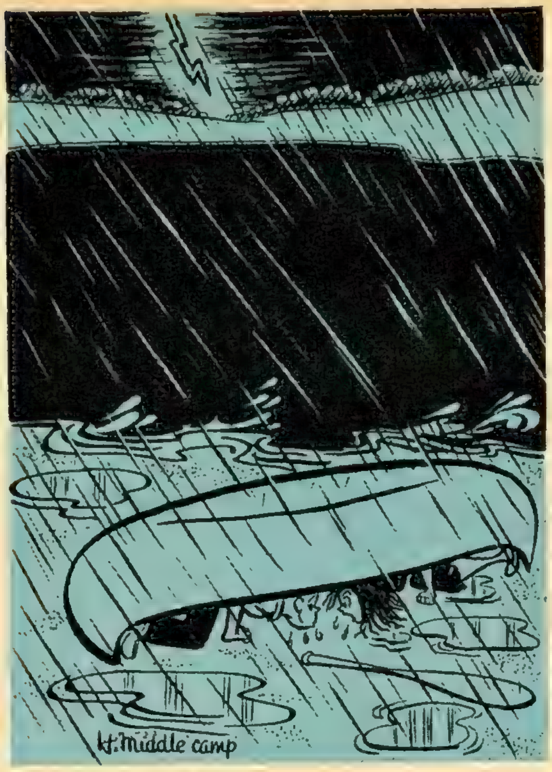
His eyes narrowing, Blake got to his feet and sidled out of the booth. "You nuts, or what?"

"That could be," Sin admitted cheerfully. "Why? You want to make something of it. You want to catchee punch in nosee? Or do you want to come back Fliday?"

Blake slipped a revolver from his coat pocket and leveled it at Sin's middle. "Now calm down and listen to me. Either you kick in or—"

The gun was a mistake on Blake's part. Somewhere over Sicily, Sin had developed a terrific allergy to revolvers that were pointed at him. Without thinking, he struck at the man holding it. His back to the plate-glass window, there was only one place Blake could go. He crashed through the window onto the sidewalk. There, screaming with fear, he scrambled wildly for safety.

As he picked himself from the gutter, a city patrolman ran up and wanted to know what was going on. Ah Sin pointed to Blake. "Ask him."



"You and your moonlit lake!!"
LIBERTY

Bleeding from a dozen minor cuts, Blake limped across the street and got into an initialed car which pulled immediately from the curb.

Clutching a meat cleaver in one hand and a butcher knife in the other, Yat Toy, followed by Harry Lee and Charlie Moy, crowded out onto the walk to back up Sin. Yat Toy summed up the situation. "Customer allee samee drunk," he informed the patrolman. "Laise lots of hell in lestaulant. Then fall through window. Boom! Tch-tch-tch. So solly."

A crowd gathered quickly. Rabb, the druggist on the corner, looked at Sin, then looked away. So did Meyers the bakery man. They knew what had happened. And now they were afraid to know him. Where was the spirit of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and Henry Clay and all the other great Americans about whom he had read in school? In all of Sin's twenty-eight years he had never felt so alone.

The days that followed weren't pleasant. The window was barely replaced before it was broken again by a brick hurled from a speeding car. He had a third window put in, but this time he could get no insurance. Then there was the matter of produce. Unless Sin rose at four and went to the market himself to select and convey personally, his vegetables arrived liberally sprinkled with kerosene. The meat situation was similar. All of it was cleverly done. Rumors came back to him that he was serving food unfit for human consumption and had been cited by the Health Department for the unsanitary condition of his kitchen. He posted his Health Department card on his front door—and that night the glass door was broken. Business grew practically nonexistent.

The suit was the last straw. He was served with notice to appear in the suit of one Gladys May Jaeger. She alleged that on the night of July 13th, after dining at the Coveport Chop Suey Palace, she had suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning due to unclean or unfit food eaten at said café. She had therefore instructed her lawyer to sue, in her behalf, one Ah Sin, sole proprietor of said café, for the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

The local paper played up the suit in headlines. That night Sin served only two tables. One was occupied by transients passing through. At the other sat Mike and her father.

Mike hadn't understood. But she was loyal. Her presence was proof of that.

Yat Toy saw that they dined well, so well in fact that, belching politely to show his appreciation, Professor Yang descended from the philosophical peaks long enough to inquire how Ah Sin's bank account was prospering.

"It couldn't be better," Sin told him. "I have enough to last me the rest of my life if I die in the next five minutes."

Fragrant Lotus translated the statement into English for her father. "Ah Sin replies that he is not doing very well financially."

"Ho. That is bad," Yang sympathized. "The uneducated Western palate fails to comprehend the exquisite subtlety of your cuisine?"

"I guess you could call it that," Sin said dryly.

YANG patted his arm with thin esthetic fingers and, speaking in Chinese, launched into a long Chinese proverb concerning the merits of patience, and the various means in which a man can circumvent a seemingly unkind fate.

Ah Sin eyed Yang with fresh respect. He went back into the kitchen. "Look. How much money you got?" he asked Yat Toy.

"Complete?" the Chinese cook demanded.

"Complete."

"One thousand two hund-ed an' twenty dolla'."

"Can I borrow it?"

"Sure."

The questioning of Harry Lee and Charlie Moy added six hundred dollars more. With the two thousand dollars, his last two thousand dollars, which he had drawn from the bank that morning in the hope of persuading Mike to marry him with or without her father's consent, it gave him a grand total of three thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars, a roll that should be large enough to whet Shannon's rapacious appetite.

His active mind raced on ahead. Now, if Hanson had told the truth and Shannon ran a typical gambling joint—well, the prospects were, to say the least, quite pleasing. Feeling more like the old self-confident Sin than he had felt in weeks, the big youth sat looking at Mike. "Listen, cream in my coffee. When you put the old man to beddy-by, climb into a northern exposure. I'll show up sometime around midnight wearing a summer Van Johnson and we'll pile into the heap and roll out to a place I know of where they beat it out eight to the bar."

Puzzled, Professor Yang looked at his daughter.

She translated, "Ah Sin has just invited me to a dance and requests that I dress in formal summer attire."

Yang beamed at them.

"What's the idea?" Mike asked Sin. "What are you up to now?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he told her. "Once upon a time Mr. Robert Service, or maybe it was Mr. Bret Harte, writing about a landsman of mine, once said, 'Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain, that for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar.' "

THE Golden Pheasant was, as far as Sin could tell, a run-of-the-mill clip joint, with the exception of the multiplicity of initials of which Hanson had spoken. Shannon's initials were on everything from the napery to the bass drum on the bandstand. Sin danced three dances with Mike to make certain his presence was known. Then he called for his check and paid it, making certain that the waiter got a good look at the size of his roll.

Still suspicious, Mike allowed him to escort her to the stairs leading to the gambling rooms. But halfway up the stairs she stopped him. "Now look, Gorgeous. I love you. But you promised me—"

He laid a finger on her lips. "You want to marry me?"

She said, "I do."

Their upward climb resumed. "Then use your head," he told her in Chinese. "When the bleating lamb is led to the shearing, only the foolish weaver complains."

The dance floor had been crowded. The gambling rooms were jammed with well-dressed men and women. Men, dozens of whom Sin knew by sight, were crowded around the faro layout, the roulette wheel, and the poker, dice, and blackjack table.

More, he and Mike were expected. Blake stood on one side of the stairhead, Shannon stood on the other. Nodding curtly at the big youth, Shannon opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, Hanson, who had been buying chips at the cashier's cage, came up to them grinning. "Evening, Miss Yang. Hello there, Sin. I thought you didn't gamble." He shook his head.

Sin sighed. "No. It's just things are so bad with me, Mickey." He took his roll from his pocket and balanced it on one palm. "That's it. I really don't know whether to risk it or not. But I thought maybe," he added meekly, "that I could pick up a stake out here, enough to pay

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my debts and get me out of town." He dropped his voice an octave. "The games are honest?"

Mickey winked over Mike's head at Shannon. "Absolutely. Why, just the other night there was a young fellow in here who had never gambled before and he walked out with eighteen thousand dollars."

Wide-eyed, Sin marveled to Mike, "Just think of that!" He bought one hundred dollars' worth of chips and walked directly to one of the dice tables, Mike tagging along sullenly behind him.

It was a well-run game, but crowded. The players were squeezed in around the table until the stickman barely had room to manipulate his rake. Sin looked for the spare dice box and found it cradled in a nest of chips. Even the dice, as Hanson had said, were initialed. From time to time the stickman threw out fresh dice and dropped the others back into the box.

THE dice made two rounds of the table before Sin had the information he wanted. Then he squeezed in between a player and the stickman. When the dice came to him, he bet ten dollars, made his point, let it lay, and won again. Then, flushed with excitement, he asked the stickman if there was a limit on the game.

"Things have been going against me," the big youth admitted, "but tonight I feel lucky, somehow. And I'd like to shoot the works."

As he spoke he tossed the roll of bills on the table. It unfolded, like a head of lettuce in water, displaying fifty- and one-hundred-dollar leaves.

"Make or break," Sin continued. "I'd like to bet that much plus my chips." He added his remaining ninety dollars in chips to the proposed wager. "With my original bet, plus the thirty dollars I just won, there should be three thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars there."

Lifting his eyes from the roll of bills with an effort, the stickman said, "I'll have to talk to the boss."

From across the table, Mickey Hanson called, "You're crazy, Sin."

The news of the wager spread fast. Men crowded around the table. It was banked four deep in the short space of time before Blake and Shannon reached it. Shannon wanted to know what was wrong.

The stickman pointed first to Sin, then at the roll of bills. "This guy wants to bet his wad. He says that he feels lucky. He wants me to fade three thousand eight hundred and fifty bucks."

Shannon counted the bills and the chips. "Sure," he said, looking up. "If the gentleman feels lucky, go ahead and fade him. I'll fade him myself." He slipped his wallet from his pocket and counted eight five-hundred-dollar bills on top of Sin's wager, picking up his change.

The stickman casually picked a pair of fresh dice from the spare box, dropped them into the leather cup, and handed the cup to Sin. "You are the shooter, mister."

Sin immediately removed the dice from the cup and putting a six and a one together made certain they made seven all around.

Blake was amused. "You don't think we'd cheat you, do you?"

"Oh, no." Sin's smile was bland as he pointed to the gold letters R. M. S. "I am certain that Mr. Shannon wouldn't have his own initials stamped on dishonest dice."

"Shoot," Shannon said tersely.

Without further ado Sin shook the cup and bouncing the dice off the far cushion rolled a seven. The stickman stared at it, incredulous. So did Shannon and Blake.

Sin picked up the dice again before the stickman recovered sufficiently to retrieve them, and announced. "Now I shoot seven thousand seven hundred dollars. Would you care to fade me again, Mr. Shannon? Or is that too large a wager for you?"

Shannon looked at the stickman. He glanced at the spare dice box, then nodded almost imperceptibly. Sin knew what the stickman was thinking. He was thinking, It was a fluke. It couldn't happen again in a hundred years—not with the dice I gave him.

Shannon sent Blake to the office for sufficient money to cover the wager. When it arrived he added it to the hill of bills on the table. "O.K. Go ahead and shoot. You still have the dice."

Sin agitated the cup, rolled another seven. In the dead silence that followed, he apologized, "It would seem I win again." He unbuttoned his white dinner jacket, allowing the coat to drape open and expose the black waffled butt of a heavy-calibered automatic before drawing the pile of bills toward him. Then, laying the dice on top of the bills with their initialed side up, he looked directly at Shannon. "Any complaint, Mr. Shannon? Would you care to have any of these gentlemen around me examine your own dice to make certain that everything was fair?"

With a murderous look at the white-faced stickman, Shannon said, "No. That won't be necessary."

"Then," Sin told him, still smiling blandly, "if you have no objections, I'll keep the dice for a souvenir and call it a good evening. Like that great American, Mr. Barnum, is reputed to have said, 'It never pays for a sucker to push his luck too far.' "

Later, in her father's living room, Mike told him she had never been so happy. Then, womanlike, she remembered and sat up. "But you *did* break your promise to me. You promised you wouldn't gamble."

Sin pulled her back where she had been. "I wasn't gambling," he grinned. "I was being robbed." He took a pair of dice from his pocket and rolled them on the carpet. They stopped with an ace, deuce showing. He rolled them again and both of them turned up aces. "Those are the dice the stickman gave me," he explained. "They meant for me to crap out on the first roll."

Mike demanded, "Then, how—"

"I used these dice," Sin told her. He took a second pair of dice, also initialed R. M. S., from his pocket and rolled them on the carpet. In five rolls, seven came up three times, eleven twice. "The dice," Sin continued, "that I snitched out of the 'pass' compartment of the stickman's box while his and everybody else's eyes were plastered on the roll that I tossed out on the table. That's why Shannon didn't dare to kick. He couldn't afford to let the suckers know he runs loaded dice into his games."

SIN regarded the dice with pleasure. He thought it would be interesting to put both pairs of dice in his window tastefully arranged on a square of black velvet and allow Coveport to draw its own conclusions. The story had started on its rounds and there is nothing like good old-fashioned horse laughter to puncture a puffed-up muscle man. In fact, he wouldn't be too surprised if Shannon's Merchant Patrol shortly ceased to be a power.

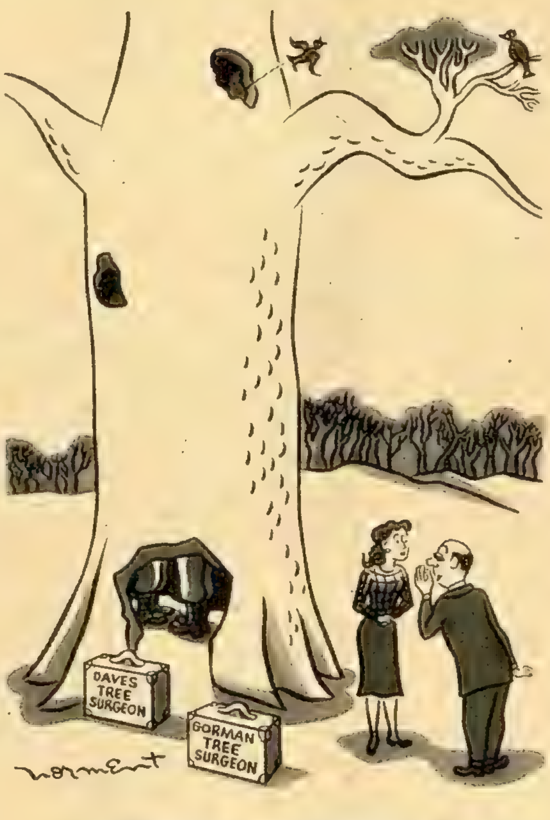
Mike sighed and snuggled closer. "You—you're gorgeous," she informed him. "Kiss me."

Dawn wasn't far away when Sin returned to the café. Yat Toy, Harry Lee, and Charlie Moy were still up.

"How you do?" Yat Toy asked.

"I do O.K.," Sin told him. Grinning, he pulled handfuls of crumpled bills from his pockets. "Yeah, I do all right," he confirmed his former statement. "In fact, I win quite a few things."

THE END



"They're in consultation."

LIBERTY

FRIEND OF KING SALMON

Continued from Page 29

membership card to their friends amid loud chuckles.

But Herb and his friends weren't joking. The dams were leveled, the river cleared, and young salmon obtained from the federal fish hatchery at Orland, Maine, and planted in the headwaters. Then all they could do was wait, for it would take three years for the fish to go to sea, mature, and return.

It was a period of tense waiting for Dennysville people; a period during which they had to endure the good-humored jokes of their itinerant club members.

But at last came electrifying news: A New York angler, fishing for trout, had landed a twelve-pound salmon. Rod-and-gun editors spread the news, and overnight, among anglers, the Dennys became the most talked-of river in the East.

It wasn't a false alarm. That first year not more than a dozen fish were taken, but last year the catch had risen to about 150. The faith of the men of Dennysville had borne fruit. The Dennys will never be a great salmon river because it is too small, but its name will live forever in the memory of true conservationists.

Inspired by the successful reclamation of the Dennys, those who lived near the Narraguagus River, about forty miles to the west, formed an association to reclaim that waterway. Last year the Narraguagus yielded about 500 fish, and it was estimated that another 1,000 reached the spawning grounds. Larger than the Dennys, with far more good fish water, the Narraguagus is on its way toward becoming a major salmon river. Last year anglers from virtually all parts of the East were among those who fished it.

The results obtained on the two rivers prove that scores of rivers along the entire northern Atlantic seaboard can be reclaimed.

Reclamation of the major rivers will take time, a lot of money, and the full co-operation of the public, but it can be done. There is no logical reason why salmon cannot once again ascend even the Hudson. Eventually all of our communities of any size must have sewage-disposal plants. Reclamation plants for industries, so that industrial wastes will not be dumped in the rivers, must be built. Fish ladders must be built over our dams.

This is an ambitious program, to be sure, but it is one that must be put through in the end, for we cannot continue to live in filth.

Perhaps some day chambers of commerce will be able to boast that their rivers are so clean that even a salmon can live in them. Then man will have atoned for his past sins against the king of fish.

THE END

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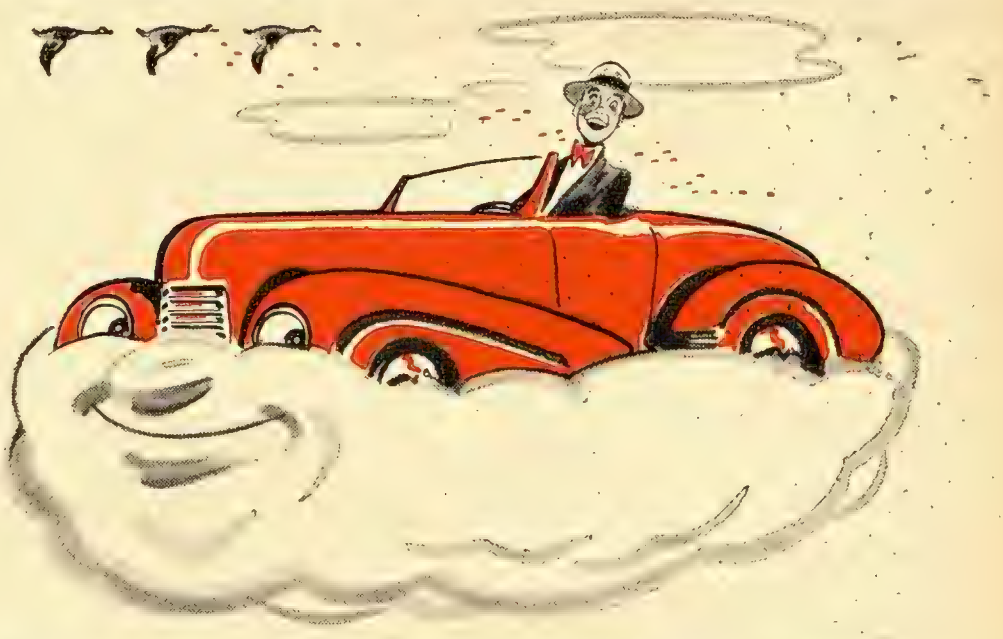

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NEW HOPE FOR HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Continued from Page 33

history of one man with high blood pressure whom Dr. Kempner calls a *typical* case.

This apparently normal man was 37 years old before he was told that he had high blood pressure. His doctor advised sedatives and the patient took them. When his blood pressure continued high and he began to feel uncomfortable, he went into New York Hospital, where they told him he had hypertensive vascular disease. The following year the Neurological Institute at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center noted that his heart had become involved.

In an effort to do something drastic to get the blood pressure down below the danger mark, the doctors at Columbia recommended Rockefeller Hospital, where they were experimenting with a new drug, tyrosinase. For 23 days our friend submitted to injections of tyrosinase, and the blood pressure did come down a little. But two weeks later it began rising. The man played along with Rockefeller for ten months more. Then he began to react so badly to the drug that it had to be stopped.

Since his blood pressure was still dangerously high, the doctors advised him to go to Massachusetts General Hospital where the operation for high blood pressure called lumbodorsal sympathectomy was being performed. This surgical feat is brilliantly done by Dr. Reginald Smithwick of Boston. It means cutting into the sympathetic nervous system in order to block off the nerves that supply the blood vessels of the abdomen. The abdomen is made into a "swamp" where blood can be puddled, thus releasing the strain on the major blood vessels. A distinct lowering of the blood pressure often follows. Many people are alive today because of sympathectomy.

THERE are, however, patients who do not improve with the operation. The man under discussion was a case in point.

He had the operation and did appear to improve. But two years later his blood pressure was higher than it had ever been before. His doctor gave him testosterone, which occasionally brings good results. But the blood pressure continued to climb.

Two months later the patient landed at Duke University. Overweight, he was put on a drastic reducing diet for twenty days, which did not appreciably affect his blood pressure. Then he began the rice diet proper. The blood pressure went steadily down to normal. Since then his pressure has been hovering at 128 over 90 as compared with 220 over 132. The most significant sign of improved health is that his heart, which had grown enormous with the extra work required of it, began to decrease in size. He stopped being an invalid and returned to a full-time job.

CURB YOUR DOG
Ed Nofziger

LIBERTY

High blood pressure usually attacks people over forty, though age alone cannot be blamed for it. Though the underlying cause remains a mystery, doctors believe that certain physical types are more apt to have hypertension than others. People who are stocky, energetic, aggressive, are more likely victims than long, thin, nervous people.

The term blood pressure refers to the amount of pressure the heart is required to use in order to pump blood into the vessels of the body. If the blood vessels are narrowed and tense, or thickened and clogged, as in arteriosclerosis, the heart has to exert more pressure.

When the doctor tells you that your blood pressure is 130 over 90, he is comparing the systolic pressure with the diastolic. Systolic refers to the pressure in the blood vessels when the heart is actively pumping. Diastolic refers to the "resting" pressure, when the heart is passively receiving the returning blood. Since the pressure is at its lowest possible level when the heart is relatively "at rest," the diastolic blood pressure is the more significant.

High blood pressure is generally taken as a sign that something has gone wrong in the body. Occasionally one of the vital organs is not functioning as it should. Kidney disease, for instance, can cause an alarmingly high blood pressure which, left untreated, may lead to death. Dr. Kempner has shown the beneficial effects of the rice diet on kidney disease. In 100 patients with primary kidney disease who went on the rice diet under careful supervision, 65 per cent showed marked improvement.

Various glandular disabilities that attack people in later life often show first in high blood pressure. A healthy mother of five children began to suffer from severe headaches and dizziness. Worse, she was losing her enthusiasm and joy of life, and, having always been a happy, energetic person, it worried her. When her doctor told her that her blood pressure was high, she was badly frightened. Her dearest friend had died the year before of sudden and acute hypertension. Fortunately she returned to her doctor to be reassured that in her case high blood pressure was related to the beginning of change of life. Somewhat doubtful, she took the hormone therapy he advised, and to her intense relief found that the high blood pressure was indeed a passing phase.

The hypertension that 90 to 95 per cent of the people have, for which doctors have been unable to find any organic cause, is called essential hypertension. Many people suffering from it can live practically normal lives. Certain vigorous activity has to be cut down. You don't play tennis, do deep-sea diving and try to test your endurance. The life expectancy is good, women here having a statistical edge on men. The chief requirement is a good doctor whose advice you'll follow. If you're overweight, he'll ask you to lose. He will prescribe sedatives, rest, and help you to readjust your life activities, for continued high blood pressure usually enlarges the left ventricle of the heart.

The type of hypertension that is dangerous to life occurs most often in young people. A progressive and speedy hypertension, with enormously increased systolic and diastolic blood pressure, it affects other parts of the body as well. The eyes are affected through the retina and the optic nerve. It is this type of hypertension that leads also to congestive heart failure, to acute kidney disease, and to those accidents of the heart and brain that are called thromboses.

WHEN the eyes are involved, the disease is generally considered to be irreversible. But even in this severe form of hypertension, the rice diet has shown remarkable results.

High blood pressure is, according to some authorities, bound to increase so long as the tension of life also grows worse. City people are more apt to incur it than those who work harder but are spared the dash to the bus and the subway crush.

To try to combat this expected increase, a foundation has recently been formed which hopes for an annual sum of $3,000,000 for further research into the circulatory difficulties that kill half a million Americans every year. In so subtle and complex a disease as hypertension, Dr. Kempner's work, pointing toward the inner workings of body metabolism, is another step on the road toward the ultimate solution of this baffling decimator of women and men.

THE END

THE NEW TRUMAN
Continued from Page 15

I talked with the President a few months after Potsdam. Then he was a sad and lonely man. Potsdam was perhaps the worst ordeal ever faced by an American President. Thrown into that great arena without adequate knowledge of the secret negotiations of the previous administration, following in the footsteps of the towering figure of Franklin Roosevelt, the President clung to his friend Jimmy Byrnes, who, after all, had been at Yalta. But Byrnes himself was uncertain and bewildered, attempting to shape a policy from his memory of what Roosevelt had said he would do; trying to fathom how the master of improvisation would have acted. An impossible task!

The President is very different now. He is a calm and forceful man, bending all his expanding knowledge and ability to a high endeavor. Before our recent meeting I watched him at a press conference. He was clearly enjoying himself. He stood behind his desk on the balls of his feet, like a boxer. Alert and smiling, he swung sharply to right or left to answer the questions fired at him, or to parry them expertly. There was no doubt of his confident authority.

THE Trumans are now as much at home in the White House as they ever were in Independence, Missouri. The President still rises at 5:30 A.M., and at seven goes for a brisk walk with a Secret Service man, greeting startled early risers with a wave and a smile. He has not changed his basic tastes: he takes his customary two drinks of bourbon a day and likes best to spend his leisure time playing the piano or reading history or military memoirs—he is a leading authority on the strategy of the Civil War.

The President loves a good game of poker and plays his cards high, wide, and handsome. But as he settles down to the unremitting strain of his work, these pleasant evenings are less and less frequent.

Of all the perquisites of the Presidency, the one Truman gets the most fun out of is the Sacred Cow. He hates trains and is sick on ships, but he loves to fly. He is a hell-for-leather type of flyer, and on Christmas Day, 1945, he flew out to see his mother in Missouri through snow and sleet that grounded commercial planes. Mrs. Truman and Mary Margaret don't like flying. However, the President has many friends who do. He loads the Sacred Cow up with as many of them as she will hold—preferably poker players—and sets off, with his pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Henry T. Meyers, at the controls.

Mrs. Truman is a completely charming hostess whose unaffected hospitality makes the atmosphere of the White House one of gracious simplicity. Mary Margaret, who is more interested in a musical career

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than in the ephemeral glitter of being the President's daughter, lives mostly in New York, but when she is home the rugs come up in the Blue Room and the young people of Washington arrive to dance the samba and eat a buffet supper.

The recent change in Harry Truman has been variously ascribed to new advisers, a difference of the political climate, or a change in his nature. The fact is that it is not change, but growth.

This does not imply that the President has not some good advisers. By trial and error he has acquired an excellent little Brain Trust. John R. Steelman, John W. Snyder, Charles G. Ross, Major General Harry H. Vaughan, Clark Clifford, and Matthew J. Connelly counsel him on domestic policy; while on foreign and military matters he draws upon the wisdom of Admiral William D. Leahy, Secretary of State Marshall, whom the whole nation trusts and even the Russians respect, and General Eisenhower, whose broad knowledge of the world situation is illumined by an extraordinary clarity of thought and a selfless passion for liberty. Nevertheless, it is the President himself who determines the policy of the government.

There are four factors in the President's character that are fundamentals of the man. One is his integrity—this is absolute. A second is his idealism, which is tempered by the Missourian's characteristic caution. The third is his kindliness, which sometimes overrides his judgment. The last is his ability to grow.

HARRY TRUMAN'S life story is an account of the growth of a man. It is not a steady progression but a series of great advances, followed by apparently static periods. The story is divided neatly into chapters, each sharply defined.

First there is his boyhood in Missouri, a very American, Tom Sawyerish chapter of farms and small neat towns like Independence. Harry's father, John Truman, raised and traded in livestock. There were chores for a boy to do and, as he grew older, jobs to earn a little much-needed cash.

Though Harry Truman was a tough and wiry boy, he was not fond of sport—he got plenty of exercise through plain hard work. He loved best to read. In western Missouri, education was a luxury; a book was still a precious thing.

Harry also had a surprisingly deep love of music, and his mother pinched pennies to give him piano lessons. That was really a luxury.

He graduated from high school in 1901, at the age of 17—it was the end of his formal education. There was no money for college. The family had a little influence and got the boy appointed to West Point. Harry might have known it was no use—with those weak eyes of his. He failed the physical examination.

That was the end of Chapter One, of boyhood. Then came an interim when he worked first as clerk and then as bookkeeper in various Kansas City banks. Harry's banking career closed when his uncle Harrison Young decided to retire and offered his prosperous Grandview farm to John Truman and his sons, Harry and Vivian. Harry was twenty-five. For the next ten years he was almost completely happy; the farm prospered and for the first time the Trumans had a real sense of security.

It ended abruptly on April 6, 1917, when the United States entered the war against Germany. Harry Truman had been a member of the Missouri National Guard since 1905—he firmly believes that it is every citizen's duty to be prepared to fight for his country. He was commissioned as a first lieutenant of artillery.

There followed one of Truman's periods of rapid growth. He learned fast, not only how to shoot guns, but how to lead men. On September 6, 1918, Captain Harry Truman was commanding Battery D, 129th Field Artillery in the Vosges Mountains of France. We have a glimpse of him standing in a downpour behind his four 75s, giving the order to fire. Almost instantly the reply from a battery of German howitzers turns the clearing into pandemonium. Horses are kicking and screaming, men are groping through the smoke and mud. Hysteria sweeps the men. They stampede for safety; then halt, as a rapid fire of oaths jars them back to sanity. Captain Truman is standing in the middle of his battery. His first printable words are, "Come back and help me hitch up the teams and get these guns out of here!"

They got the guns out, and fought them through St. Mihiel and the Argonne down to the village of Hermaville, where they stopped at 10.45 A. M., November 11, 1918.

Harry Truman stayed in the service for a while after the war, rising to the rank of major. Then, with an army pal named Eddie Jacobson, he started the famous haberdashery shop in Kansas City. It failed in the flash depression of 1921.

So Harry was more than broke—he owed a large sum of money. And he had taken a wife. Bess Wallace had gone to school with Harry Truman in Independence. Through nearly twenty years, whether he lived in Kansas City or Grandview, he always managed to get back to Independence to see her. They were married on June 28, 1919, and moved into the big white house that has been their home ever since.

RUGS C
Huffine

"I don't think it's necessary to blaze 53d Street, Harold!"
LIBERTY

AFTER the failure of the shop, help came from an unexpected direction. Jim Pendergast, a nephew of Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City, had served for a while under Captain Truman and, like all his men, had grown to love him. Now Jim came to him and suggested that Uncle Tom would like Harry to run for county judge of the Eastern District of Jackson County. This was not a legal position, but a managerial one. Judges were chosen for their integrity, not for legal ability.

Harry Truman had no illusions about Uncle Tom, but his case was desperate. Not so desperate, however, as to keep him from going to see the Boss and saying, "I want to make it clear that if I should get elected, I won't be mixed up in any monkey business."

The Boss grinned and promised, "No monkey business."

Truman won the election, and worked hard at his new job. Then, in the Democratic rout of 1924, he was defeated. He held odd jobs for two years, and in 1926 Pendergast nominated him for presiding judge of the County Court. He was elected by 16,000 votes.

For the next eight years Truman served Jackson County in that capacity, and even his enemies agree he served it well. There was the matter of the $11,000,000 bond issue for badly needed roads and public buildings. The people were loath to vote for it, because they argued from experience that a large amount of the money would find its way into Boss Pendergast's pockets. Truman said to Pendergast, "I'm going to tell the taxpayers just what I am going to do with the money, and then I will keep my word."

Boss Tom said, "If you can get them to vote for it, you can do as you please."

Truman publicly promised the voters that every contract would be let to the lowest bidder. They evidently believed him, for they voted the bond issue. Then the contractors put on the squeeze. They got nowhere with Truman, so they went to Pendergast.

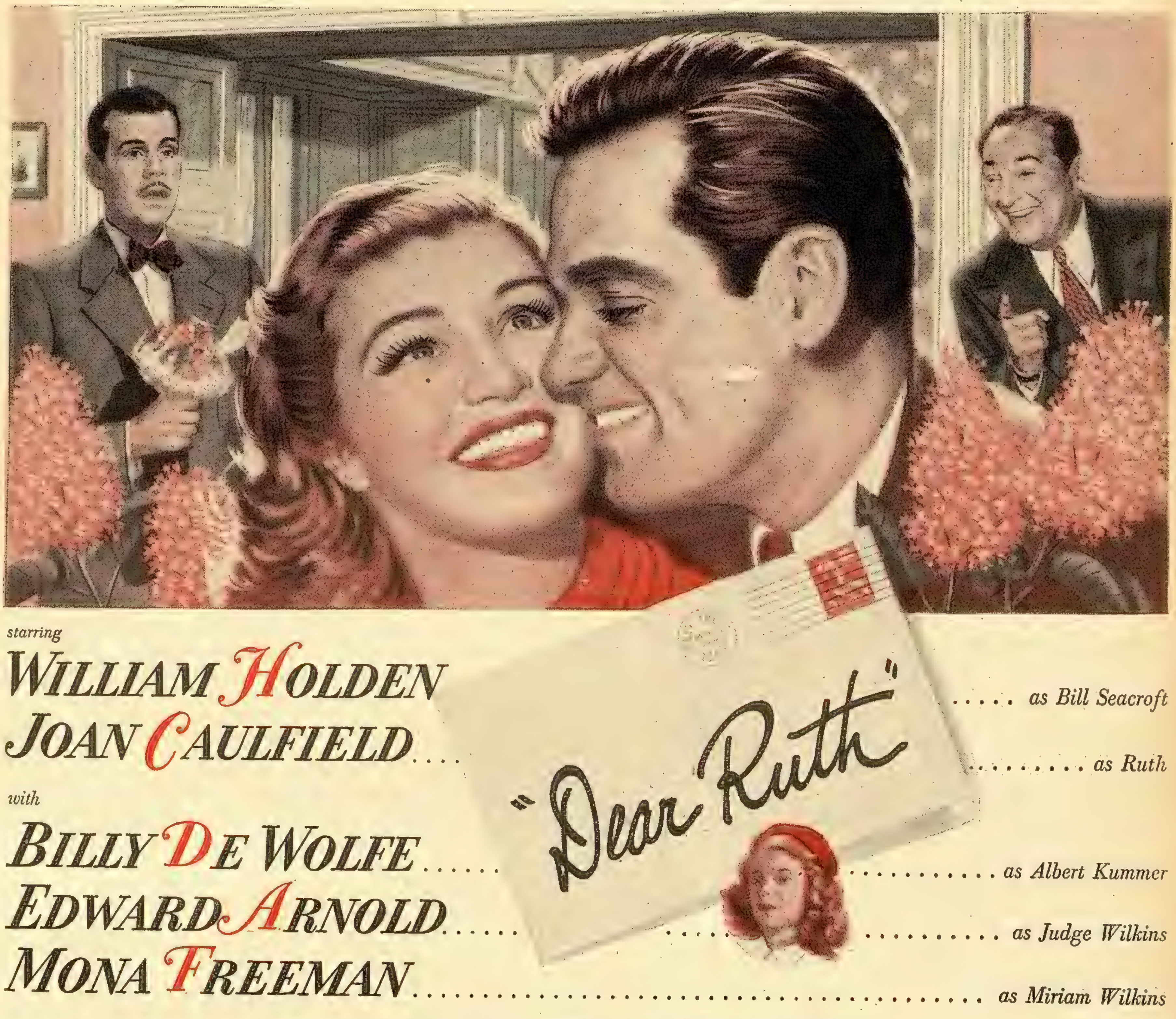
Truman got a telephone call from the Boss to come over to see him. He found the little office crowded with

(*Continued on page 84*)

MEET

"Dear Ruth"

WHOSE LOVE LETTERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MAILED IN ASBESTOS ENVELOPES . . . WHOSE SISTER GOT HER ENGAGED TO FIVE MEN AT ONCE! BROADWAY ROARED AT HER FOR 680 PERFORMANCES, CHICAGO LAUGHED FOR 15 MONTHS, LOS ANGELES HUGGED HER FOR 252 DAYS. NOW IT'S A WONDERFUL MOVIE AND THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD CAN LOVE "RUTH," TOO.



starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN ..... *as Bill Seacroft*

JOAN CAULFIELD .... *as Ruth*

with

BILLY DE WOLFE .... *as Albert Kummer*

EDWARD ARNOLD .... *as Judge Wilkins*

MONA FREEMAN .... *as Miriam Wilkins*

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Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by WILLIAM D. RUSSELL

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Based on the Play by Norman Krasna • A Paramount Picture

(Continued from page 82)

beefy men who were arguing loudly. Pendergast held up a large hand to quiet them. "Harry," he said, "I want you to explain about our agreement on the bond issue."

"You promised that there were to be no favors or politics in spending the money," Truman said flatly.

The Boss shrugged his huge shoulders. "You see, gentlemen," he said. "I promised."

Crooked though he was, Pendergast had the curious honor of the old-fashioned politician—he was loyal to his friends and he always kept his word. Years later, when the Boss died, a poverty-stricken jailbird, Harry Truman came back from Washington for the funeral. It was very bad publicity for Truman, but he said, "Pendergast was my friend and he was always fair with me."

IN 1934, Truman, who had handled the spending of millions of dollars without touching a thin dime, was having a hard time making ends meet on his small salary. His expenses had gone up and he was determined that his young daughter, Mary Margaret, should have the musical education her promising talent deserved. He asked Pendergast's permission to run for county assessor. But Boss Tom had promised the job to someone else. "The best I can do for you is senator."

"But I'd be worse off," Truman protested. "Five dollars a day while I'm at the capital."

"I mean United States senator," said Boss Tom.

Truman's enemies say that Pendergast boasted that he would show his power by making an office boy senator. This is a fabrication. The truth is that men of unquestioned integrity were scarce in the Pendergast machine and the Boss needed Harry Truman's unsullied record. In the witch hunt that followed the indictment of Pendergast in 1939, the eager investigators were unable to find a single doubtful action in Truman's record, though they tried their utmost.

When Truman filed in the primaries in 1934, every large newspaper in the state was against him. To his surprise, he won the nomination and was elected in November, 1934. He was very conscious of the honor of being a senator, and went to work to equip himself to deserve it. This was another period of growth, which became apparent first in his work on the Senate Appropriations Committee, and then on the committee that bore his name.

When the war came in Europe, Truman became acutely conscious of the danger to America and of the inadequacy of her defenses. He decided to do something about it.

Complaints had come from Missouri that the construction of Fort Leonard Wood was being badly handled. In January, 1941, Truman went out to see for himself. He found waste, inefficiency, and disorganization rampant. Other camps that he visited were in a similar state. When he got back, Truman reported to the Senate, and proposed a committee to investigate the conduct of the defense effort while it was in progress—not afterward, when nothing could be done about it.

GEORGE WOLFE
UP
ESCALATOR

"I don't have the heart to tell him—he's been there three hours!"
LIBERTY

Grudgingly the Senate consented. The administration approved with even more misgivings, for they feared the disclosure of military secrets. Harry Truman was given the minute sum of $15,000 for his inquiry.

First he hand-picked his committee with an eye to getting hard workers. The counsel was the key position. Truman persuaded brilliant young Hugh Fulton to take the job by promising him that there would be no smearing, no whitewashing, no politics—nothing but the truth.

The Truman Committee made an outstanding contribution to the conduct of the war. No military secret leaked from them, though they knew all the vital statistics of war production. In addition to their investigations, they made such constructive moves as forcing the War Department to give Andrew Jackson Higgins a contract for landing craft, nudging the Navy into trying helicopters, and getting experiments started on rocket projectiles. Business men found they could trust Harry Truman's committee, and the Army and Navy admitted its value.

The day after Pearl Harbor, Truman got into his old uniform, went to the Secretary of War and asked for active service. Henry Stimson shook his head. "Senator, you are too valuable where you are."

The work of the Truman Committee was informed and guided by its chairman's philosophy of business, economics, and labor. He worked to preserve small business from being rubbed out by the rush of great industrial concerns. Even before D Day he was considering the best means of maintaining "a sound, healthy economy, capable of providing useful employment for all the facilities and labor which might not otherwise be fully utilized," in order that the home economy should not lose "the resiliency necessary for quick and successful conversion to peacetime occupations. . . . Our future must be based on an economy of plenty. . . ."

The year 1944 saw Roosevelt's last and hardest battle for re-election. There was no question of his nomination; but the Vice-Presidency was the subject of violent controversy. Roosevelt favored Wallace. However, Democratic National Chairman Robert Hannegan told him that Wallace's unpopularity with the conservative Democrats might split the party. Senator James Byrnes was the strongest candidate, but the labor leaders were against him. Harry Truman was strongly favored. He did not want the nomination.

Two years ago the President told me the story of how he was persuaded to change his mind. He went to Chicago to nominate Jimmy Byrnes, and on Thursday night, after Roosevelt was nominated for the fourth time, he was still laboring to bring in delegates for Byrnes. Then Bob Hannegan sent for him.

"Harry," Bob said abruptly, "the Boss wants you to have it."

Truman's quick, impulsive reaction was negative. "In the first place, I don't believe you," he said, "and in the second place, I don't want it."

Bob Hannegan argued well into the night. Byrnes agreed to support Truman; the labor chieftains were for him. In the end he consented. Sitting at the big mahogany desk in the Executive Office, the President added, smiling rather ruefully, "and that is why I'm here."

IN the late afternoon of April 12, 1945, Steve Early's voice sounded thick and strange over the telephone. "Come to the White House immediately," he said.

Truman did not dare ask why. He knew.

Two hours of confusion, and Truman found himself in the Cabinet Room of the White House. Bess was close to him, and Chief Justice Stone was standing in front of him. In his hand Truman held a little Bible that someone had handed him. The Chief Justice began to administer the Presidential oath. Truman could not speak for a moment, then he read the words from a slip of paper, ending with "So help me God." It was indeed a cry for help.

The hours of confusion became days. There was so much the President did not know; could never know. History was rushing like a wild, flooded river. Roosevelt's files were sealed and taken away, as is the invariable custom. His grieving advisers remained to help: Hopkins, wan and ghostly; the grim admirals, Leahy and King; General Marshall, who had wept as the new President took the oath; square-faced, steady Sam Rosenman; Steve Early, Jonathan Daniels, James Roosevelt, and Truman's own friend Jimmy Byrnes. They told him all they knew and showed him all the documents they had; but there were great gaps. He learned about the atom bomb—another awful decision to make.

The President felt very lost and lonely. He made many mistakes; but, as he said himself, "I don't look back and worry. If I did, I could never do the job."

Through all the confusion he was learning. His purpose of doing what was right for Americans and for all peoples remained steadfast. And his ability to carry it out has enormously increased.

BECAUSE he is a man who forthrightly says what is on his mind, it is possible to know how President Truman stands on most questions of the day. His great preoccupation is with making a real, permanent peace. The "Truman Policy" is based on the belief of the President and his advisers that the way to world settlement is for us to be strong, and to use our strength to help those countries who choose to live in freedom. They feel that if the United States makes it clear just what it will fight for, there is less chance of our stumbling into war with Russia than if, by appeasing her with soft words and irresolute action, we lead her to assume, as Germany did, that we lack the will to defend the ideals by which we live.

On the domestic front, the President seems less sure-footed. Part of his difficulty lies in the wide-open split in his own party between the ultra-conservative South, the wild and woolly West, and the radical vote in the industrial East. Also, a little of the New Deal's haziness on economics obscures his vision. His objectives of raising wages, supporting farm prices, and lowering the cost of living are mutually paradoxical.

As a poker player, the President frequently draws to an inside straight, for, as he says, "You can't win unless you take a chance like that." At times the inside-straight psychology seems to be applied in a wider field.

However, the President's domestic decisions are based on what he believes is right, without political fear or favor. When an issue leaves the realm of speculation and becomes plainly a matter of public interest, he does not hesitate to act swiftly and courageously—John L. Lewis will testify to that.

There is no longer any question that Truman will be the Democratic nominee to succeed himself. The Democratic National Committee is jubilant over his sky-rocketing in the public-opinion polls. And the 60 per cent of the people of the United States who believe that the President is doing a good job are right.

THE END

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A SECRET RUSSIAN MISSION THAT ALMOST CHANGED HISTORY

Continued from Page 28

his beliefs vindicated. In this he was strongly supported by Dr. Werner von Grundherr, the timid and laborious acting chief of section for Russia and the Scandinavian peninsula.

Their job was to help prepare a dossier for the Führer's decision—and help identify the man in Stockholm as a Russian official. It was a labor of love.

Von Schulenburg knew Aleksandroff from several personal meetings in Moscow. Grundherr knew him by record and reputation. He also dimly recalled the Russian as having accompanied Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov to Berlin for the conference of November, 1940. The description furnished by the two SS men tallied perfectly. The dossier was ready in jig time.

Himmler decided to rush the terms to Hitler, who was at his eastern headquarters near Königsberg, in East Prussia. As Himmler departed for the front, the old diplomats in the Wilhelmstrasse talked and hoped—and kept their fingers crossed. Who knew? This might be a turning point in the history of the world.

IN two days Himmler was back in a dither of excitement. He told how Hitler had pondered the matter and read all the related documents. Then, said Himmler, the Führer had asked this question:

"Now, who is this Aleksandroff? Is he a Jew or a Gentile?"

It was the one question that Himmler was not prepared to answer. No one had even considered it. Why would they? It was fantastic and preposterous that this should ever be a point of controversy; but there it was. A question that no one could answer.

A few diplomats have a vivid recollection of that frantic day when Himmler and his man Schellenberg came back and turned the Foreign Office topsy-turvy trying to find out if Aleksandroff was a Jew or a Gentile. "We must hurry!" Himmler kept crying, fluttering and wringing his hands. "The Führer is waiting to make a great decision!"

He had no need to admonish them. The diplomats were as anxious as he to have the Führer make a decision, but they were flabbergasted that such a big decision seemed to depend on such a meager issue. In dismay that he took no pains to hide, the old count confided to a friend: "This proves the man's madness. The world is at stake, yet he will waste priceless time to have a silly question looked up!"

Conferences were held, records were studied. No one could find out whether the old former Czarist was a Gentile or a Jew. Meanwhile, Ribbentrop is said to have taken huge delight in Himmler's discomfiture. The great Intelligence operative had been asked a simple question by his Führer—and he had been caught flat-footed!

"If ever proof were needed that foreign affairs should stay in the Foreign Office," Ribbentrop is reported to have said, "here it is!"

However, as the Foreign Office whipped into action on the matter, none knew better than its own members that they, and Ribbentrop, too, would have been caught flat-footed. They couldn't find the answer anywhere. Count von Schulenburg was sure that the high-born Russian had not so much as a drop of Jewish blood in his veins, but he couldn't prove it. Finally Dr. von Grundherr came with the suggestion that the query be put through Sofia.

Bulgaria, he pointed out, was still on friendly terms with both Germany and Russia. The German Minister at Sofia could probably get the Bulgarians to dig out the right answer quietly and very prudently through their legation in Moscow.

The old count demurred and protested that it would all take too long. But eventually he agreed.

A CODED message was sent then and there to the German Minister in Sofia, Adolf H. Beckerle. An old Nazi Party wheel horse and former Mayor of Frankfort on Main, Beckerle was not a career diplomat, but he had a great flair for politicking. When he got the message he stepped over to the Bulgarian Foreign Office and had a chat with an influential friend. The deal was arranged. Up in Moscow, in no time at all, Bulgarian Minister Ivan Stamenoff carried out instructions to have Aleksandroff's ancestry culled for several generations.

It was several days before the answer came back to Berlin via Sofia. It contained numerous items of information: (*a*) That there was no Jewish blood in Aleksandroff whatsoever; (*b*) that he was still Assistant Chief of Protocol and in charge of the Central European division; and (*c*) that he was absent from Moscow, but his whereabouts could not be determined and it was not known when he would return.

Unbeknown to the Germans, however, for a few hours following this message, was the fact that some time during the past few days there had been a leak. Russian Intelligence had learned that the Bulgarians had been asked to conduct a quiet investigation on Aleksandroff.

While the latest information from Moscow and Sofia was being forwarded to Hitler, word came from the Gestapo in Stockholm that Aleksandroff had left.

Himmler was frantic. Even more so was Count von Schulenburg. They asked and received assurance from the Führer's headquarters that a Germany emissary would be sent promptly to meet Aleksandroff if he would return to Stockholm. Thus prodded by Berlin, the SS. agents in Stockholm put more and more pressure on the intermediary, and were finally given to understand that the reason for Aleksandroff's withdrawal was the Russians' knowledge of the Bulgarian investigation. To the Kremlin, it had become clear that the security of the Aleksandroff mission had been imperiled before the Germans had made any move to reply. The Russians doubted if any further negotiations could be carried on without the knowledge filtering through to the Americans and British.

The Russian skittishness provides a droll side light to the episode which, as we shall see, was not exactly closed at this point, but only suspended. The stage beyond which one might be double-crossing the other was invariably an issue in the dealings between such consummate poker players as Stalin and Hitler. The Kremlin was well aware that a sudden unveiling of its emissary to public view by the Germans could serve to split the Big Three and double-cross the Soviet Union. Aleksandroff in Stockholm could—by German manipulation—become an explosive strong enough to smash the Allied coalition. So Moscow withdrew the potential explosive in a hurry.

THERE is also a touch of irony in the fact that the course of the war depended for a precious number of days on whether or not a few drops of Semitic blood could be found in the veins of a Russian. But under the surface it was by no means as droll or ironic or even as simple as that. The fact that Hitler was willing to stall is about proof enough that Stalin's terms were not acceptable as they stood. Subsequent developments seem to indicate, however, that had Aleksandroff stayed put, negotiations to reach more mutually satisfactory terms might have been pressed by both sides, and the Russo-German war ended then and there. For history tends to prove that there was no moment during the war more opportune for a separate peace between the two nations. Without any doubt, Hitler came to realize that he had missed the boat and, a few months later, tried to overtake it.

The next offer came from Berlin. By the fall of 1943, when the Nazi star was sinking but the Big Three had not yet reached a spirit of harmony at Teheran, Hitler sent soundings to Moscow which were pressed hard through the same old channels in Stockholm. He suggested a separate peace with Russia. Moscow ordered its intermediaries to appear ready to close a deal which would give the Baltic States to the Soviet Union, allow for Soviet expansion to the Persian Gulf coasts to the Arabian Sea, and support Soviet demands for control of Dairen, in Manchuria.

The negotiations, in the fall of 1943, were mentioned, but not elaborated, at the Nuremberg trials and in the House of Commons. They still need plenty of sunlight and fresh air, but they have not remained as completely concealed from the world as the Aleksandroff Affair—the incident that launched them. The second series of negotiations failed because Hitler refused to allow Russia to control the Middle East. His obduracy on that point is attributed by some to his conviction that the V-2 rocket bombs would prove a quick major setback to his enemies.

Success of the Normandy landings in June, 1944, is believed to have convinced him that his dream of a drive to India and a junction with the Japanese was doomed. But by that time his opportunity for a Russian settlement was gone. The warm personal relationship engendered at Teheran between Roosevelt and Stalin had welded the Big Three into a team in fact as well as in name. Rommel had been knocked out of Africa. The Allies were sweeping up the Italian peninsula. American planes had landed in Russia and started the shuttle bombing of Germany. The Red Army had cleared all Germans out of the Crimea. There was nothing Hitler could offer the Russians that they couldn't take for themselves. The moment had passed.

THE END

* * *

CONVERSATION

The patient of a psychiatrist was complaining: "Doctor, I'm very much worried. All I do is go around talking to myself all the time."

"That's all right," the doctor assured the man. "Lots of us do that."

"Yes, doctor, but I'm such a bore!"
—John Newton Baker.

* * *

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 42

forgetting to start the motor. There was a peculiar expression on his face.

I wondered, watching him, what seeing Irene had meant to him. You couldn't tell.

When at last we rolled away, he said, "Let's go somewhere and eat. I want a couple of stiff drinks. I want to sit back and talk."

I'd have given anything in the world to say yes. I *yearned* to say yes. But I had to answer, "Sorry, Ray. Can't tonight."

His disappointment was quick, almost boyish. "What's on?"

"A date. He's calling for me at six."

"Oh?" He glanced at me. "Anybody I know?"

"No. Somebody I used to work with in New York."

A traffic signal stopped us. Ray took the moment to light a cigarette. By the time he flipped the match out of the window, he was casual again. "Well, it was a nice idea while it lasted. Some other night."

As we drove on, I ached with disappointment. But with Jerry Cannerton coming all the way from New York, telegrams and telephone calls preceding him, what was there to do?

I found myself reviewing every second of our visit to the Legrue house. It seemed to me that we weren't much closer to learning the identity of the murderer than we had been in the morning. But when I asked Ray if he'd got anything from his talk with Irene, he said:

"Sure. Lots of things. Primarily

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this: We're looking for the kind of guy to whom ten thousand dollars would mean so much that he'd kill for it."

"Unless," I said, "the money wasn't the motive for the murder at all."

"If the guy hadn't wanted the money," Ray said, "why would Legrue have taken it out of the vault?"

It was quarter past five when we reached the house in Georgetown. Lanky Sam Ryker was in my office, tapping out a report. He glanced up, searching for news in our faces, but Ray gave him only a nod. He went to look at the mail I'd put on his desk. He picked up a handful of it and came back to my office.

"Like a drink, Fran?"

"I'd love it."

RAY and I went up to the living room at the front of the house—a great square room with deep-cushioned furniture—and there, with a start, I saw Bea Dudley waiting. She was smoking a cigarette, glancing through a magazine on her lap. If I felt guilty, it was because I'd completely forgotten to tell Ray she wanted to talk to him.

"Hello, Bea," he said. "Join us in a drink?"

She put the magazine aside. "I don't mind, thanks." She scarcely noticed me. Her eyes followed Ray as he threw off his hat and coat and called Solomon.

When Solomon brought the tray, Ray mixed whisky and sodas, and the drink restored some of my spirits. We talked in a desultory way of things that didn't much matter. I knew Bea Dudley was waiting, with whatever patience she could muster, for me to finish and leave. She obviously wanted to talk to Ray alone.

So I got up as soon as I'd swallowed the last of my highball, and told Ray I had things to do. Down in my office, I found that Sam Ryker had left. The desk clock said it was ten minutes of six. I washed my hands and did my hair, and just as I'd finished, the intercom went into action. Ray's voice came from upstairs.

"Oh, Fran?"

"Yes?"

"Before you go, will you phone Eddie? I'd like him here when Bly comes tonight."

"Right," I said.

Eddie Lark was home. Though startled by the fact that Warren Bly was coming, he agreed to be over before eight thirty. I said goodby, and that was when Solomon brought Jerry Cannerton into the office.

Jerry—big, blond, grinning Jerry. The embodiment of a world that wasn't concerned with murders and thefts. The personification of good humor and untroubled living. Pink and glowing. He took both my hands. He looked me over from head to foot and declared I'd never been lovelier in my life.

"Lady," he said, the grin very happy, "I've spent twelve bucks to get down here from New York. When I spend important dough like that, I'm serious."

I couldn't help laughing. "You scare the wits out of me, Jerry. How am I going to hold you off?"

"You can't. Not this time." He looked around the office. "I'm here to take you out of all this. No more slums. No more drudgery. From now on you live."

"But, Jerry," I said, "maybe I like it here."

"What's there to like?"

"The job, the excitement, the man I work for—lots of things."

He chuckled as I went for my hat. "The only serious obstacle I foresee," he said, "is this boss of yours. And I'll tear him apart over dinner. When I get through, his reputation won't be worth a nickel. You'll despise him."

"I'd like you to meet him, Jerry."

"After we're married," Jerry agreed. "Maybe some night we can have him in to dinner."

I was putting on my hat in front of the mirror. "You'll like him."

"The hell I would—not till I get you away from him. I'm not forgetting the way you talked about the lug in New York."

"Did I? I don't remember."

"Garret and God."

I laughed. The hat looked well, and I got my coat. Jerry held it for me. "Maybe you're right," I said. "After all, I fell in love with him—madly, desperately in love—when I was thirteen years old."

"When I was thirteen," Jerry said, "I was ready to jump off a roof for my schoolteacher. So what? Times change. Loves change. I'm through with my teacher. Now I want you." He gave me a look of mock reproach. "You don't love this guy *now*, do you?"

I smiled. "Terribly, Jerry."

"Ah, you're just playing on my emotions. You want me to buy you diamonds."

"Emeralds," I said. "He's crazy about emeralds."

"Now, look," Jerry said. "I'm not going to let you louse up this dinner with chatter about Garret."

"You *asked* me how I feel about him."

"I've got all the answer I want," Jerry said.

WE had dinner in the Statler's Embassy Room. With a good orchestra, and lobster, and a waiter who served Jerry as if he were an ambassador, it should have been fun. But somehow it didn't come off; the fault was mine.

Time after time, even while we danced, my thoughts darted back to the house in Georgetown. At eight thirty I realized Warren Bly, Congressman Rashton, and Eddie Lark must have assembled there. They'd be holding a strange kind of conference—a conference I wished I could have shared. My life had become so

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FROSTY

"I got thirsty!"

involved in this affair that to be away from it made me feel like a deserting soldier.

During dinner I had told Jerry a little of the Legrue story—about as much as the newspaper carried—and I hoped he understood my nervousness. It turned out he understood it so well that he said, "This dinner is a flop. You're a million miles away."

"Jerry, I'm sorry."

"I know. You can't help it. I'm going to take you home and try again some other time."

So we left. Outside, in a cab, I put a hand on his arm. "Please, Jerry, drop me at Ray Garret's." Maybe it was silly to go back to Georgetown at this hour, but I couldn't put off, even till morning, finding out why Warren Bly had come and what new complications he might have created.

Jerry didn't like it; that was clear. While the cab sped up K Street, he brooded. "This life isn't for you," he said. "Too crazy. Too involved. I'm asking you, man to man, to come back and join me in the simple life. I promise to be the best husband you ever had."

"Jerry—"

"You're in the wrong mood to answer now. Sleep on it."

His simple candor gave me a choked-up feeling. I was fond of Jerry. I hated to hurt him. It made me wretched.

It was nine thirty when he dropped me in front of the house. When I said good night, he was as glum as a disappointed schoolboy.

"Tomorrow, Jerry?" I said.

"Sure," he said. "I'll pick you up for dinner again. At six."

"It—it's just that today, in the midst of all this excitement—"

"Let it go," he said, getting back into the cab. "I'll see you tomorrow."

HE drove off, and after a moment I went through the gate in the high brick wall. It gave me a crawly sensation to pass the eucalyptus tree where Eddie had been struck down.

Solomon opened the door to my ring. "They're in the study, ma'am," he said.

I went to my own office, took off my hat. The study door was open, and I was just in time to see Congressman Wilbur I. Rashton, flushed with anger, heave himself out of his chair. He started across the room toward Warren Bly as if he intended to smash a fist into the scrawny man's face.

I'd never before seen Rashton lose his temper. It was appalling. His eyes blazed and his fists were clenched; you felt that for the moment he was utterly beyond reason.

While Bly jumped up, recoiling in terror, Ray stepped between them, pushed Rashton back. He had his hands on the congressman's chest.

"Stop it, Will!" he said. "This won't get us anything!"

"I won't stand for being called a liar!"

Warren Bly stammered, "But I—I'm not calling you a liar! I'm just saying—"

"I heard what you said!"

"No, sir, you didn't!" Bly's face was ghastly. "All I said was that though I didn't have any—any love for Legrue—he always underpaid me—on the other hand, I never knew him to lie!"

"Well," Rashton said, "if *he* wasn't lying in those letters, then *I'm* lying when I say I never got a cent from him! Which one of us are you accusing?"

Bly turned helpless eyes to Eddie Lark. Eddie was bug-eyed but unsympathetic.

"I—I'm not accusing anybody of anything," Bly said. "I'm just telling you what I knew."

Congressman Rashton's anger changed to disgust. He went back to his chair. As he sat down he lit a cigarette.

"Can't you remember the exact wording of those letters?" he asked in anger. "Some phrase here or there?"

"No, sir, I can't," Bly said.

"You *read* them, didn't you?"

"Sure, but I didn't try to memorize them."

AT that point Ray looked through the door and saw me. He said in surprise, "Fran? Thought you were gone for the night."

"Date's over," I said.

He came out into the smaller office at once. "What's up?"

"I just had to know what was going on."

"Nothing happened?"

"Nothing—except I couldn't keep my mind off this."

Turning to the door, he said, "All right. Throw off your coat and come in."

"What did Bly want?"

"Principally to make sure nobody is telling the police about those letters. As long as that's kept hushed, he feels he can stay in the clear. The guy's been worrying."

"I shouldn't wonder."

I hung my coat in the closet and followed him. None of the men appeared surprised by my arrival.

"I may as well go," Bly was saying. "I can't tell you any more. Believe me, if I'd ever dreamed this thing would wind up in—in— a *murder*—"

"All right, all right," Eddie said wearily. "So far, you've made five hundred bucks out of this deal. That ought to keep you happy."

Bly gave him a resentful glance. He picked up his hat and coat—a nervous figure, eager to get away.

"If anything breaks," Ray told him, "we'll get in touch with you. Don't come around. That may call for explanations."

Bly nodded. He bade us all good night.

"Well," Rashton said in exasperation, pushing a hand through his red hair, "this is fine. Now all I've got to do is sit around and wait for the letters to turn up somewhere. It's

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like waiting for a bomb to drop on your house."

"They may never turn up," Ray said. "In fact, I don't think they will—publicly."

"Look. Whoever took those things from Eddie Lark knew they were valuable, knew there's a market for them. *Anybody* involved in the letters would be glad to buy them!"

"But whoever tries to sell them now," Ray pointed out, "would be linking himself with the murder of Legrue. So the chances are pretty good he'll decide to destroy them instead."

Rashton said, "I wish I could feel as optimistic about it as you do. Unfortunately it's *my* future that's at stake. It's me those letters incriminate."

"In one way or another," Ray said with a sigh, "they incriminate us all."

WHEN Congressman Rashton and Eddie left, at a few minutes after ten, I considered going home myself. The activities of the evening were over, as far as I could see; and I realized for the first time that this day had brought me close to nervous exhaustion. It had been long and full and crowded, and what I needed now was a hot bath followed by eight hours of sleep. I started to get my hat and coat.

But the day wasn't over.

To my surprise, Ray stepped to his telephone, dialed a number.

When his call was answered, he said, "Mrs. Legrue, please."

I stared. He put a hand over the transmitter and told me, "She called before. I couldn't talk to her. Said I'd ring back when I was alone." He glanced down at a slip of paper on the desk. "What's District 3000? The Mayflower?"

"Ye-es—"

"That's where she is."

"Why?" I was bewildered. "What's she doing there?"

"I don't know."

Then Irene Legrue answered, and he spoke to her.

"Yes, Irene," he said. "Yes. . . . *Now?* . . . Of course, if you want to. What's wrong? . . . I see. . . . I'll be here. Come right along." There was a long pause before he added more gently, "I can understand that. I don't blame you. . . . Fine. I'll see you in a few minutes. Good-by."

"She—she's coming here?" I said when he put the telephone down.

Ray nodded. He seemed troubled.

"What on earth—"

"She couldn't discuss it over the phone. Something desperately important, she said."

"Did she tell you what she's doing at the Mayflower?"

"Seems she couldn't stand sleeping alone in that house—not tonight anyway. The sight of Legrue's empty bed gave her the shakes. So she took a room at the Mayflower."

I could understand that, too. I looked around, uncertain. If Irene wanted to talk to Ray alone, I'd better—

"Don't go," he said, as if he'd read my mind.

"It isn't that I want to," I said. "I simply thought—"

"Forget it. You're as anxious about this as I am. I'll drive you home later."

There was a sound outside the study, beyond my office. I looked out to see Nick Dudley, shrugging into his coat on the way to the street. He was scowling. He glanced our way and kept on without pausing. We heard the front door close. It slammed.

"What's the matter with *him?*" I said.

Ray lit a cigarette as he spoke. "Sore because I won't stake him to fifteen thousand dollars. Also," he added, "Nick's sore because Rashton asked him where *he* was when Eddie was robbed. Nick was at the Balalaika, of course, watching the floor show with Bea." Ray smiled grimly. "Rashton doesn't like Nick much."

CHEZ HENRI
'BEST FOOD IN TOWN'
CHEZ YOU!
BILL KING
LIBERTY

I said, "Does anyone?"

Ray gave me a sharp glance.

"I don't want to sound catty, but," I said, "I can't see why you let those two sponge on you like this. Seems to me they're big enough to take care of themselves."

Ray studied his cigarette. "You don't know much about the relationship between Nick and me, do you?"

"Not a thing."

"Matter of obligation. Moral obligation."

I couldn't understand that, but he didn't let me wonder.

"When I was a kid of six," he said, "my parents died. Train wreck. I had one aunt—Nick's mother. She took me in. Brought me up with Nick as if I were her son. Saw me through everything, from measles to college, till I could earn my own way. You can't ever pay off an obligation like that.

"My aunt's been dead a good many years," he said. "I've always tried to help Nick out the way she helped me out."

"Sometimes," I said, "you do a man harm—you weaken him, rob him of self-reliance—by giving him everything he asks for, by making life too easy. You might do him a greater favor by forcing him to take care of himself."

"You're right. That's why I'm not backing him in this night club deal. It isn't the money."

"Bea sore, too?"

"I suppose so."

THE bell rang at the front door. Perhaps Solomon was still somewhere around, but Ray didn't wait. He crushed his cigarette and went himself. I paced the study uneasily, with a faint recurrence of the feelings I'd had when we went to visit Irene. He seemed too eager—unless I was imagining it.

And then he brought Irene to the study. In her hat and coat, she looked statelier than ever, despite the tragedy in her face.

My presence seemed to startle her. She had evidently expected to find Ray alone. He held a chair, and she sat down. She threw the coat open, looked up at him with haggard eyes.

"I—I need advice, Ray," she said in a low voice. "Something dreadful's happened."

He said only, "Yes?" and waited.

"Some man called my home this evening. The maid told him to get me at the Mayflower. So he called me there. He said he had all the copies of Walter's letters and he'd mail them to the police—unless I preferred to buy them tomorrow for twenty thousand dollars!"

To be continued in the next issue.

REDHEAD TROUBLE

Continued from Page 25

Place and sauntered in for the first time, and sat down on a high stool and crinkled his brown eyes and tangled them with her blue ones and saluted chummily, "Hi, hash slinger!" her heart clunked like a pop-toaster. It had been "Hi, slinger!" and "Hi, skinner!" shading into "Hi, taffy-top" and "Hi, Red!" each time, which was several stops a week.

Red, sitting there now, seemed to become vaguely aware of that fragrant cup of coffee. His hand closed over the spoon, but he didn't lift it. His gaze was on Seneca, standing there in her short-sleeved blue smock, but he simply wasn't aware of her.

She washed those clean dishes all over again, to be doing something.

She began calling up images, too, that weren't in this room: The other regulars who stopped here, the drivers of towering road-smashing rigs with eighteen thousand board feet of lumber on their tires; the two highway cops; the flip bus drivers; the road-maintenance men, smelling of tar and tobacco; the foresters, bringing in the tang of fir and cedar; the long-haul freighters—verbal roughhousers, eternal crowders of the conversational white stripe, like dark, lanky, powerful Jim Garrison. Sometimes the long-haulers had a girl or two on the seat of the cab. More often they were solitary toilers who perched wearily and just signed that they wanted coffee and more coffee to keep them awake.

AUNT MARGIE stayed in the kitchen behind the partition, where the savory odors and sizzles came from, and Seneca ran the counter.

A dozen times that first week she'd been informed, by critics who admitted their expert judgment, that she was one of the two prettiest waitresses on the whole hundred and fifty miles of Route 49. The customers didn't hesitate to compare her in detail with her rival up beyond Yuba Pass. The slinger at Quimby's Lunch up at Summit City, they said, had hair like a bottle of catsup or good red wine, not a mere glass of pale beer. She had eyes that soothed you like a lady barber's fingers instead of sticking you like a blue-tined fork. She had a shape— But only a sweep of hands could describe Darleen's shape. Or a circle by two grimy hands give the gauge of her neat waist. As for legs . . .

After hard study over the top of the white-pine counter, to see what Seneca moved around on, it was decided that Darleen's legs were prettier from behind but Seneca's were prettier from in front.

Now Red, who'd picked up his spoon, filled it with sugar at last and dumped it in his coffee. He's coming to life, thought Seneca. He's started stirring that spoon around. Nope, he's back in his trance.

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After a bleak winter, Britain is busy rebuilding industry and commerce. London Pool (shown above with Tower Bridge in background) is filled with shipping, and Londoners, following an ancient tradition, still enjoy an occasional off hour with drinks made of world-renowned London dry gin.

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Once he'd sat there for half a day, but it hadn't been like this. He'd cracked an axle and was waiting for another to be brought up from the valley. That was when he'd told Seneca a good bit about himself: about the quarter acre and the four-room house he owned down at Marysville; how he managed his own washing and mending and put up his berries into jam, showing that he bached it. He and Seneca discovered, that day, that they had some genuine common interests: and an identical ardor for trout fishing and deer hunting. Not that Seneca had ever caught or tasted trout, or so much as seen venison, but Red had a rod he declared she'd like and a rifle exactly her size, and come May he'd be around with the one and come August with the other.

AFTER that, when Red came into My Place it played on her emotions like a wind across a stand of pine or an egg beater in a bowl of batter. Not that she had, as yet, any real claim. But a woman can picture ahead, can't she?

So when Jim Garrison chanced in two months after, tossed her a "Hiya, girlie-in-blue. You're exactly what I dreamed about last night. Did I run off the curve!" and remarked to Larry Ward of the highway patrol, "You know that good-looking little number up at Quimby's? The strawberry jampot with the gold-flecked eyes?"—Seneca had prepared to plop the oval plate down before Larry without thinking of much of anything except that it was still a long way to May and trout fishing.

"You mean Darleen Moss?" Larry said.

"Yeh. Her and Red Yount, the Black Gold Oil Company's driver, have up and got married."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"But I have a date with Darleen next Sunday night!" Larry barked.

"Your Sunday's open now, cop. She's got herself a husband."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

Larry and Jim had no eyes for Seneca at that moment, which was a blessing.

Recollection of that instant, of the way she'd stood stock-still and then lowered the corned beef down in front of Larry, came to her sharply now as she stood before the motionless Red. All was silent, inside the room and out.

Red, thank heaven, began to drink his coffee. But still stony-faced, still mute.

It all spread itself out in a row of remembered pictures—all of it. How, after a few days, honeymooner Red brought his tank truck droning up the grade as usual, set his brake, pushed open the lunchroom door, and tossed "Hi, gildilocks!" She managed to pitch back with an airy enough "Hi, grease gun! How's the new married life?"

"Got me a real button sewer-oner and flatiron-pusher now. How's for a stack of hots?"

"Maybe it *is* a bit snug."
LIBERTY

"Looks like you and me won't do much trout fishing."

"Looks like."

"Lucky for the fish."

Time jogs through its train of gears. Days roll behind like a road. Months after, here was Seneca, still serving customers at My Place. Why had she stayed? Aunt Margie had made her a partner, for one thing. For another, she'd got used to the mountains. She'd got to like their brooding immensity and the bold way they pushed up the skyline.

But there were other reasons. Life here was more exciting than on a Kansas farm. These truckers, with their talk of the cities, the deserts, the open road were a jolly bunch. You had to know how to handle them, how to keep their conversational load chains tightened, but Seneca had learned the art. They went for you unmercifully, but when you reached out and set the brakes for them, they respected you. It was fun, in its way, to hear Jim Garrison assure you, every time he came in, that you were now peerless, without competition, the best-looking girl between Marysville, California, and Pendleton, Oregon. Jim Garrison might run out of gas or water on a grade some day, but he would never run out of gab.

Or of fascination either, if you didn't watch yourself. Jim was put together as these mountains were, out of big, rugged stuff. He'd been handsome in his day. Still was, if you allowed for the battering a man's had by the time he's thirty. A born far-thruster, he'd have been a sailor for sure if the highway hadn't caught him young. He passed up and down Route 49 on weekly schedule, staying in Sacramento overnight. His stops at My Place, which was just west of the Sierra summit at the five-thousand-foot level, were on Wednesdays westbound and Thursday returning. Toward Seneca his desires were not bashful and were strictly primitive. He told her that there was plenty of room for her on the seat of his cab any time she wanted to see Spokane and Boise.

But did she really want to discourage him? At times she wondered. Jim was breezy, full of reckless gusto—a dangerous fellow. His visits always left her a little breathless, as if she had been whipping around curves and careening over abysses. The breathless state began as soon as she heard the oncoming rumble of his truck, and lasted long after his going. But those visits were not the deciding reason for her tarrying.

THE fact was that she stayed because Russell Yount continued to ply that highway. By one coup, Darleen had made him as unavailable as the moon, as safely removed as the stars. But he was the man, the face and figure Seneca's heart had filled in long ago, when the lending library sent her home with Ivanhoe and the Prisoner of Zenda.

No long-hauler like Jim, Red Yount rarely ranged out of Marysville more than a hundred miles. He carried Diesel fuel to the mines and sawmills, stove oil to the villages, gasoline to the filling stations. One day he said to Seneca, "Darleen and I've bought a cabin at the summit. I'll take her up there for the summer. I'll bring her into My Place when we pass through, and introduce you." He crooned, the dim dope, "You'll like Darleen."

But he didn't bring her in. He came in alone, and fetched a cup of coffee out to her, and returned the cup with lipstick thick on its edge and a cigarette butt swimming in the dregs. "She says she doesn't look her best," he apologized.

Seneca knew later why Darleen hadn't looked her best. As autumn lengthened, Red and Darleen cut things too fine. His cap awry, Red burst into My Place and shouted, "Seneca! Do you—do you know anything?"

"Aunt Margie does," said Seneca. "Bring Darleen right in."

It was during the first hard storm of November, and the road was out between My Place and Goodyear's Bar, the next station below. Rain was sheeting and wind was bending the trees almost double. Seneca ran out with a blanket and threw it over Darleen's head, and they conducted her carefully into the fragrant little café. Darleen's fireball hair was a tousle, and her face, which was never meant to be anything else but pretty, was screwed up in torture, and she saw nothing sublime or noble about her predicament, but only a dirty deal that she had been tricked into.

"There, there, I've had four myself, dear," consoled Aunt Margie, who was a plump, comfortable, down-to-earth person.

"Four! My God!" gagged Darleen. A moment later, "I think I'm going to have a rowboat."

They gave her Aunt Margie's bedroom, the room with the firm hair mattress and the sewing machine and the floor matting that smelled musty and homey. The baby came at midnight.

As soon as Shirleen was safely born, and the young mother had drifted off into exhausted sleep, Red and Seneca went out into the restaurant and made themselves a third or fourth pot of coffee. Red looked as if a couple of logging trucks had passed over him. "They're all right, Seneca? They'll live?"

The big gloop. Of course they were all right.

Red's truck was loaded with oil for the Union Shingle Mill and there were a number of people up there on that ridge who could be close to freezing. She read his worried mind. "You get going as soon as it's daylight. Darleen and the baby will be just fine."

"You folks are sure wonderful to us. The road below here ought to be open by tonight or tomorrow."

"You can chase down for another load when it is. Darleen and your daughter will stay right here."

"But look, Seneca. We've no right—"

"Try to tell Aunt Margie that."

DARLEEN and her baby remained at My Place two weeks, the first week because Aunt Margie's heart was as big as all outdoors to any mother, and the second because little Shirleen herself had wrapped her baby fingers around the situation. It was plain that Darleen didn't know beans about her new job and, in Aunt Margie's outspoken view, it was doubtful if she ever would. Darleen called Shirleen the "spare tire" and "Red's bright idea," and in the more unpleasant moments, "Red's brat." Almost Darleen's first words on waking had been, "Do you think it has spoiled my figure?"

Red took his wife and baby down to Marysville when Aunt Margie would allow it, and life around My Place slipped back into its slot. Jim Garrison pounded down from over the summit each Wednesday, jarring the air and halting with a hiss of brakes. Jim had a big interior to fill. No snack for him. His eyes grew more and more voracious too. "Honeyjug," he informed Seneca, "I'm getting powerful impatient."

His eyes were devouring her and she couldn't evade them, nor their meaning. He snatched for her hand and caught it. "This is where I begin. Right up to the elbow. Sweetheart, when are you and me going to hit the road?"

She rescued her hand with a quick yank and went to the other end of the counter.

Jim was through with that dodge. "Come here!"

Seneca, kneeling, restacked some dishes. She was confused, uncertain. Jim got up and came near. He leaned over the counter to see what she was doing. "Got a shotgun down there?" She was merely pushing the crockery about. His paw went out, bit her shoulder under the glossily ironed smock. It was a man's grip, no question about that. A possessive grip. "Seneca, you and me are making tracks. When?" demanded Jim.

He had her by the elbows, he caught her up. He crushed her to him; his lips found her mouth.

Seneca managed to squirm free. Her dress was askew. She should have known she'd eventually be in for this. She'd bantered and parried Jim as long as he'd stand for it. She'd thought the game could be kept up, but it couldn't, and now it was going to end one way or the other, and she didn't know which way she wanted it. With Red she'd have known. Instantly. But she'd let Red slip. She pushed her cap back into place. "Whew!" she said.

"When?" repeated Jim Garrison.

She put her own question: "Are you talking matrimony, Jim?"

"If I have to."

"You'd have to."

IT WAS MORE THAN "FISHERMAN'S LUCK" WHEN...
PADDLE IN HERE QUICK! YOU'RE HEADING FOR SEA!
MY PADDLE'S BROKEN AND I CAN'T SWIM!
CAUGHT IN THE OUTGOING TIDE, BESS BENNETTS IS BEING SWEPT HELPLESSLY THROUGH SHARK INLET TO THE OPEN SEA...
I'VE GOT IT!
MAKE IT FAST TO THE BOW!
WHEW! NO STRIPED BASS EVER GAVE ME A FIGHT LIKE THAT
I'M A VERY LUCKY "FISH"
USING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS FISHING SKILL, LOU YOUNG SLOWLY "PLAYS" THE CANOE AND ITS PASSENGER INTO SHOAL WATER...
SAW YOU THROUGH THE GLASSES, SIS, BUT I COULDN'T GET HERE SOONER. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, RICK. WE'LL MEET YOU AT BAY PIER
DO COME ABOARD
...WELL IF YOU DON'T MIND SANDY BOOTS AND SALTY WHISKERS...
NO EXCUSES. I'VE GOT SPARE SNEAKS AND A RAZOR, TOO
PSTR
I'M TAKING YOU UP ON THAT RAZOR
SURE THING. COME BELOW
SAY, THAT'S THE SWEETEST SHAVE I'VE HAD IN YEARS!
THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY ON TENDER SKIN
I'M BREAKING CAMP TOMORROW. I'VE A ROOM AT SURF HOUSE
WONDERFUL! WE'RE THERE, TOO
HE'S REALLY HANDSOME
FOR THE QUICKEST, EASIEST SHAVES YOU EVER HAD WITH A LOW-PRICE BLADE, TRY THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE KEENER, SMOOTHER FINISHED AND LONGER LASTING. ALSO THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
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His eyes hadn't left her. "Well?"

She found decision then. "Jim, the answer is no."

"What's that?"

"No."

Jim made a quick move toward her. But the entrance door opened, and Larry Ward of the highway patrol, and Bill Andrews who ran the snowplow, and a couple of other highway-maintenance men came in.

I'm probably a little towheaded fool, she told herself, as she automatically greeted the newcomers with "Hi, gang!" I'm probably a complete fool, she repeated to herself. It would have been exciting.

Aunt Margie pushed Jim's steak through the hole in the partition, and Seneca found herself standing stupidly with the platter in her hands. Jim had gone. She heard the rumble of his twenty-two-wheeler going down the grade.

AND now it was the next day, Thursday, only twenty-four hours after, and Seneca stood here with her whopper, "You're looking fine, skinner," pinned to her lips by Red Yount's stare.

Because he didn't look fine. He looked terrible, with his face drawn and ashen, and his natty cap gone from his cowlicky unbrushed head, and his shirt wrinkled and open at the neck, and the black tie gone A.W.O.L. with the cap.

Red's bloodshot eyes held on Seneca and it was uncomfortable, it was darn humiliating, the realization that he didn't so much as see her. The feeling of being stared through, like a pane of glass, to things beyond. But finally he did come aware that Seneca was there, and he said, "She's gone."

He flung a bit of paper on the counter, pushed it across. He signed to Seneca to read the scribble on it.

Dear Russ:

I'm pulling out. Don't try to follow, there are too many roads and you'll never find me. You're all right as far as you go, but you don't swing a wide enough loop to suit me. I guess you saw this coming. DARLEEN.

"Gone," said Red. His voice sounded as if from down in a barrel. "With the baby. I found this when I got home last night. She doesn't love the baby. Wouldn't you think she could have left Shirleen?"

Seneca found her heart doing funny cut-ups. The way a Douglas squirrel chases itself around a fir trunk. She steadied herself against the edge of the smooth-scrubbed counter. "Which one are you fretting about, Red?"

He looked at her blankly. "The baby, of course. I tell you Darleen doesn't love Shirleen. She won't be good to her."

So that was all right. Seneca felt sorry for the baby too; wretchedly sorry. She and Aunt Margie had almost come to think of the little pink bundle as their own. But now she felt even more sorry for Red. For his disillusionment. The cast-off husband. The robbed and cheated father. A good guy he was, too.

Red noticed it. He was in trouble, and he suddenly saw how Seneca Thatcher looked to a man in trouble. His eyes went big. He took in every bit of her, and it was a clean honest scrutiny. He took her in with wonder and with appreciation. And about time, too, the stupe. "Gee, Seneca! Why didn't I ever—" "Why didn't you and me—I mean, why don't we—"

That's when the pop-up toaster banged, making her jump. Making her realize how she'd been straining.

But then it came, the high squeal she'd been waiting for. Red sprang up. "Seneca! That's Shirleen!"

You can tell them by the sounds each makes, just as you can tell trucks, if you know trucks. Red was around the counter. He was through Aunt Margie's kitchen and into her bedroom, gathering up the squeals.

From the moment Jim's twenty-two-wheeler had stopped outside My Place a few hours ago, and Darleen had breezed in and dumped the baby, Seneca had been waiting for this.

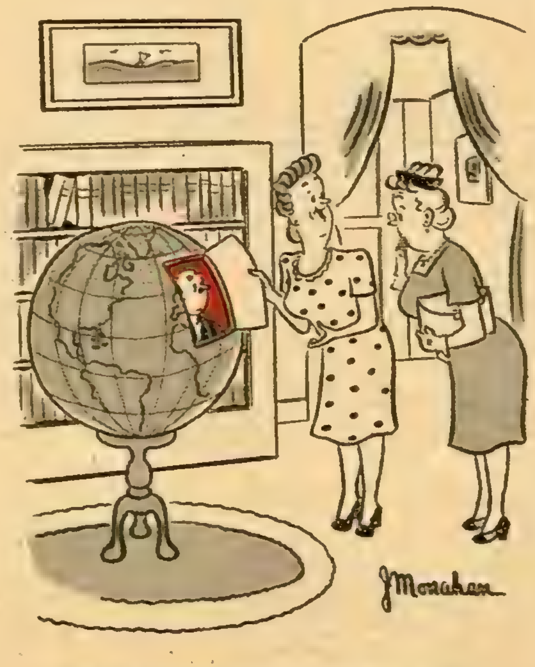
Red came back into the lunchroom, gleeful Shirleen in his arms. Shirleen held out her clutching fists for Seneca. Seneca took her over. Shirleen smelled sweet and clean and warm. Red laughed uproariously.

It wasn't funny, when you broke it down. But something in Red just had to give, and this was the laughter of relief. He stopped and regarded Seneca anew with that wonder, that comprehension, that reverence almost. He didn't say a word, but Seneca was getting used to these speechless conversations.

Red spoke out loud at last: "Gee, Seneca, I'm hungry!"

And that was all right, too.

THE END



"My husband lives in a world of his own."

LIBERTY

LITTLE AUDREY

Continued from Page 23

exact imitation of them, pointing up defects.

Her Swedish grandparents were particularly violent about the circus incident. Her Austrian father had come to America to study for the priesthood. He'd changed his mind about that when he met the girl who became Mrs. Totter, but he hadn't changed so much that he wanted to see his daughter on the stage. But Mrs. Totter was more understanding. She said that if Audrey would wait until she had finished high school, she could choose a career. Audrey spent her afternoons memorizing Ibsen and Shakespeare, acting for hours in front of her mirror, learning to walk, to talk, to breathe.

After graduation, Audrey, an ambitious, starry-eyed 18, journeyed the forty miles to Chicago to offer her services to the Theater. She wound up as a door-to-door wax saleswoman at $18 a week. Months later she got her first break. She asked Ian Keith for a job just a few minutes after the ingénue had fallen down the steps and broken her leg. After a year with Ian Keith and The Copperhead, she joined up with a road company of My Sister Eileen. (She played Violet.)

WITH two legitimate plays and a season of summer stock to her credit, Audrey relaxed. She learned to play. "People kept inviting me to parties," she says. "I began to think I was the greatest social success since Elsa Maxwell. Then I found out. It was my stories. The stories themselves were simple and silly enough, but I told them in dialect—Austrian, which I had learned from my father; Swedish, from my grandparents; Oxonian English, from the director of a stock company; Italian, French, Polish, Irish, Russian, cockney, which I had picked up."

At a party one night, after she had told several of her dialect stories, one of the guests said, "Miss Totter, you ought to be on the air," and gave her a bunch of his cards to take to his radio pals. "And would you believe it," says Audrey, "about ten people I presented his cards to gave me jobs on their programs!"

In Chicago, and later in New York, she became known as "the girl with the thousand voices" and appeared steadily on such programs as Road of Life, Ma Perkins, Bright Horizons, Reader's Digest, Cisco Kid, Inner Sanctum, Lower Basin Street Blues, Stage Door Canteen, Uncle Walter's Doghouse, and dozens of others.

Late in 1944 Audrey was tapped for Metro. A talent scout in New York became entranced with her low husky voice. He sent his assistant to the radio station, and got the report: "She oozes sex appeal." Audrey was tested, signed, and given a one-way ticket to Hollywood. She was so excited the day she left New York, she pulled a classic boner on her final radio show. She was reading the commercial: "Use Blank's cream, tissue it off, and leave a light film of cream on your face overnight." Instead, she read, "Use Blank's cream, tissue it off, and leave a light film of skin on your face overnight."

It was not until Robert Montgomery picked her for his leading lady in The Lady in the Lake (he liked the bit she played in The Hidden Eye) that she had her first good part.

AUDREY TOTTER believes in saving her money. She is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who hasn't a car. "I know I can't drive a car," she says, "I can knit, I can sew, I can cook," she adds, "but I can't do anything mechanical."

Audrey and another actress from New York, Sandra Rogers, live in an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, convenient to buses. Books are all over the place, but mostly you see elephants. Dozens and dozens of them, some of them museum pieces.

Audrey cares little about clothes. "I still have the New York habit of buying a basic black dress with accessories," she says. A very punctual person, she has the habit of arriving at a place on time. A year ago she attended her first big Hollywood party. It was at her boss's house, and the invitation said dinner at seven thirty. Audrey was there at seven thirty. No one else came until well after eight. "Mr. Mayer and I had a nice long chat all by ourselves," says Audrey.

Since then she has learned what everyone in Hollywood learns sooner or later; to wit, "I eat before I go to parties."

When she starts a new picture, Audrey saturates herself in the story. She makes numerous home recordings of scenes and dialogue, and plays them back to see where she can improve herself.

She insists that she hasn't any romantic interests right now. "I'm wedded to Metro," she says. Her name has been linked romantically from time to time with that of Turhan Bey, Michael North, and other young Hollywood leading men. But most of her evenings, she claims, are spent at concerts, or at her apartment studying piano or reading.

She has never been able to break herself of the habit of talking with her hands. The faster she talks, the more her hands wave. But, strangely enough, the moment she steps in front of a camera her hands become relaxed.

Also, Audrey has the habit of running instead of walking. The Unsuspected was made at the Warner Brothers studio and Audrey was absent from her home lot for some weeks or so. She expected a big hello from the cop at the Metro gate the day she dashed back, but all she got was, "Migawd, aren't you tired yet?"

THE END

RIDES THAT THRILL—AND SOMETIMES KILL

Continued from Page 35

track. A ratchet device keeps cars from rolling backward on upgrades. Bar locks across each seat prevent passengers who stay where they belong from being thrown out of cars, and remote-control-operated brakes can stop trains at several points along the run in the event of emergency.

"But this is an unusually safe roller coaster," you may protest. "They aren't all so well built."

On the contrary, most roller coasters, as well as other rides, are structurally safe, for they have to be. Forty-six states and many municipalities have stringent safety standards. A safety committee of the National Association of Parks, Pools, and Beaches also turns down all new rides that fail to meet safety requirements. Insurance companies won't underwrite or continue insurance on unsafe rides.

Moreover, ride owners know a serious mishap is almost certain to kill the popularity of a ride.

NATURALLY, the small group of ride builders who specialize in the design and construction of these devices go to extremes to make their contraptions safe. The roller coaster is but one example. Take the new and spectacular sky dive, which consists of 20 "rocket" cars whirling around a 60-foot undulating circular track. Each car is held in place by four steel restraining cables. The silver streak—another circular ride—has a regulator that keeps top speed to fourteen revolutions a minute, while the over-the-top or loop-the-loop turns over only six times a minute. Bottom-side-up rides have screen-enclosed cars and heavy leather or canvas lap straps which can't be unloosed by passengers.

The 200-foot parachute drop that was first used at the New York World's Fair and is now in operation at Coney Island protects its patrons by bringing each chute down inside a circle of eight steel guide lines. Chutes are slowed at the bottom by bumper brakes.

Even the fastest rides are nowhere near as speedy as most people think. Top speed at the bottom of the first and biggest dip on the fastest roller coaster is no more than 45 to 55 miles an hour. Few of the circular rides—including those that swing cars far out over the heads of crowds—spin their victims faster than 30 miles an hour. The Virginia reel brings its circular cars down the looped incline at no more than a 25-mile rate, while the whip, octopus, looper, and tumblebug have speeds of 20 miles an hour or less. Merry-go-rounds rotate at around eight miles an hour, and the majestic Ferris wheel turns at only one to two miles an hour.

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A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair.

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WILDROOT CO., INC.

TUNE IN: *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

Most ride owners have such devices inspected daily. The public is carefully supervised, too. At almost all parks and midways, parents with infants in arms are permitted on none but the tamest rides. Children under eight don't ride unless accompanied by an adult. Persons who obviously have been drinking don't get tickets. And if a passenger is seen indulging in horseplay, the ride is stopped and the culprit put off.

With all these precautions—and they are generally observed—you'd think there'd be few accidents. Yet bodily-injury insurance rates, based on the actual frequency and severity of accidents, shatter this conclusion. According to these tables, the most hazardous of all amusement devices is not really a ride at all. It is the "fun house—a conglomeration of barrel rolls, slides, moving floors and stairs, distorting mirrors, dark tunnels, cows that moo, air jets that blow up the girls' dresses, and other startling contraptions. Although fun houses are equipped with lights that may be turned on at an instant's notice, alternate walkways around hazards, and attendants who are constantly on the alert to avert accidents, their insurance levy is $11 for each $100 of admissions. That's almost triple the $4.13 rate for the same amount in fares on New York City buses!

ALMOST as highly rated is the loop-the-loop, with an assessment of $10. The tumblebug, Virginia reel, and whip are rated at $6.75; the roller coaster at $5.75, aerial swings at $4.25, dodgems at $3.75, merry-go-rounds at $3.50, parachute jumps at $2, and the good old Ferris wheel at only 90 cents.

Rates on the kiddie rides are still lower, with the tiny-tot merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, and aerial swings assessed at only 50 cents.

But there's a frightening joker in these rate comparisons. You can travel all day on most metropolitan buses for $1, but you can spend the same amount in a few minutes on an amusement ride. Minute for minute of passenger time, the chances of accident on the higher-rated fun rides is probably from 10 to 100 times as great as on city buses. These rides are very definitely in the high-accident brackets.

Yet, paradoxically, you don't have to be hurt on them! The appalling fact is that almost all fun-ride accidents are caused by the passenger himself. Just follow these simple safety rules: Never get on or off a ride while it is still in motion; stay off rides if you've been drinking; follow instructions of attendants and heed the posted signs; don't unfasten safety devices until the ride ends; refrain from stunts or horseplay and don't get panicky.

Amusement-ride accidents this summer can be cut by as much as 99 per cent if the public will observe these simple, common-sense rules.

THE END

DULCIMER STREET

Continued from Page 39

the others," Doris asked, as soon as they were alone together. "They must have known that it couldn't be the old address if this was a moving-in party."

"Oh, them. I've forgotten about them," Doreen told her. "They were drunk, probably. In any case I shan't speak to any of them again."

THE Carleton was a big new cinema with a large car park beside it. Percy Boon strolled along on the opposite side of the road as though waiting for someone. He couldn't afford to pinch a car just when the owner might be coming back to get into it. He wanted a car that had only just been left there. That would give him a clear three hours, if it was a long picture, before the alarm was raised. So he watched.

And along it came. An almost new Austin 12. Its owner went right down to the far end—the dark end—and backed carefully into a vacant space. Percy watched while a man and a woman got out of the car and went into the cinema arm in arm. Then he fell in a few paces behind them, and followed them inside. He took a seat where he could see the head of the Austin owner.

"I'll let 'em get settled first," he decided. "Let 'em get properly settled."

And presently Percy left—just a quiet young man who had taken himself to the picture, slipped out again because it was boring.

The lock in the car door gave him a bit more trouble than he had expected. None of the keys he'd got were any good for it. But he'd got the screwdriver with him and he began using it. At last, with a bit of a tug, the lock came away with the handle. He hesitated a moment before he actually climbed in. His mouth kept going dry.

"It's you I'm doing it for, Doris darling," he told himself. "It's going to be our nest-egg. It's you I'm doing it for."

Once inside, it was child's play. This wouldn't be the first time he'd started a car when he'd left the key behind him. The batteries were full and the engine started almost as soon as he touched it. He made a wad of newspapers he found in the car, and jammed the door with it. He drove off.

Simple, wasn't it?

Now that he had actually done it, he didn't feel nervous any longer. He drove along contemplating the future.

"And I shan't go on lifting cars once I'm married. Not when I've got Doris," he thought. "I shall be on the level then. I'll run my own garage." Then a more tender and sentimental mood came over him. "My little darling," he thought, "you're the girl of my dreams. You'll look all right in furs. You'll walk beside me. You'll have a dressing-table with a glass top. You'll dwell in my secret heart, You'll use scent I choose for you. You're my Destiny, my little darling.

"Oh, Cripes," he whispered suddenly. "Let her like me a bit. I'm not good enough for her, but let her like me."

When he was getting into Wimbledon it wasn't nine yet, and the film, the big film, wouldn't be over till ten-thirty. So he stopped for a drink at a noisy crowded bar. He had just meant to order a bitter, but the man in front of him ordered a large pink gin. And Percy asked for the same. And because it seemed just what he needed he had another. It was about nine-fifteen by now.

Then he found himself looking at a Blonde who was sitting at a table, smiling at him under her eyelashes. The Blonde stroked the empty chair beside her. He took a step, but no more, in her direction.

"Just going," he told her. He'd run into her once before, at a Fun Fair.

"What's the hurry?"

"Nothing," he replied grudgingly. He couldn't *admit* that he was in a hurry.

"Well come on, then."

HE came over, and sat down on the extreme edge of the green leather cushion. It was obvious that he didn't mean to stop long.

"Aren't you drinking anything?" the Blonde went on.

"Finished," Percy told her. "I was just going when I saw you."

"Well, have another one with me," she invited him. "A short one. Then I'll be coming along, too."

"O.K.," he said feebly. "What's yours?"

When he got the drinks, the Blonde moved her chair closer to his.

"Going straight home?" she asked him.

"No," he said. "I'm delivering a car for someone. It's outside in the car park."

"Well, you drop me at my place," she said.

"Not supposed to in customers' cars," he blurted out.

Then the Blonde got upstage.

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to, it's different. Sorry I spoke. If you don't want to be seen with me. . . ."

The last thing he wanted was to have her think that he was keeping anything from her. So he grinned politely.

"I'll risk it," he told her. "Only get hanged once."

She was smiling again now.

As soon as he got outside he realized that three gins had been just one gin too many. And the night had grown foggy.

"I've got to go carefully," he told himself. "I've got to mind my step." And a silly thought came to him. "Suppose when I get back to it the Austin isn't there? Suppose somebody's pinched it?"

But it was there all right. Over two hundred pounds' worth of it.

The Blonde made her way round to the far door, but Percy stopped her.

"That door's jammed," he said. "You slide over."

When the Blonde had settled herself in, Percy got in, slammed his door, and began fiddling about under the dashboard because he'd disconnected the starter. And then, because he was afraid that he was muzzier than he really was, he was clumsy when he got started. He made a mess of getting out of the courtyard. His rear bumper got under somebody else's mudguard. But nobody paid much attention, and he didn't trouble to get out and investigate. He didn't want to get drawn into a long argument.

When he got the nose of the car out into the main road he looked carefully both ways before edging into the traffic.

THE Blonde was lighting a cigarette and she passed it over to Percy. The fog was thickening. It was damp and clinging. He started up the windscreen wipers.

"If I hit anybody I'm finished," he kept saying to himself. "One tap and I'm out. If I hit anybody I'm finished."

"You talking to me?" the Blonde asked, and Percy realized that he'd been saying those things out loud.

He shook his head and drove on more carefully than ever until they reached the outskirts of the Common.

"This is where I can let her out," he told himself. "This is where I begin to drive."

The needle of the speedometer started to swing round. Thirty-five. Forty. Forty-five.

"Look where you're going," the Blonde advised him. "You've got me in the car, remember."

Percy started. He'd been driving with his eyes fixed on the speedometer: he hadn't been looking at the road at all. Then he saw what the Blonde had really warned him about.

Right in front of him, only fifty yards or so, stood a policeman. And he was flashing his torch at him. Percy felt his jaw drop. Then it tightened again. They were after him. Well, they weren't going to get him. Not without a chase. He pressed his foot down on the accelerator.

"You gone crackers?" the Blonde asked. "He's trying to stop you. There's been an accident or something."

And by then there had very nearly been another one. All he saw was a man lying stretched out flat on the side of the road with his collar open and the two ends sticking up, and his hat all smashed in, lying beside him. That—and the policeman jumping to one side as Percy and the Blonde shot past. He felt sick when he realized that he'd nearly killed the policeman.

"Let me out," the Blonde was saying. "I don't like it. Let me out."

"You shut your trap," he told her. "You get out when I say so."

He was still driving fast and the fog was thicker. He turned his headlamps off. They would be after him now for sure.

"Let me out." The Blonde was clawing at him by now, and the time for politeness was over.

"If you don't shut up, I'll make you."

"You try!"

She caught hold of his collar and pulled. She was throttling him. Just as the stud broke and the collar went loose again, he got his hand free and shoved it in her face. The car gave a nasty swerve as he did so. The Blonde started whimpering. Then, suddenly, in front of her in the dashboard pocket she saw a spanner. She grabbed at it and held it over him.

"Now will you let me get out?"

"All right," he said. "Do it. Then we'll both be killed."

He accelerated again as he said it. Just as she hit him he knew that she was going to. His left hand helped to soften the blow. Even so, the spanner went right down into his hat. It hurt. Driving with one hand, he wrenched the spanner from her, and hit back.

He felt the jar run right up his arm as the sharp end of the thing caught her. She simply folded up away from him. She fell back against the door and the little wad of paper came out. The door swung open and a moment later Percy was in the car alone.

He jammed the brakes on and brought the car up rocking. There was nearly twenty feet of skid marks in the road behind him. And almost lost in the mist the Blonde lay looking up at him with a dirty lifeless face down which a thick dark caterpillar of blood was crawling.

"I'm getting out of this," Percy told himself. "I don't like it. I'm getting out."

And while he ran he kept muttering: "Oh, mum, I didn't mean to. I never meant to hurt her. I didn't mean to, mum."

THE following Sunday morning, in Dulcimer Street, Mr. Josser was getting ready for the new job he had gotten himself. He couldn't stand being idle. He was to be a rent collector at a pound a week, starting tomorrow.

One floor above, Percy Boon was lying curled up in bed, fast asleep. It had been after three before he drowsed off into the light slumber that grew deeper as the morning came. His corn-colored hair was damp and matted and the pillow was damp too, for Percy had cried himself to sleep again last night. And that made a whole week of it.

At the studio flat in Adelaide Road Doreen was sitting up in bed reading the paper and drinking a cup of tea that Doris had made for her. Doreen, who adored all crime, was reading

"My vacation would have been spoiled without Tampax"

DON'T risk losing any of the precious hours of *your* vacation! If "those hateful days" should catch up with you just at vacation time, use *Tampax* for your sanitary protection. This very modern product is worn internally, so it needs no belts, pins or external pads. . . . No bulges or ridges can ever reveal themselves through your swim suit or under a formal dress. You can swim, hike or dance utterly without self-consciousness or embarrassment.

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about the dead girl found on Wimbledon Common beside an abandoned car.

Later, when Doreen had gone out with a middle-aged someone called Monty Perkiss, Doris was all alone. She had washed up the breakfast things and was standing by the window, staring across the roof tops. She suddenly confessed to herself that she was homesick. She had been suspecting it for some time and now she knew. She was still standing there at the window when the phone started ringing.

It was Bill. And it was Doreen, of course, that he wanted. It wasn't anything important, he explained. He was just ringing off again when he suddenly stopped himself.

"You doing anything?" he asked.

"Me?" Doris answered.

"Yes. Like to come out somewhere?"

"I would, rather," Doris told him.

"Got to be cheap," he warned her.

"I don't mind," Doris answered.

"Well, I'll come along and pick you up," he said. "We'll decide where to go to, then."

IT was the Zoo they decided on. Bill seemed rather surprised when Doris suggested it. But it was certainly a relief. He'd only got ten shillings until Monday.

Bill took hold of Doris's arm and shoved it absent-mindedly through his almost as soon as they left the house. They made rather a gay pair—Bill in a green sports coat and grey flannels and Doris in a yellow dress. Now that she really looked at him Doris was surprised to notice how shabby he was; shabby in a cheerful, unminding sort of way.

Then she forgot about Bill. It was years since she had been to the Zoo. The astonishing thing was that the place hadn't altered.

"What about some tea?" Bill asked.

They went into the restaurant. And there were the same plates with the same lion stamped on them. . . .

When they came out of the Zoo, they made their way across Primrose Hill again back to Adelaide Road. They were tired now. The tropical life inside the gardens had exhausted them. Bill was so done in that he wouldn't come up with Doris.

Doreen had got back by then. She, too, was exhausted. Mr. Perkiss, it seemed, had been more than usually indulgent. They had drunk champagne at lunch, and he had given her an enormous cartwheel box of chocolates and asked her to marry him. The only thing that upset her was that she had left the chocolates in the taxi on the way home.

Doris's afternoon rather amused her. "Did you go alone?" she asked.

When Doris told her, Doreen blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke and looked straight at her.

"Look here, young lady," she said, "don't you start stealing my friends, or there'll be trouble."

PERCY'S mother was beginning to worry about him. He had seemed ill and pallid lately. The fact was that one night a man had followed Percy home. Percy had noticed him right up by Kennington Park Road, and he'd still been behind him by the time Percy had turned into No. 10. Besides that, Percy was lonely.

Then one evening when he had gone out to have a solitary drink a good idea came to him. Why shouldn't he go and see Doris? There wasn't any law against it, was there? He glanced at his watch. If he went now he'd be up in Hampstead by nine. And in his excitement he could picture it all happening. He'd rung the bell and Doris herself was there to let him in. "Why, Percy! This *is* a surprise. Come in. . . ."

Quickening his pace, he set off.

Because they weren't expecting him he had to ring twice before anyone answered. Then Doreen came. Doris, she told him, was out.

"'Specting her back—soon?" he asked.

"Y-e-s," Doreen answered, doubtfully. "Would you . . . would you like to come in and wait?"

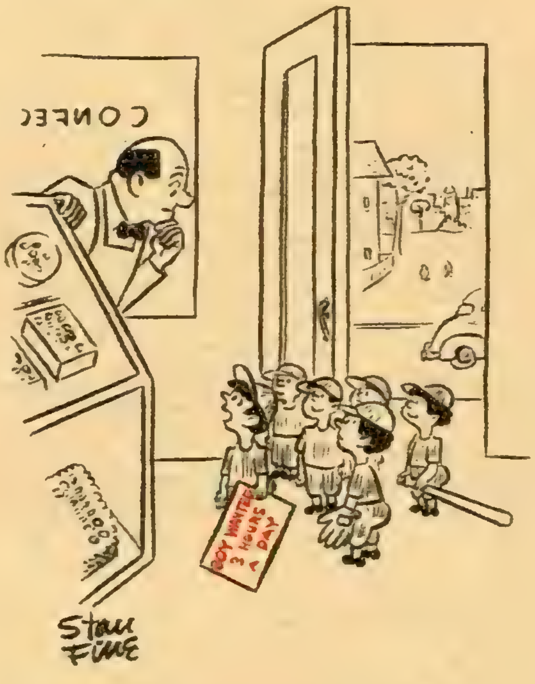
"Thanks," said Percy. "Don' min' if I do."

As he said it, he was aware that she was cross about something. And then as soon as he got inside he understood. She'd got a man there. The man rose as soon as Percy entered and stood there waiting to be introduced. He was a pale, rather seedy-looking little man with thin silver-gray hair very neatly brushed.

"Oh, Monty," Doreen said. "This is Mr. . . ."

"Boon," Percy supplied.

"Mr. Boon. He's a friend of Doris's."


CONFEC
BOY WANTED 3 HOURS A DAY
Stan Fine

"How about six boys working thirty minutes a day?"

LIBERTY

Percy had offered Doreen a cigarette before he noticed that she was already smoking. He turned to Mr. Perkiss.

"No, no," Mr. Perkiss told him hurriedly. "You're *our* visitor. Have one of these. They're Turkish."

Percy took one and then wished he hadn't. It would have looked more independent, more man of the world, to have had one of his own.

"You're something to do with cars, aren't you?" Doreen asked, when the silence couldn't go on any longer.

"Thasright," Percy replied.

"Not . . . not a racing motorist?" Mr. Perkiss inquired. "I have always had such an admiration . . ."

"I'm in the garage business," Percy told him.

"Then you're one of those wonderful men who know all about the *insides* of cars?"

"I know a bit," he answered.

There was another silence. "I had my car stolen once," Mr. Perkiss said.

Percy whistled. "Lot of it about," he remarked. "What was it?"

"A Hillman Minx," Mr. Perkiss told him. "A blue one."

Percy nodded his head knowingly. "They're easy." As soon as he had said it, he wished he hadn't.

"Do you *know* about stolen cars?" Mr. Perkiss asked. "How exciting!"

"I don't know anything. Not personally," Percy answered.

There was silence again. And to his irritation, he realized that he was blushing.

It was during the silence that Doris came in, with Bill's arm around her shoulders.

Percy wasted no more of his time up at that flat. As soon as he saw how things were he walked out.

"I've been made a sucker of because of Doris," he told himself ruefully. "So that's why she wanted to leave home, was it?"

MR. JOSSER, on one of his first days as rent collector, had been caught in the rain and had taken cold. Ever since he had been up and down. Better one day and worse the next. And this evening Mrs. Josser didn't like the look of him at all. He had a pain in his side every time he breathed, and a temperature.

At about 9:30, when Mr. Josser was breathing nineteen to the dozen and groaning with every lungful, Mrs. Josser could stand the strain alone no longer. She arranged with Percy Boon's mother to sit with him while she phoned Doris. It was the first telephone call from her family that Doris had received.

"But, my sweet, you can't think of going now," Doreen said when Doris told her what her mother had said. "Not with all those sandwiches to eat. You simply can't. It's probably nothing, really."

She was speaking at the top of her voice because she was excited. But she was also annoyed. The first time they'd ever had anyone to the flat something like this would happen to Doris. At the present moment there were eight cheerful young men in the room—which in itself was something of a scoop with so much competition about.

"I think I ought to go," Doris said quietly.

Doreen grabbed Bill by the arm. She had to do something to attract his attention. He'd been taking no notice of her all the evening.

"Tell her she's just getting panicky," she said.

Bill thought for a moment. "Shouldn't think it's serious," he replied at last. "But it might be. No harm in finding out."

Doreen dropped Bill's arm.

"I think it's monstrous," she said, "trailing across London at this time of night, simply because someone phones."

Doris had gone out of the room by now. And a moment later she came back, her handbag under her arm.

"Please don't anybody move," she said. "I'm terribly sorry breaking up everything like this."

SUDDENLY Doreen jumped up and flung her arms round her. "I've been a pig," she said. "An absolute pig. Of course you've got to go."

Bill had got up too. "I'll come with you," he said.

It was touch-and-go for a moment. But Doreen realized that she mustn't lose her temper in front of all those people. So she gave a little laugh instead.

"Now I understand," she said. "It's just a blind for you two to get off together."

"No, it isn't," said Bill. "I only just thought of it."

"Hadn't I better come in and see if I can do anything?" he inquired hopefully when they arrived at No. 10 Dulcimer Street. "Bit of medical advice and all that."

Doris shook her head. "Some other time," she said. "Not now. Mother's sure to be worried."

Bill remained there silent for a moment.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll wait outside. Just in case I'm needed. You may want something from the chemist's. I'll give you a quarter of an hour and then if you haven't sent for me, I'll go home."

So he was still there when Doris got back down to the street again.

"Oh, Bill," she said. "I'm worried. I've got to get a doctor. Quick."

Bill fell into step alongside her. "Who's your doctor?" he asked.

"Oh, he's away or something," Doris told him. "I'm just going to get the first one I can find."

"What about me?" Bill suggested.

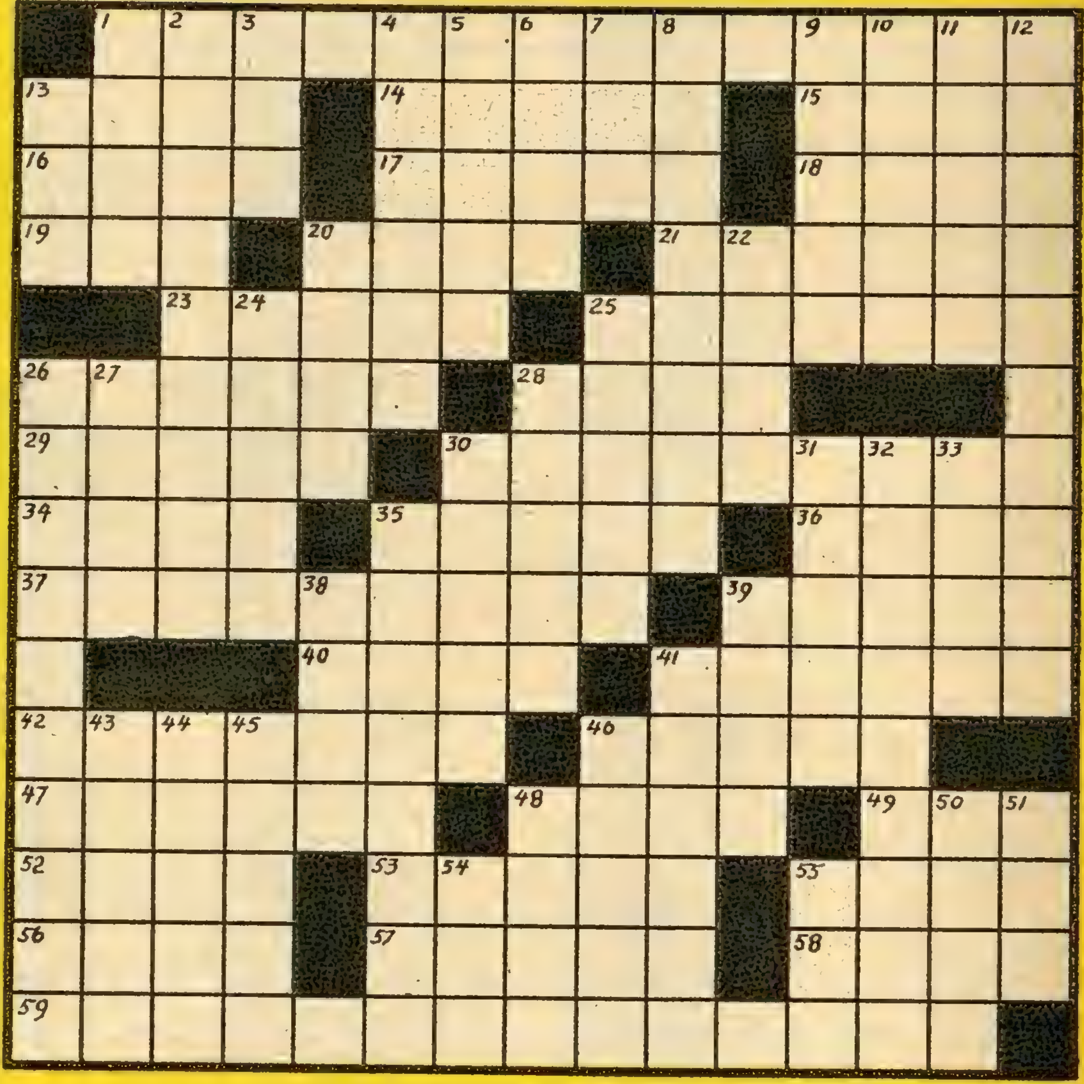
"But you're not qualified."

"I'm as good as. Better let me have a look."

Bill took a bit of explaining to Mrs. Josser. He didn't look in the least like any doctor she had ever seen. But as Doris had brought him straight into the bedroom there wasn't much that she could do about it.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Cause of many confinement cases
13 Shredded cardboard soaked in mayonnaise
14 His Common Sense was one to the British
15 Catfish bathtub
16 Blind version of 14 Horizontal—you ought to see through it!
17 Colorful lass, whose life was recently told in about 200 chapters
18 ——— Maxwell
19 Cockney happendage
20 Date Caesar *dies* (anag.)
21 Kind of post seen at the end of the road of life
23 What it grows as the boring guests linger
25 They're absorbed during moments of expansion
26 O. E. D.s
28 What educated cats do instead of meowing
29 Well-known American Maxim adopted by the English
30 It's impossible to attain altitude by the use of this elevator
34 If the world keeps at these, they'll fall on our survival chances
35 This is on everybody's tongue
36 World-wide cry of today
37 Where scientific pipe dreams come true (two words)
39 It's prominent, smelly, and nosy!
40 Honest fellows
41 Make a few changes for the better
42 Gratings underfoot
46 Relinquished to
47 We want things to get this way without getting any redder
48 Cow chow chaws
49 Dangerous curve!
52 State of Norway and Denmark (pl.)
53 Burp politically
55 Variety of date
56 He sure gets burned up about Eire
57 Disconnect the knots
58 Hit the road, tom!
59 He's in a shoddy lucky business: making iron doghouses for big beasts

VERTICAL

1 MacFamily
2 Hateful people, with awful dispossessions, who turn up on the first with increased demands
3 Why people can't shut their mouths about celebrities
4 Lewis' men get in some awful digs with these
5 What married men become progressively
6 Its loss was Adam's gain (pl.)
7 Upstanding figure
8 Pour in and occupy
9 Glorified meowing
10 They're bound to be nuts because of their screwy contacts
11 Leaf it in so it can rest
12 Cause of man's downfall (it brings a lump to the throat) (two words)
13 'Sdad, the old mineral-water manufacturer
20 A little listing
22 Work and play are associated with it
24 Red light, sailor!
25 What East Indians have a couple of times a day
26 A snappy likeness
27 Perch the carcass on the Percheron and callous the coccyx
28 He was down in the cellar eating sauerkraut when the light went out
30 Deliveries June brides can be expecting early next spring
31 What Thcotchmen do by inthtinct
32 GIdeal of his own, *cf.* Dream mansion (try to get one!)
33 It's a shame, isn't it!
35 "This is knobby in a prominent way," said *O. E. Brutus* (anag.)
38 It holdeth the young and old openmouthed in the chimney corner
39 Shorty Edwards
41 Unhock
43 After falling in love, he drank himself to death
44 *Stair* at this Babylonianymph (anag.)
45 Items after items after items
46 Wolf bait
48 Roman statesman
50 Make-up, mink, marriages, and money cause her to outshine lesser lights
51 Snoot group
54 Rubbernosed Nudist Hecklers (abbr.)
55 What to do if you don't know

S	A	P	S	■	P	U	S	H	B	U	T	T	O	N
I	D	O	L	■	A	S	T	O	R	■	R	E	N	O
D	A	L	I	■	T	E	A	S	E	■	O	N	E	R
E	M	O	T	E	S	■	R	E	A	S	O	N	S	■
S	■	■	H	A	Y	S	■	S	T	E	P	■	■	■
A	S	T	E	R	■	P	A	■	H	E	E	D	E	D
D	O	O	R	N	■	R	U	L	E	■	R	O	D	E
D	D	A	■	S	K	A	T	E	R	S	■	R	I	M
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■	■	■	T	O	M	E	■	S	P	A	■	■	■	A
■	B	O	T	T	L	E	S	■	A	M	B	L	E	S
L	O	V	E	■	I	R	O	N	Y	■	R	I	P	S
K	N	E	E	■	N	I	O	B	E	■	A	L	E	E
H	O	R	S	E	S	E	N	S	E	■	D	Y	E	S

June 21 Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

"Just you sit up and enjoy yourself," Bill said, when he had examined Mr. Josser, "and I'll tell you what's the matter with you."

"Is it . . . is it bad?" Mrs. Josser asked.

"Not if we do something about it," Bill told her. "He's got a touch of pleurisy. That's all it is. You'd better let me do a paracentesis. . . ."

"What's that?" Mr. Josser demanded.

"Just tap the left lung and let the fluid out. That's what's causing the pain."

Mrs. Josser came over to Bill and stood in front of him. "Are you qualified, young man?"

Bill paused and hoped that Doris wasn't going to say anything.

"Yes," he answered.

Mrs. Josser went across to the bed and began stroking Mr. Josser's forehead.

"Don't worry, Fred," she told him. "You'll be all right."

"That's right," Bill said. "Keep the patient comfortable while I go and collect my bag. Back again inside half an hour."

OUTSIDE the door, Doris caught hold of Bill's arm.

"Oh, Bill, are you sure you can do it?" she asked. "Are you certain that he'll be all right?"

And because it was dark on the landing and because she was close to him, he kissed her. It was a rapid, clumsy sort of kiss. She followed him downstairs.

"Don't get run over, Bill," she said.

He blew two shillings on a cab on the way back, and Doris was waiting for him down in the street when he got there.

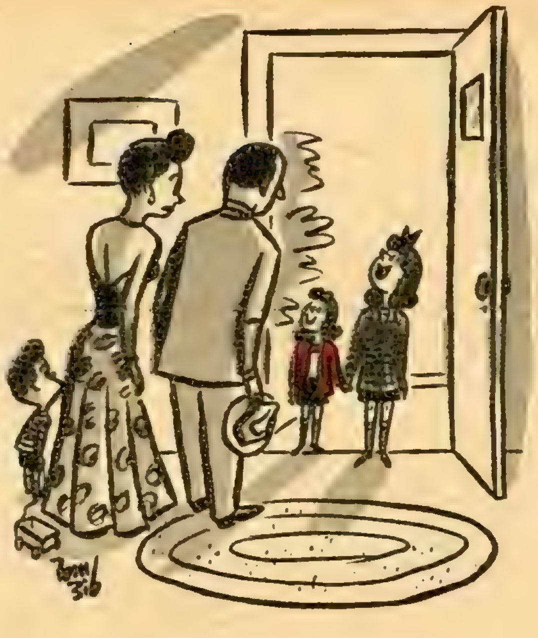
"Oh, Bill," she said. "Do hurry. He looks so awful."

When Bill had got on his long white coat Mrs. Josser seemed more ready to believe in him. But by now Bill had ceased to take any real notice of her. There was an intent, absorbed look on his face. He unpacked his case thoughtfully, counting out the contents. There was a kind of expert daintiness about him now, quite unlike his usual clumsiness. Without asking permission, he went over to the washbasin and started scrubbing his hands. Then he turned to Mrs. Josser.

"You look tired," he said. "Just you go and sit down and leave this to Doris and me."

Mrs. Josser pursed up her lips. "I'm stopping here," she said.

"In that case perhaps you could give me a couple of clean towels," he asked. "Just to save the sheets, you know." He went to the bed and stood over Mr. Josser. "Do you mind sitting round this way a bit? The light's better." Then he beckoned to Doris. "Come over here," he said. "I shall want you to hold things."



"I've been hired as baby sitter for your baby sitter."
LIBERTY

And when the lung had been tapped and fluid was trickling into the vacuum jar Bill had rigged, he put his spare hand on Mr. Josser's shoulder. "You'll feel better almost any minute now."

Then he looked round at Doris.

"Take her into the other room," he said to Mrs. Josser, "and tell her to sit with her head between her legs for a bit. Then she won't faint."

At two thirty in the morning Bill was sitting propped up in one of the two armchairs in the Jossers' front room with his feet up on the other one. He had Doris's coat across his knees. And, not because he was cold, he pulled it up to his chin and rubbed his cheek against it.

"Three pints of fluid . . . no cardiac collapse . . . patient breathing comfortably . . . and I shall see Doris at breakfast," he was telling himself sleepily.

And a fortnight later Mr. Josser was saying, "I feel all right. I look forward to my food. I'm sleeping properly. And I don't cough any more. But I can't stomach a pipe."

"Get away for a bit, and you'll be back to an ounce of shag a day," Bill told him.

"That pipe was at the root of it all," Mrs. Josser interposed. "He'd just been poisoning himself with it for years."

She was used to having Bill in the house by now. And she was used to contradicting him. But Bill knew Mrs. Josser, too. And he no longer made the mistake of answering her.

"That's what you need now," he continued. "A fortnight at the seaside. Somewhere like Brighton."

"The East Coast's more bracing," Mrs. Josser observed.

"And have a drink or two when you feel like one," Bill went on.

"He isn't fit to travel," Mrs. Josser put in.

"I'm all right," Mr. Josser said. "I don't need a holiday. Give me another week or two and I'll be on my feet again. Besides, I can't afford it."

Mrs. Josser pursed her lips. "Of course you can afford it," she said. "You're going away as soon as the doctor says you can."

PERCY BOON, too, had been making a decision. A big decision. He'd ruled Doris clean out of his life. And, in consequence, he was feeling better. So much better in fact that he was falling in love again.

"She'll be sorry," he kept repeating. "Throwing herself away on someone just because he saved her father's life. That's not love. That's infatuation. She'll be sorry. He won't be able to give her what I could give. She'll never know what love means. She'll be sorry."

In his mind, now, he and Doris had meant a great deal to each other once, and she had been unfaithful to him. He saw himself as someone who was ready to dedicate his whole life to one lucky woman. And because there had to be one lucky woman in his life—and because there was one again now—his self-esteem was returning. He'd bought himself a new tie and handkerchief set, bluey-mauve, with a satin stripe. And it made Mrs. Boon happy just to see them. It showed her Percy was returning to normal. He'd got over his bit of trouble, whatever it was.

The incident of the Blonde didn't really seem to him his affair any more. The details of it had grown blurred inside his mind, so that it was by now like something that he had seen or read about.

Like everyone else at No. 10 Dulcimer Street, Percy took part in getting the Jossers started for Brighton. He drove the party to the station.

At the last moment Bill and Doris turned up. This was a surprise, planned and executed all in secret. They arrived five minutes before the train was due to leave. There was just time to say everything and there were no awkward pauses. The only person who was put out was Percy.

"She doesn't mean nothing to me now," he told himself. "Doris doesn't. I've learnt my lesson. I've found someone who understands me. I've got the real thing now. Doris doesn't mean nothing to me. . . ."

By the last day at Brighton Mr. Josser was a different man, though he was secretly looking forward to Dulcimer Street once more.

"About that cottage of yours," Mrs. Josser said suddenly.

Mr. Josser gave a little smile. "It was only an idea I had."

Mrs. Josser ignored that. "Why don't we look up a few addresses while we're down here?" she suggested.

"You mean take a cottage down here by the sea?"

"Only if it's suitable," she answered firmly.

Mr. Josser did not say anything. He was nearer to getting what he wanted than he had been at any time during the last thirty years. Between him and Mrs. Josser there existed at this moment a bond of sacred understanding.

They were approaching the boarding-house now.

"There's usually milk-pudding on Fridays," Mrs. Josser said. "Or at least there was last week."

Mr. Josser pushed the door open and, as he did so, they both saw the figure of a woman seated on one of the cane chairs in the hall. It was Mrs. Boon.

"This is a nice surprise," Mr. Josser began. "Did Percy bring—" He stopped, for he saw that Mrs. Boon had been weeping.

"It's about Percy I've come," she said, in a breathless pent-up rush. "They've taken him away from me. Last night. He's been arrested."

There was a pause. A blank, incredulous pause.

"What's he done?" Mr. Josser asked. Then, thinking that it might be more tactful, he added: "There must be some mistake."

"They've . . . they've charged him with stealing a car. A Bentley car . . ." She began crying again. "I had to tell somebody," she managed to jerk out. "That's why I came."

Mr. Josser cleared his throat. He looked down at the sodden figure and across then at Mrs. Josser.

"Mother," he said. "We'll have to go back. Straightaway."

"REALLY, my pet," Doreen was saying, "I can't bear to see you making a fool of yourself like this. If you've gone and fallen for Bill in a big way, you'd better watch your step. He just isn't your type." She paused. "Bill comes from such a different sort of family."

"And what's wrong with my family?"

"Oh, nothing, darling," Doreen assured her, still smiling. "Nothing. If you can't see what I mean, I can't explain it to you. It only just proves what I'm saying." She paused again. "Not that I mind of course. I understand."

"I think you're perfectly horrible."

Doreen came a step nearer. The carefully-calculated smile had gone.

"Don't be rude, cherub," she said. "That would be so—common."

She turned her back on Doris as she said it and started for her bedroom. She hadn't reached it by the time Doris caught up with her.

"If you think I'm common," she said, "let me tell you what you are. You're just a greedy man-hunter. You'd go after anything. Even after Mr. Perkiss. You haven't got the slightest self-respect where a man's concerned. Oh no. You're not common. Of course not. And let me tell you something else as well. You're lazy. Bone lazy. You don't do anything in this flat. If I left it the way you do, you couldn't have any of your wonderful boy-friends here, because it would be like a pigsty. . . ."

Then Bill came. And apart from arriving at an awkward sort of moment, Bill was poor company. His Finals were in the morning and the Examining Board of the Faculty would decide whether he really should be allowed to become a doctor or not. At the moment, he rather feared not. Until half an hour ago he had resolved to spend the evening quietly in his room in an orgy of last-minute revision. Then, quite suddenly, just as he was getting down to things, he had realized that he simply must see Doris.

AFTER he had taken the drink Doreen offered he went and sat on the arm of Doris's chair, leaving Doreen alone on the divan. Doreen watched him with tears starting up in her eyes. And because Doris looked so happy and comfortable, and because Doreen herself felt so miserable and out of it, she simply had to say something.

"Tell Bill about what's happened to Percy," she said.

Doris shook her head. "I'll tell him some other time."

Doreen threw out a cloud of cigarette smoke and addressed the ceiling. "I ought to have remembered. You meant a lot to each other once. You weren't actually *engaged* to him or anything, were you?"

"You know I wasn't. Don't be silly," Doris said.

It was really a very mild little answer. But in Doreen's state it was disastrous.

"How was I to know he was just another of your boy-friends?" she retorted.

"I didn't have any boy-friends." Doris was sitting bolt upright now. "I don't know why, but you're trying to be beastly. I think you're loathsome."

"When I want a lesson in manners from you I shall ask for it," Doreen answered. "Just because your Percy's been put in prison you needn't go about trying to get someone else."

The words as she said them sounded perfectly dreadful. They astonished her. But she hadn't been able to stop saying them. When Doris got up and went through into her bedroom Doreen hurriedly followed her.

Bill went and leant up against the windowsill painted on the far wall. He wanted to have a private word with Doris—and then another private word with Doreen afterwards. He was still wondering how he could contrive it, when Doris appeared again. She was carrying a suitcase—and she went straight to the front door. As she passed him, Bill saw that she was crying.

"What's happening?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

But she didn't answer. And even if she had answered it would have been difficult to hear her because Doreen was apologizing at the top of her voice from the bedroom.

As Doris slammed the door behind her, Bill snatched up his hat and without saying good-bye jerked the door open again and followed her.

RICHa
That's for me!
Drink
RICHardson
ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor

The bigger, livelier

Liberty

is now published

every

two

weeks

instead of every week

Reserve yours ahead!

DULCIMER STREET

AFTER midnight, across the table in Bill's room with all the textbooks lying on it, Bill and Doris sat looking at each other.

"I ought to go now," she said slowly.

"We've had all that out before," he said firmly. "You can't go home at this hour. Just upset 'em. You have the bed and I'll take the couch." He sat there looking at her for a moment, then picked up his pipe and began filling it. "In any case," he said, "I've still got some reading to do." He paused. "Like me to go while you get into bed? Have to be a bit quiet because the landlady's one of the old-fashioned sort."

"That's all right," Doris answered. "I'm just going to lie down as I am."

She kicked her shoes off and stretched herself out on the bed. Then she lay there staring up at the ceiling. Bill's shadow from the reading-lamp on the table beside him spread itself over her. It was larger than life-size, and somehow comforting.

"Like the light out?" he asked after a while.

"When you're ready," she answered.

"Ready now," he told her.

In the darkness the room seemed smaller. It grew more intimate. Through the faint light entering from the window Doris saw Bill arranging the cushions on the couch for a pillow. Then he drew up a chair for his legs.

"Goodnight," he said.

"Goodnight," Doris answered.

One of the churches in Hampstead struck one.

"Are you still awake?" Bill asked.

"I'm awake."

"So am I. I'm lonely. . . ."

In the morning Bill's landlady gave him notice for having had a "person" in his rooms.

"I do feel awful," Doris said as they were going out for breakfast. "Your Finals today, and being turned out of your digs just because of me."

Bill only laughed. Today looked like being the end of everything so far as he was concerned, and he couldn't take the business of the landlady seriously enough to mind about it.

"Wasn't going to stop there anyhow," he told her. "Never really comfortable, you know."

He insisted on going all the way to the office with her. It wasn't until he had said good-bye to her that he properly realized the state he was in. Here he was on the way to the Examination School, when he should have been composing himself for the ordeal of Finals, and all that he could think about was the feel of Doris's head on his shoulder and his arms wrapped around her.

They met for dinner. Bill was waiting when Doris arrived.

"I want to talk to you," she said, when they had ordered.

There was something in her voice that Bill didn't like; he was determind to get in his word first.

"So do I," he said. "I want you to marry me. Straightaway."

"I've been thinking," she said. "I don't want to get married yet."

"Don't want to get married?" he repeated. "Not want to?"

"It isn't exactly that. I just don't want you to feel that you've got to marry me because of what happened last night."

He leant forward and managed to get hold of her hand again. "But I want to marry you."

"You know it'd be silly," she answered. "It wouldn't be fair. You aren't even qualified yet."

"I shall be by the autumn."

"Oh, Bill," she said. "I meant to ask you as soon as I saw you. How were the Finals?"

Bill grinned.

"Oh, them," he said. "They're jam. They're a walkover."

"But you ought to get established first. You know you ought. It's a frightful drag on a young doctor being married. You know you wanted to go on and be a surgeon," she continued. "That'll take years."

"You've got your job," he said. "We could manage."

Doris shook her head. "It isn't only that. It's me and my people, and the way I've been brought up, and where I come from. You'll be in Harley Street, and you ought to have someone awfully grand."

"You'll make a marvelous surgeon's wife," he told her.

"Oh, Bill, you're crazy."

They sat for a moment without speaking.

"Then you will marry me?"

"Not yet."

"Better hurry up," he told her. "There'll be war at any moment. No sense waiting till I'm sent abroad."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do," Bill answered.

"Are you *sure* you'll be sent abroad?"

The news on the wireless and in the papers, all the rubbish that Uncle Henry was always talking, seemed to culminate in this one awful thought.

"Certain," Bill told her. "They'll want all the doctors they can get."

"Doctors don't go right into the firing line, do they?"

Bill grinned. "No," he said. "They send the ambulance men."

Doris put her hand in his again. "Oh, Bill, I do love you so," she said. "There won't be a war, will there?"

"Not a chance of it," he told her. "I was only joking."

There was a pause.

"What are you going to do tonight?" he asked.

"I'm going home."

"To Dulcimer Street?"

"Yes, of course. I can't go back to Doreen now."

"Have you told them?"

"Not yet."

"Well, let's go somewhere first."

And it was his second evening of revision—Pathology tomorrow—that went down the drain as he said it.

DESPITE all Mrs. Josser's warnings, Mr. Josser was back on the job again. But his heart wasn't properly in it any more. He was too much upset about Percy's being arrested.

Besides, there wasn't the same permanent feel about rent collecting as there had been before. Mrs. Josser had definitely decided to try the dangerous, even reckless experiment of living somewhere in the country. She insisted that it was for the sake of Mr. Josser's health that she *was* doing it. Otherwise, it would have looked as though she had changed her mind.

The arrangement in any case suited him admirably. "Just see Mrs. Boon through her bit of trouble," he told himself. "Then off we go."

But one afternoon, stopping on his round for a cup of tea at a Lyons, he looked over the evening paper and saw something that made him put his cup down so hurriedly so that it spilt.

"CAR BANDIT MURDER: MAN CHARGED," he read. And underneath, "Percy Boone, motor mechanic of Dulcimer Street, S.E., already in custody, today at Brixton Prison charged with the murder of Edith Sinclair, on May 23rd."

It turned Mr. Josser quite sick.

"Can't be Percy," he said. "They haven't spelt his name right. All the same, I'd better be getting back. Can't leave mother alone at a time like this."

All the way home he went over young Percy's case-history. And he saw it all quite clearly—Percy's latenesses, his extravagance, his unreliability, his vanity. "I suppose in a way it's my fault," he told himself. "I ought to have done more for the

TOM HENDERSON

"Careful what you say about the Snyders—these walls are so thin they might overhear you."

LIBERTY

boy. What he needed was a father. . . ."

The week that followed proved too much for Mrs. Boon. She collapsed and had to be taken to an infirmary.

When visiting day came round, Mrs. Josser went to see her. Only once did Mrs. Boon emerge from her lethargy—after her first grateful smile to Mrs. Josser for having come at all—and that was to beckon her over and whisper in her ear.

"Ask Fred to keep an eye on Percy," she said. "He can see him any Thursday. I'm afraid he may be missing me."

"We'll look after him. Don't you worry," Mrs. Josser promised.

But Mrs. Josser couldn't be expected to keep her mind on Percy. Not entirely. Because Doris was already taking up a large part of it. Doris had announced that she was engaged to Bill. And the day on which Mr. Josser was to go to see Percy, the Jossers were to meet Bill's people, who were coming up from Dawlish for the occasion. It promised to be an overcrowded sort of day—prison in the afternoon and an engagement party in the evening.

MR. JOSSER wasn't particularly looking forward to dinner at a hotel with Bill's people. He knew Bill and that seemed to him enough. But Mrs. Josser, who was looking forward to it even less, insisted.

What was worrying her was the question of clothes. She wished now that she'd been in the habit of dropping into the Trocadero more often so that she could have seen what other people habitually wore at seven sharp. The evening before, she had been certain that of course her blue costume was all right—she had even pressed it carefully with a damp cloth in readiness. But in the harsh early light of the day itself she saw things differently. Directly breakfast was over, she announced that she was going out. If she weren't back by lunch-time, Mr. Josser was to give himself a meal, and not wait for her. She added that he was also to have a haircut and that, above all things, he was not to get back late from seeing Percy. They were starting for the Trocadero at six sharp, she told him. And she wasn't going to be rushed for anybody.

She took the bus straightaway to Oxford Street. She wanted to be sure of a real West End cut, and she had always gone to Bourne's when she wanted something that was really good.

But even at Bourne's it wasn't easy. There was such a selection. In the end Mrs. Josser decided on the first one shown her. It was a simple little blue two-piece, with a white ornament on the left bosom.

Then, because the dress was only three guineas and she had brought five pounds with her, she decided that she would have a look at hats. It was a hat remarkably like her old one that she bought, a hard black felt with the brim turned up in front, and a sort of buckle, also black, set flush in line with the ribbon.

As to Mr. Josser, he forgot all about the hairdresser until he was nearly home after his brief visit with Percy. And because it was late already, he couldn't risk the extra journey back to the shop he regularly patronized. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to go into one nearby, where they didn't know him. They pretty nearly cropped him. He emerged looking like a choirboy.

But he was ready to start at six, and thus they were early; very early. Other diners who had turned up round about half-past-six for seven had ordered themselves a drink, so Mr. Josser did the same. When he asked Mrs. Josser what she would have, however, the offer caught her at a disadvantage; she was unfamiliar with every one of the cocktails on the list in front of her. When Mr. Josser decided to have a pink gin, she decided to have one too.

Then Mrs. Josser saw something that made her blood run cold. Through the swing doors in front of her a woman came in wearing a new-looking dark blue dress identical with her own. She was still hoping that the woman would be given a seat on the far side of the restaurant when Bill and Doris came in.

"We'd better order a drink," Bill said. "I bet my people'll be late."

"Not for me, thank you," Mrs. Josser said firmly. "I've just had one. Fred can have another if he likes."

But Bill ordered White Ladies all round. And because they had actually been paid for before Mrs. Josser realized what was happening, of course she had to drink hers. She liked it rather better than the pink gin. She was still sipping it when the identical dress entered the lounge again. The wearer stood surveying the circle of faces and then came straight towards them.

"Oh, there you are, Billy," she said. "I told father I was sure we were waiting in the wrong place. He's through there by the door."

As soon as Bill had introduced his mother to everybody—he noticed that she seemed to be staring rather hard at Mrs. Josser—he went off in search of his father. He returned a moment later with a diminutive white-haired man in a neat blue suit, with a Masonic emblem dangling from his watch-chain.

FIRST they all had to admire Doris's ring. Then the waiter hung over them and they ordered what he told them to. The wine waiter came along and Dr. Davenport got out his glasses.

"Well, what would everybody like?" he asked.

When nobody spoke, Dr. Davenport passed the wine list over to Mr. Josser.

"Here," he said. "You take it. I expect it's more in your line than mine. We aren't great wine drinkers, are we, mother?"

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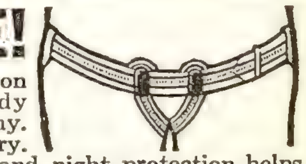

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Mr. Josser remembered that he'd only got two pounds on him, and it hadn't definitely been decided who was going to pay for the dinner. So he decided on moselle to be on the safe side. It was only eight and six a bottle.

"One bottle," he said to the waiter.

"Better ask him to make it two," Dr. Davenport said. "This is a celebration, remember."

The doctor leant over and patted Doris's hand. "I'm sure we're going to be great friends," he said. "Bill's a very lucky man, I can see that." Then, getting a signal from his wife, he added, "Of course, it'll have to be some time. Great mistake for a young man to tie himself down before he's properly got going. May affect his whole career. But say in a year or two."

"I'll wait," Doris said.

"And what's going to happen at the end of two years, I'd like to know," Mrs. Josser demanded. "He'll only be just qualified even then."

"Bill's a very clever doctor. He's going to make a lot of money. He . . ." It was Mrs. Davenport who had spoken. From opposing the whole proposal she was now actually defending it.

"He's clever all right," Mr. Josser said. "When I had pleurisy, he operated on me a treat. . . ."

Dr. Davenport turned to Bill. He was obviously shaken. "And what would you have done if anything had gone wrong, may I ask?"

"Nothing *did* go wrong," Bill told him.

"But suppose it had. Where would you have been then?"

"And where would my husband have been?" Mrs. Josser demanded.

"YOU shouldn't have done it, Bill," his mother said. "You ought to have remembered."

"Remembered what?" Bill asked her.

"Why, all the money your father's been spending on you," she explained.

"It was all my fault, really," Mr. Josser insisted. "He could see I was in pain and I . . . I . . . asked him to."

"No, you didn't, I did," Doris interrupted.

"It wasn't either of you. I asked myself," Bill said emphatically. "He'd have been dead if I hadn't."

"And you let him do it knowing he wasn't qualified?" Dr. Davenport asked Mr. Josser.

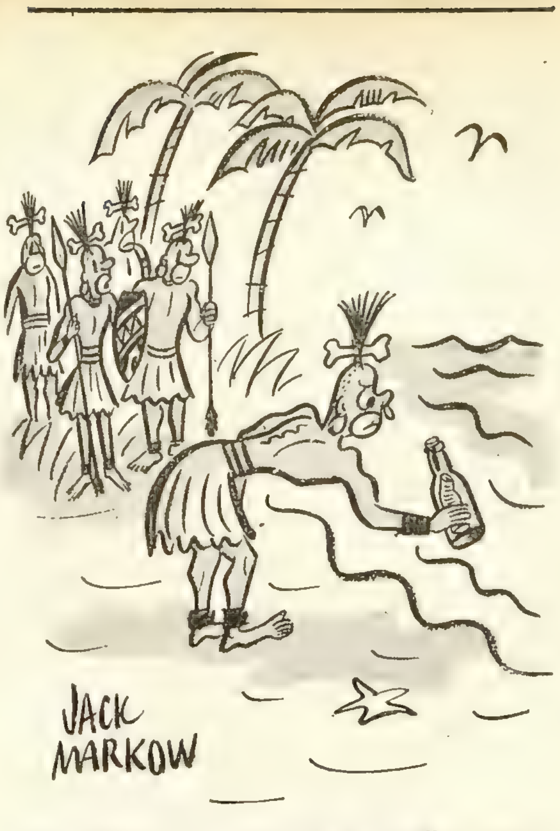
"I didn't tell him," Bill replied.

A thought flashed across Mrs. Josser's mind. "Did you know, Doris?" she asked.

"Of course I knew."

"And you let your young man experiment on your own father?"

Mr. Josser gave a rather nervous little smile. "Well, I don't see what the trouble is," he said. "It all turned out very nicely. I'm better and . . . and it gave Bill a bit of practice. It's all over and done with now."



"His Majesty is sending a stiff note to the United Nations."

LIBERTY

Dr. Davenport, a man of peace himself, recognized just such another in Mr. Josser. He began beaming.

Mrs. Davenport rose from the table and said rather shakily, "I'm just going to leave you all for a moment."

Mrs. Josser rose simultaneously. "I'm coming too," she said.

In a strange way the two women seemed to be on each other's side now. It was two keen-witted and far-seeing women ranged against two stupid and easy-going men.

Bill got up and took Doris by the hand. "How about a bit of dancing?" he asked.

Then, when they had gone, too, Dr. Davenport looked across at Mr. Josser. They grinned rather sheepishly at each other.

"What do you say to a cigar?" Dr. Davenport asked. "A cigar and a spot of brandy? It's my little dinner, remember."

AFTER the engagement, Doris's twenty-first birthday was an anticlimax. And there was so much else in the air—Percy's trial and troops moving on frontiers and gas-mask inspections. So far as Bill was concerned, the birthday had come at the worst possible moment. He was broke and he had decided that he was a failure, a large, easy-going failure of twenty-five with no qualifications and no prospects. He had even given up looking forward to the result of the Finals because he was so perfectly sure of what the result would be. So he decided to sell his textbooks.

That done, with five pounds, ten shillings in his pocket, Bill bought Doris a wrist-watch for four guineas. It was a nice little thing in chromium about the size of a small trouser-button, and life began again for Bill from the moment he'd bought it. He spent another five shillings on a dozen roses, and armed with the two birthday presents he set off to meet Doris with all his self-respect restored.

Mr. and Mrs. Josser had bought her a string of imitation pearls, and a pair of paste ear-rings arrived from Dawlish together with a note from Bill's mother. Ted and Cynthia between them gave Doris a new handbag. And Uncle Henry, rendered indulgent by the occasion, posted her a fountain pen. The only person who didn't send her anything—not that she really expected it—was Doreen. Everything else, however, was perfect. For a start, there was Bill waiting for her when she came out of the office. He made her put on the wrist-watch straight away despite the fact that she was already wearing one. She'd never known him gayer and more lively and it all seemed a part of the evening when, bulging with money as he was, he insisted on taking a taxi all the way home.

The whole family sat down at the table, and Mr. Josser, who'd seemed rather quiet and preoccupied at first, sprang his little surprise on them. He'd bought a bottle of South African wine and they all had a glass.

"To the cottage in the country, to the honeysuckle over the door," Bill proposed.

He and Mr. Josser had spent a lot of time in talking about cottages.

"Have you found anything yet?" Ted inquired.

"We're on to a little beauty," Mrs. Josser said enthusiastically. "We're going down to see it, together. Aren't we, Fred? Have you heard from the agents yet?"

Mr. Josser went very red and bent low down over his plate. "Not yet," he said at last.

"You did write, didn't you?" Mrs. Josser asked him.

Mr. Josser shook his head.

"But it was Monday I showed you the advertisement."

"I know." He knew he couldn't explain. He couldn't get up in front of everyone and tell them that it was on Monday that he'd gone, at Mrs. Boon's request, to hire a lawyer for Percy and had found that all the money Mrs. Boon had in the world was a hundred pounds short of the lawyer's fee. And Mr. Josser knew he was going to supply it.

"It's a downright shame," Mrs. Josser said. "Now someone else has probably got it. I've always said you didn't get after things."

ON the evening of the verdict it was a very subdued household in Dulcimer Street. For Percy had been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

"This is terrible, mother," Mr. Josser kept repeating. "We've got to do something."

And next morning Mrs. Josser went to the infirmary to see Mrs. Boon and brought back a message which sent Mr. Josser to Percy's lawyer. If an appeal was going to cost extra, Mr. Josser was to auction the Boons' furniture and use the proceeds.

"Lot of work in appeal," the lawyer said. "May be another hundred and fifty."

There was a pause. Mr. Josser's hands were damp inside. The furniture, they agreed, would bring perhaps thirty.

"I'll go up to a hundred," he said.

"And the thirty from the furniture?"

"No," Mr. Josser replied firmly. "Just the hundred. The furniture's stopping where it is."

The lawyer contemplated his gold pencil.

"Probably be of no use," he answered. "But we'll see. We'll see what we can do."

"I'll guarantee up to a hundred." Mr. Josser was saying the words to himself as he came away. That meant two hundred in all. And that, in turn, meant that three hundred pounds was all that he and Mrs. Josser had in their old age between them and starvation.

BILL had passed his Finals. Astonishingly, had passed them. And the rest had been his idea entirely. It was simply that he saw a notice that qualified doctors were wanted in His Majesty's Forces, and he had written offering himself. For weeks he had been answering, too, every advertisement he had seen—*locum tenens,* large Panel practice in Wood Green; House Physician, Stoke-on-Trent Infirmary; anaesthetist, City Dental Hospital; Child Specialist (vacancy open to a woman) somewhere or other in the Midlands. And one after another they had turned him down.

Then a letter arrived on inferior official stationery asking him to present himself immediately to an address in Victoria. There was something rather flattering about the "immediately."

The medical examination given him was nothing. Standing stripped, he looked like a prize-fighter.

It was nearly a fortnight after that when Bill received another letter that told him in rather cold, formal language that he had been granted a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and it enclosed a further batch of forms for him to fill in, gave him advice about buying his uniform, and told him where to present himself at Sandhurst for an officer's training.

Doris took a day from the office, to help Bill buy his uniform. So far as No. 10 Dulcimer Street was concerned, she left at the usual time. But instead of keeping on the tram as far as the Temple, she got off at Charing Cross and made her way to the hospital.

It took Bill rather long to buy the

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JULY

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things because Doris wouldn't let him have the first thing shown him, even though it seemed all right to him. And she made him stand up properly and not sag from the shoulders in the way he generally did. If he had to be a soldier at all, she was determined that he should be the neatest, most immaculate one who had ever presented himself at the gates of Sandhurst. And then quite suddenly she disliked everything to do with military uniforms. She simply wanted Bill to go on sagging about in an old sports coat and a pair of flannels forever.

But in no time at all his last day came. Tomorrow morning he was going to a military hospital up North somewhere. He came round for her, very smart and official-looking in his new uniform, immediately after breakfast and they went off to Richmond together. It was a Sunday and people were there in numbers, men smoking pipes, and old ladies, and dogs on leads, girls in tweed costumes, and nursemaids with babies in perambulators. They stretched up the hill, a bobbing swaying mass like dancers ascending a long staircase. Doris saw that there were other figures in khaki among the crowd. But the war hadn't properly got going yet. Soon, quite soon, only the old ladies and the babies in perambulators would be left. The long shadow of war was creeping up the hill ahead of them.

Bill and Doris walked up the hill themselves and entered the park. They walked on without speaking. And, as they walked, they merged. Merged completely. They dwindled into twin spots of color in the middle distance—Doris's red coat and Bill's khaki. Then they went under the trees. And it was dark there. The red coat still gleamed. But it was alone now. The khaki one was lost to sight completely.

It was as though Bill had gone away already.

ONLY a few days after Bill really had gone, another thing that No. 10 Dulcimer Street had been waiting for came to pass: Percy's appeal was heard. And it was dismissed. Nothing but the King's Clemency could now save Percy.

"There isn't really anything that we *can* do, is there?" Mrs. Josser asked.

Mr. Josser shook his head. "Not a thing. Not a blinking thing."

But there was at least one person who did not share his view. Just before midnight, when they were in bed, Uncle Henry arrived.

"Do you realize how much time we've got?" he demanded as soon as Mr. Josser admitted him. "Do you realize that even now it may be too late to prevent it?"

"Prevent what?"

"Murder," Uncle Henry answered slowly. "Judicial murder."

"You mean about Percy?" Mr. Josser asked.

"This isn't justice," Uncle Henry declared. "It's class vengeance. If we let Percy die we shall have his blood on our hands the same as the Judge has."

"I did all I could," Mr. Josser replied. Remembering his two hundred pounds, he found this new attack on him unnecessarily hurtful.

"But not all you're going to do," Uncle Henry continued. "We're going to rescue him!"

Then Mr. Josser became really alarmed. But he did his best to seem completely calm.

"How do we set about it?" he asked.

"In this street," Uncle Henry answered. "Both sides of it. And then the street next to it. And the street next to that. Until we've got the whole of London on our side."

"You . . . you mean, start a revolution?" Mr. Josser asked.

Uncle Henry smiled and showed his teeth. "Not yet," he answered. "Not till the hour's ripe. We won't overthrow our rulers this time. We'll petition them."

Mr. Josser drew a deep breath of relief. "Ah," he said, "A petition."

"We will petition His Most Gracious Majesty," Uncle Henry went on, "through his servant the Home Secretary. We will present him with thousands and tens of thousands of signatures. And *you* will collect them."

And the next day the work began.

PERCY appreciated the petition all right. The change that it produced in him was remarkable. Moody and apathetic for the past two days, he suddenly perked up when he was shown a newspaper.

"That's me on the front page," he said. "That's me in my pin-stripe."

Then he came to a lady feature-writer's article. It was nice seeing his name so often.

He never saw the petition itself, of course—some twenty-two feet of paper and nearly four thousand signatures. When rolled up it made a bundle about the size of a small barrel. And nothing would do, Uncle Henry insisted, but to carry it, with Mr. Josser's help, to the Home Office.

"Into Whitehall and up the steps of the Home Office. Right into the fortress of reaction we must march," he said exultantly.

When the time came a perambulator was borrowed and Uncle Henry wheeled the petition in it. After him walked Mr. Josser and two lady evangelists from the Junior Guild of God. And in the rear marched a pale elderly lady—a stranger—who fell into place saying, "The few of us who feel this way must see that it doesn't happen." They were joined at intervals by such small boys as were temporarily disengaged and, at cross-roads by policemen who conducted the little cortège safely over.

Dark and overcast when they left Dulcimer Street, it was already drizzling by the time they had reached the Oval. The two lady evangelists were all right: they had umbrellas. And so had Mr. Josser. But even if Uncle Henry had been carrying an umbrella it would have been impossible to use it. The perambulator was difficult to wheel.

THEN the drizzle changed to a downpour. The party took shelter in the doorway of a shop, all except Uncle Henry. He was out in the thick of it trying to get the hood up. By the time he had fixed it, he was soaked. He came back and stood among them, steaming.

The deluge was not a long one. But the half-hour they had lost in all was irreplaceable. Dusk was now falling. There was a traffic block at Parliament Square and they had to stand there for a moment, motionless. Tired and shaky, Mr. Josser took off his bowler hat and passed his handkerchief round inside the lining. He was dimly aware that people on the pavement were staring. But he didn't mind any more. Somewhere on the march, he had ceased caring about anything.

They were on the point of moving on again when something in chalk letters on a newspaper board caught their eyes:

"CAR MURDERER REPRIEVED"

was what it said.

Uncle Henry turned from reading it. "Let's park this thing somewhere up a side street and go and get a drink," he said. "I'm cold."

Mr. Josser found himself put to bed as soon as he got back home. Even the tremendous news of the reprieve was obscured in Mrs. Josser's eyes by the fact that his trouser legs were soaking from the knees down. If he had been deliberately

"Guess which hand."

LIBERTY

trying to make himself get ill. . . .

But this wasn't going to be Mr. Josser's funeral. It was Uncle Henry who should have been drinking hot lemon.

THE next day a delirious Uncle Henry was carried off to the City Hospital, and there was a telegram for Mrs. Josser to tell her what had happened to her brother. He fought the pneumonia for ten days, during which he dictated a will leaving all his money and his grocery business to his only sister.

When Mr. Josser led his wife out of the hospital for the last time he tightened the grip on her arm.

"Don't take it to heart, mother," he said. "Henry was happy anyway. The war turned out just the way he said it would."

And then something happened that took Mrs. Josser's mind off everything else. Ted received his calling-up papers. There was nothing extraordinary in that. Everyone was getting them. But with the Co-op. ready to do everything in its power to apply for his reserve—and conscientious young men like Ted were the very backbone of the business—Ted expressed the view that if everyone got himself reserved we should lose the war anyway. There was nothing heroic or vainglorious in the attitude. It was simply blunt common sense. Having assured himself that the Co-op. would make up the difference in his income, he was unbudgeable. Even Cynthia's tears couldn't dissuade him. And a month later he was gone, and Doris moved in with Cynthia and the baby.

She was there when the telegram came from Bill:

BEING POSTED AWAY, it said. WHAT ABOUT GETTING MARRIED AT ONCE SPECIAL LICENSE IF NECESSARY WIRE ANSWER OCEANS OF LOVE BILL.

Doris was crying when she wired her answer. She went at once to Dulcimer Street to tell them. After that, it wasn't Doris's wedding any longer. It was Mrs. Josser's. She wanted something in white satin and a veil. And bridesmaids. And a three-tier cake. But when Bill came, he and Doris decided on a Registry Office. They discussed the whole occasion with a casualness which was appalling. They even spoke of having the wedding at ten o'clock in the morning—as soon as the place opened, in fact—so that they could have the rest of the day to themselves.

Having been defeated in the matter of the church, Mrs. Josser was adamant that Doris should be married from Dulcimer Street. And so she was, with the respective mothers in severe tailormades and Doris herself in a plain blue dress.

All the neighbors were there, even Mrs. Boon, who since her discharge from the infirmary had remained in her room seeing no one. After the ceremony the party was really gay until Bill and Doris had gone. Then there was no life left in it. To some extent that was Mrs. Josser's fault. Rather red about the eyes and with the corners of her mouth tightly drawn in, she sat next to Bill's mother saying nothing.

At last everyone had gone except Mrs. Boon. She still sat on just as she had sat right through the party in silence. But suddenly, raising her head, she addressed Mrs. Josser.

"Every time I looked at Bill," she observed, "I could see my Percy standing there. That's who she ought to have married—Percy."

WHEN Bill got embarkation leave Doris was at King's Cross waiting for him. As soon as the train stopped, the doors opened and out poured—soldiers. In those uniforms everyone had mysteriously been transformed into one and the same person. The platform was full of Bills, all in khaki and all lugging floppy oversize valises.

When Bill did at last come up to the barrier, Doris wondered how she could ever have mistaken anyone else for him. His arms went round her and she clung to him. Large, disconcerting tears were running sideways down her cheeks. "God, what a fright I shall look: I shall look *awful,*" she thought. And then the magic of having him worked and she stopped crying.

"Oh, Bill, it's heavenly," she said. "It's just . . . just . . . heavenly."

"Come on," said Bill. "Let's go and eat something."

There wasn't a taxi, so they took the Underground. Bill kept one knee pressed up hard against hers and the fingers of her hand laced tightly between his. He was in high spirits and he kept on squeezing her fingers until it hurt.

When they got to Piccadilly Circus, he seized hold of her and picked up his case. "This is where we get something to eat," he announced.

They pushed their way to the door of the carriage and forced a passage through the crowd on to the platform, then up to the blackness of the street. It was bright and cheerful as soon as they got inside the Regent Palace.

"This is more like it," Bill stated. "This is what I came up for."

He left Doris for a moment and went over to the reception desk. She thought that he was taking rather a long time when he came back, grinning.

"It's no use," he said. "They don't trust me. They want to see your identity card, too."

"But we're not stopping here . . ." Doris began.

"Yes, we are," Bill told her. "I've got it all arranged. This is the rest of our honeymoon."

When finally they were in bed together in the darkness, Bill's arm under her neck and his other thrown loosely across her and his breathing slow and regular, Doris lay staring out into the darkness. It was a funny world. You married someone and

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Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

you weren't allowed to live together. You spent a night in a hotel and you had to prove that you really were man and wife before you were allowed to go upstairs to your room. And finally the possibility of having a baby, with your husband away at war, was the most alarming thing that could come into your mind. It didn't make sense living life that way. The more you thought of it, the less sense it made.

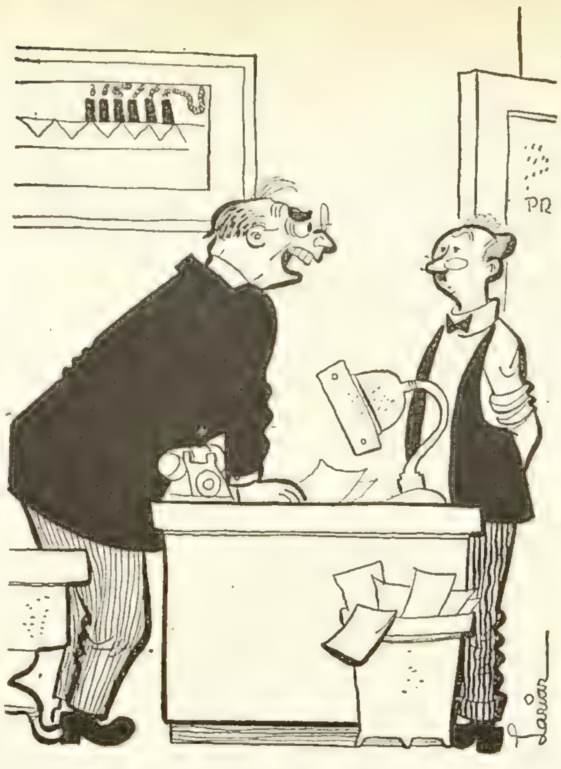
It was after lunch the next day when they left the hotel. Bill had wanted to spend the rest of the afternoon seeing a show. But Doris wouldn't let him. Her mother, she said, would be waiting for them.

But Doris was wrong. Mr. and Mrs. Josser were entirely preoccupied. In their present mood they wouldn't have noticed if Bill and Doris had stayed away altogether.

For in a large foolscap envelope leaning up against the clock was a check that had come that morning to Mrs. Josser from Uncle Henry's lawyer. The check was for one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, six and fourpence. And Mrs. Josser had made a decision.

"We'll go to the agent's today and then start looking on Monday," she announced. "And we won't skimp ourselves."

THEY were still talking about cottages when Bill and Doris arrived. It seemed to Doris callous and unfeeling to go on with such a topic when Bill was due to go overseas in twenty-four hours time. But Bill seemed rather relieved about it. And he said something that brought Mrs. Josser nearer to liking him than she ever had been before. What he said was that it was nice to think that if the air raids got really bad Doris would have somewhere out of London to go to.



"All right, your wife said you need a raise—and *my* wife said not to give it to you!!"

LIBERTY

The Jossers were settled in Conservatory Cottage at Ditchfield when the telegram came to Cynthia that Ted was missing. Doris, who was still staying with Cynthia, sent the telegram on to them from town and they went up immediately to be with Cynthia. They found her not prostrate for the terrible, the futile reason that she didn't believe the news.

"He'll come back. I know he will," she said cheerfully. "He told me so before he went away. Ted's always done what he said he would. . . ."

She refused even to consider leaving Larkspur Road and going back with them. "Suppose he comes back and finds me and Baby gone," she said.

By August all that seemed a long while ago. Cynthia and Baby had somehow detached themselves despite all the visits Mr. and Mrs. Josser paid them, and when Doris might have been coming down to Ditchfield she was going instead up to Carlisle where Bill was stationed. Because Bill had been one of the lucky ones.

And with no Doris and no Ted, it was only Mr. and Mrs. Josser who were left. A rather elderly couple in a pleasant country cottage. More than once their eyes met when they were both wondering what was the meaning behind it all. Why should Bill have been spared and Ted taken? Simply that.

And each time they looked away again, each before the other could possibly admit it.

Then on a September evening, Mr. Josser, from the front garden of Conservatory Cottage, saw the new fire of London—a great red glare in the sky with streamers of bright orange that ran up into it. It was a pretty handsome scenic spectacle, too, because all the while the antiaircraft shells were bursting—quite silently at that distance—in the midst of it, and the fingers of searchlights waved about and pointed. The clouds over London were still salmon colored in places, a good half-hour after the dawn began lighting things up on its own account.

Mrs. Josser stood out there beside him during the greater part of the time. It was a grisly business just standing there, watching the huge funeral pyre on which at any moment granddaughter, daughter, and daughter-in-law might all be heaped.

MR. JOSSER spoke first.

"I'm going up in the morning," he said. "Reckon I'll catch the early train. They oughtn't to spend another night there. Not with things like this."

"And if there's any trouble with Cynthia, just you put Baby under your arm and bring her down," Mrs. Josser directed. "Cynthia'll come soon enough if she finds Baby gone. As for Doris, just tell her I said so."

"You . . . you wouldn't like to come up yourself?" Mr. Josser enquired tactfully.

"Me?" she asked scornfully. "And what about getting the cottage ready? Somebody's got to do it. If there's going to be three more of us tonight, I've got to do the rearranging."

But when Mr. Josser got to Larkspur Road, there was no opposition. Cynthia didn't want Baby to spend another night in London. Four or five separate and distinct times last night, she told Mr. Josser with a giggle, she and Doris had expected it to be all up with the three of them.

"It wouldn't seem right to Ted leaving Baby here with all that noise going on. It couldn't be good for her nerves," she exclaimed.

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WHY WE SHOULD BATHE Internally

So that was decided. And Mr. Josser helped Cynthia to pack.

While she was going through her shoes to see which pairs were worth taking, he slipped out for a moment to phone Doris at her office.

"I've just wired mother asking if she could have Cynthia and Baby," Doris told him.

"That's what I'm here about," he explained. "Cynthia's packing. I've just been there. And mother says you're to come down too. She told me to tell you."

"Oh, all right," Doris answered after a pause. "Say I'll be down later."

THEN one morning Mr. Josser sat at the breakfast table, his bacon and fried bread uneaten on the plate in front of him, re-reading the letter that the postman had just delivered. Battlebury and Son had invited him to go back into their counting house. Mrs. Josser's lips were drawn in tight and, behind her spectacles, her eyes looked misty.

"I wonder about trains," her husband was thinking. "There must be some good early ones. . . ."

That first day in the office he shook hands ten times in five minutes. And everyone told him he didn't look a day older.

End desk in the left-hand corner! He glanced nervously towards it. Then he sighed from sheer relief. The desk was still there. It had an unmistakable air of having been unoccupied ever since he had left it. The high stool creaked as he climbed on to it. "This is where I belong," he told himself.

The desk was behaving in its old familiar way. Now that he had got *E* to *Egg* on to it, the ledger was doing what every ledger on that desk had always done. It was trying to slide forward on to Mr. Josser's knees. And in the end, he had to wedge it with a piece of blotting paper and a lump of rubber. Then he turned to the page with "Edwards & Son" at the top in as nice a piece of cursive script as he had seen for a long time —it was in 1908 that he had opened the account.

But he didn't begin to check the figures. Just sat there, looking out across the smoky roof-tops. And thinking. Turning his head to the side, he made a remark out loud as though someone were standing there. Standing there right in the corner beside him.

"You know, Ted," he said slowly, "you're the one who ought to have been coming back. Not me."

Then he remembered where he was. And to cover it up he gave a little cough. No one had heard him. The electric adding machine on the center table was whirring. Those few words between father and son had been entirely private.

A few minutes later, Mr. Josser was bent forward over *E* to *Egg* as if he'd never been separated from it. His black alpaca office coat was rucked across his shoulders as it had always been. With his left hand he was stroking the leather corner of the ledger.

IT'S Christmas Day again. Christmas Day, 1940. And a very different sort of Christmas it is from the one just before Doris left home. There is a war on.

Mr. Josser is spending the holiday quietly at Ditchfield with the family. Now that he's back at Battlebury's he likes a quiet spell sometimes. And it is certainly quiet at Ditchfield. Very quiet. That's because the family has been reduced to three. Just Mr. and Mrs. Josser and Baby.

Doris is in the Forces by now. She suddenly threw up her job with the firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn and joined the A.T.S. Simply walked out on three pounds ten a week and a Remington Noiseless that the firm bought specially for her. But Mr. Josser guessed the reason straightaway. It was because Bill had been posted out somewhere in the Middle East, and Doris can't settle down to anything without him. Probably she feels better, he tells himself, with a lot of other girls of the same age and her own motorcycle to look after. Doris will be a dispatch rider as soon as she's got her Corporal's stripe. And this is funny when you come to think about it. Because Bill's a Major already. Bill's been doing rather well, in fact. Doris is very proud of him.

Cynthia isn't in the Forces. She is now the balcony usherette at the Rialto in Epping. And it's given her new life, doing something. Her hair is longer than ever and more golden. She is walking out with a Canadian officer. And what with the long hours at the Rialto and trying to see something of the Canadian, she is hardly ever at Ditchfield at all. At this moment she is dreamily holding hands in a cafe in Walthamstow. It isn't much of a cafe but it is the best they could find open Christmas Day.

She hasn't actually taken the man from Saskatoon back to Conservatory Cottage. Not yet. But that's only because she wants Mrs. Josser to get used to the idea gradually. She doesn't want to do anything that might upset her feelings. But she does want to introduce Baby to her new daddy. Baby herself is indifferent. She is enjoying things well enough as they are.

THE END

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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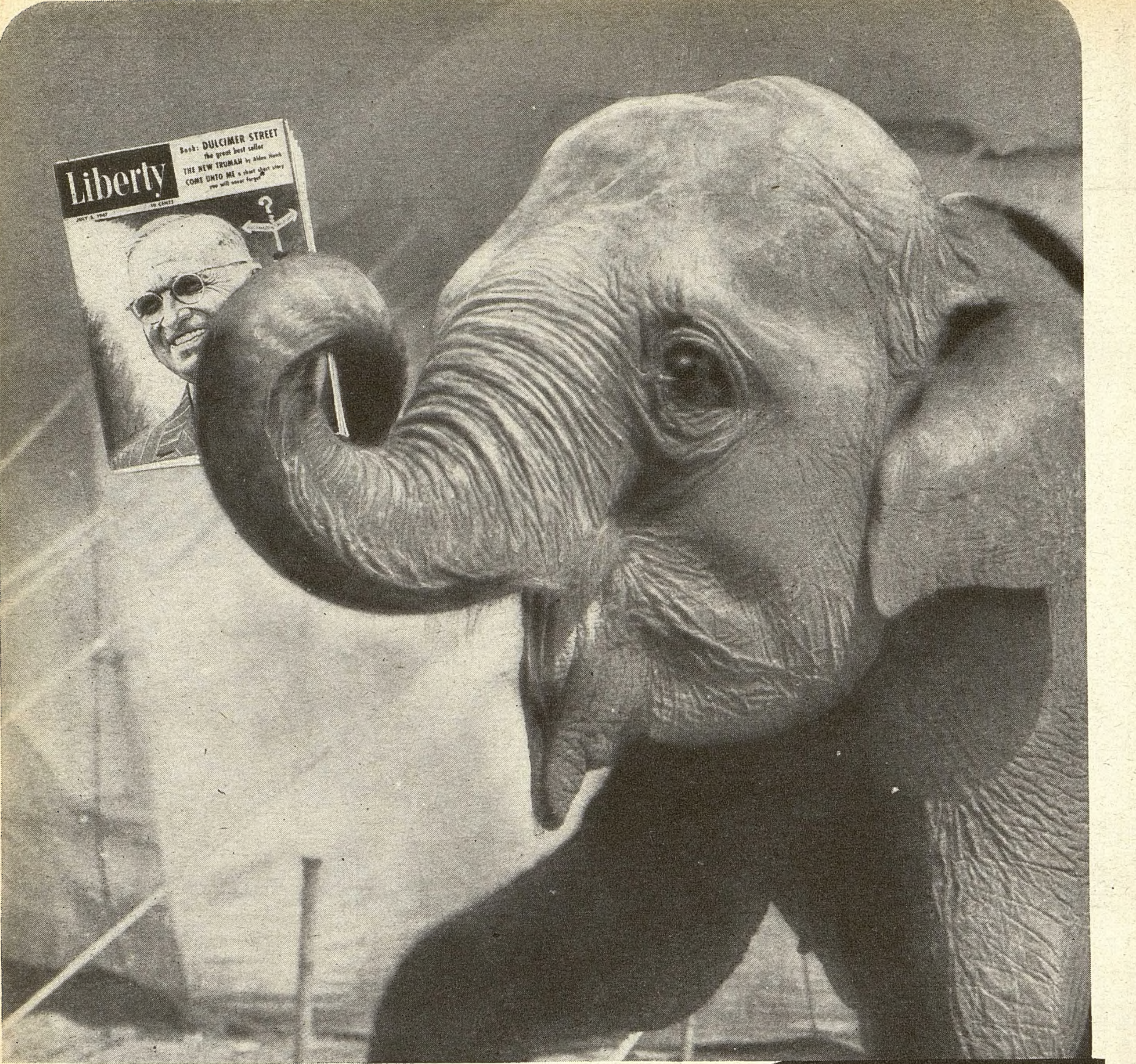
Spirt & Company, Dept. B7, Waterbury, Conn.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JULY 5, 1947
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A Tip to the G. O. P.

IN the inner circle of the G.O.P. there has been a strong belief that almost any Republican nominated in 1948 can defeat the Democrats' sure choice—Harry Truman. Such belief in easy victory can result in the nomination of a weak Republican candidate.

This would be a dangerous deception.

As Mr. Hatch points out in his article, The New Truman, on page 15, Harry Truman, while no superman, is rapidly mastering the complex job of being President of the United States. He has emerged from his shell, a strong man. His popularity is on the upgrade.

These are incontrovertible facts, whether we like them or not—and whether or not we like Truman.

If the Republicans fall into the trap of smug overconfidence and nominate a weak candidate, it will not be the Democrat who goes down to defeat at the polls in November, 1948.

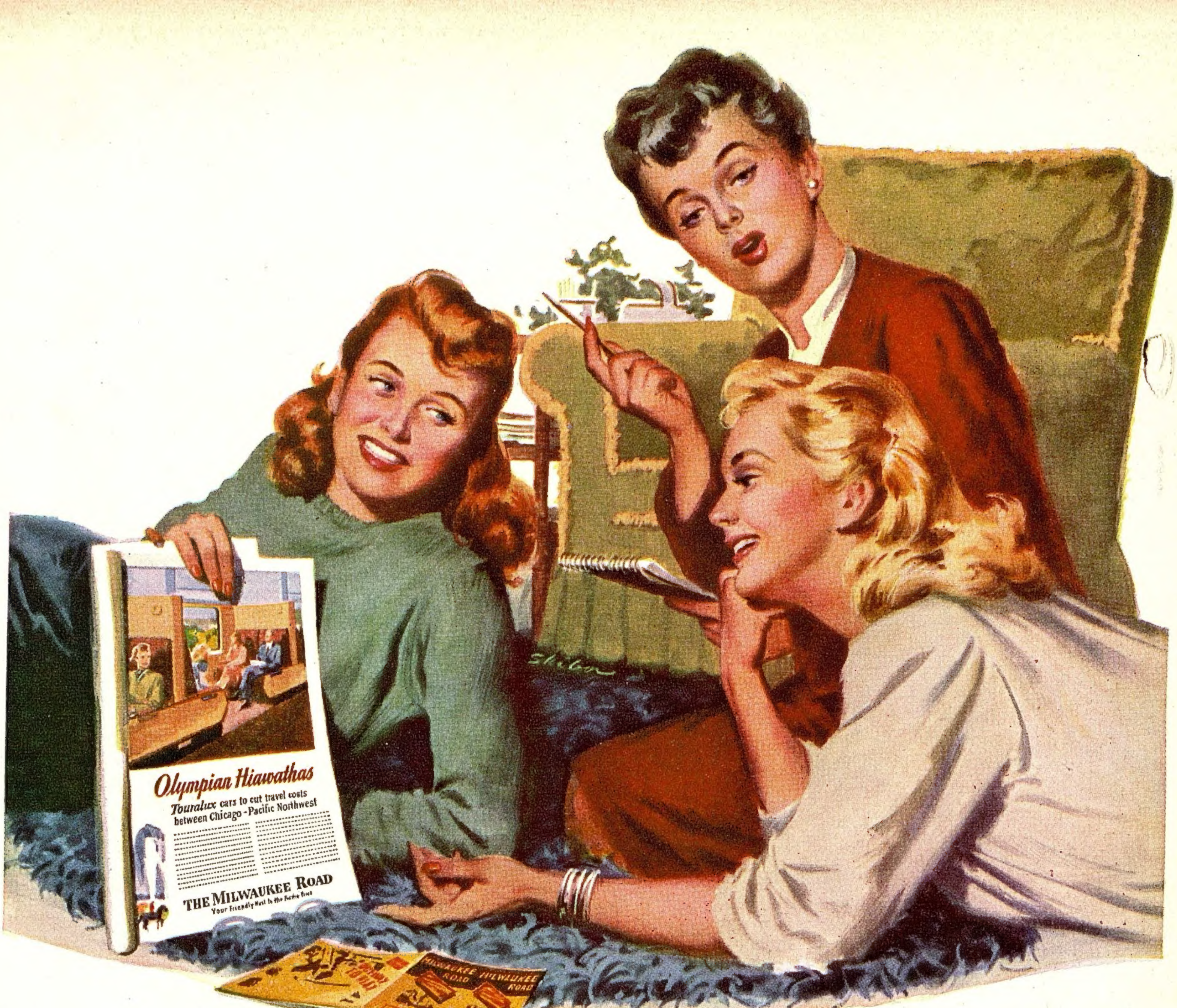
—PAUL HUNTER

Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

JULY 5, 1947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Plan your vacation trip around the OLYMPIAN HIAWATHAS. For literature on the Northwest Wonderland, write F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, 725 Union Station, Chicago 6, Ill.

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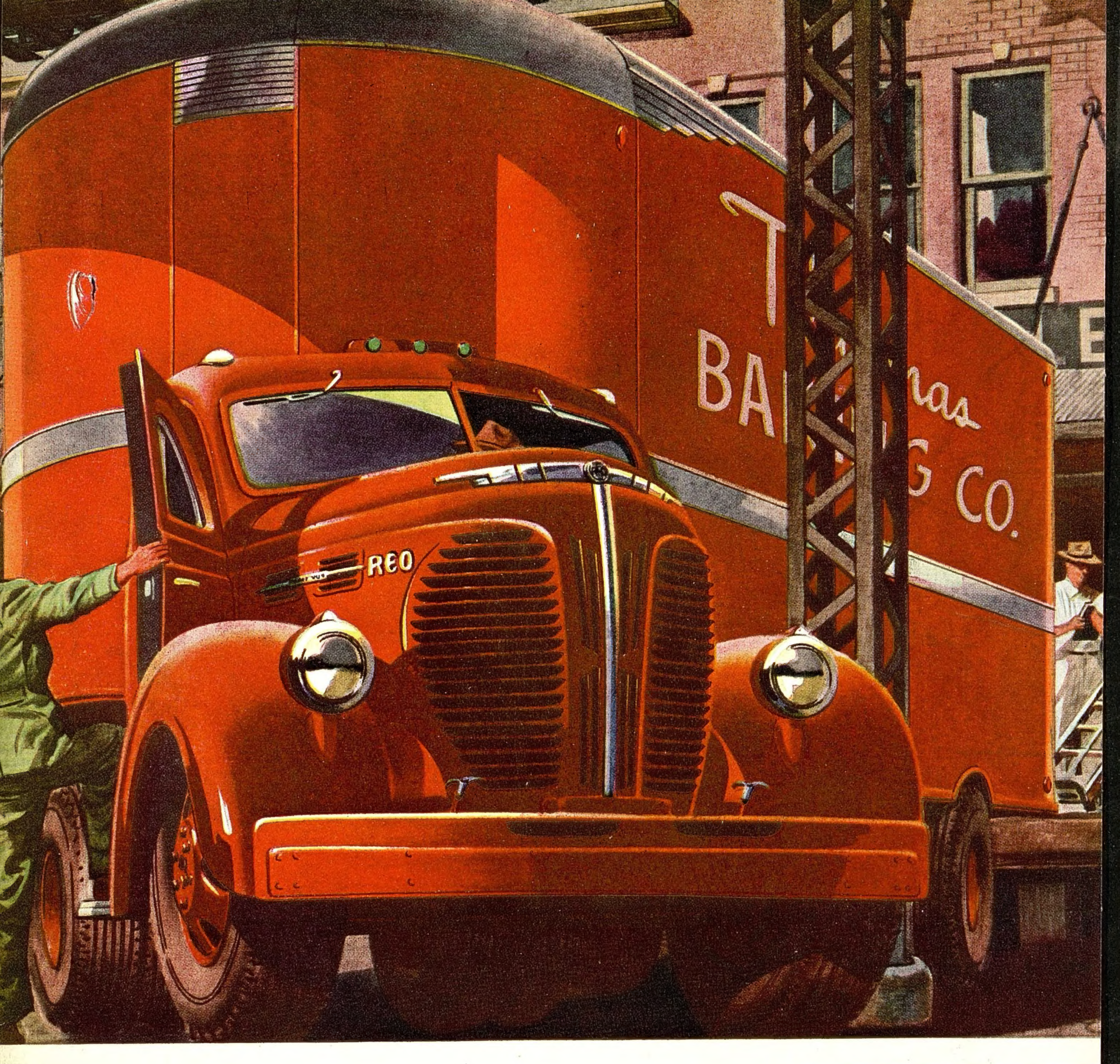

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